

JP 11/10/50



# THE INDEPENDENT

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IN THE WEEKEND REVIEW

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## Shares dive as Barclays chief quits

MORE THAN £2bn was wiped off the stock market value of Barclays, the high street bank, after it announced the shock resignation of its chief executive, Martin Taylor, yesterday.

His departure, with a £1m plus pay-off, came after mounting tension at the head of the bank and prompted feverish speculation that the crisis could open the way to a takeover bid by rival Lloyds-TSB.

Mr Taylor's resignation was accepted at an emotional board meeting at Barclays headquarters in the City of London on Thursday night. A hurried statement was drafted and released to the Stock Exchange at 7.30am yesterday, before the start of trading.

Colleagues said that he had made up his mind to quit last weekend after losing the confidence of the board in the wake of a series of setbacks that included losing £325m in Russia's financial collapse and his controversial decision to participate in the \$3.75bn (£2.6bn) buy-out of the troubled American hedge fund, Long-Term Capital Management, two months ago.

Talk within the bank yesterday was that the final straw for Mr Taylor was a decision by fellow board members to veto his plans to mount a takeover bid for Halifax, the building society turned bank.

Mr Taylor said yesterday: "This has been coming for a while. Crucially it is about my ability to get things done."

The resignation caught the City by surprise. Within minutes of the announcement heavy selling had wiped £2bn off the bank's market value. It closed at £13.74, down £1.14p on the

BY ANDREW GARFIELD  
Financial Editor



day. Analysts said the fact that Mr Taylor had left so suddenly and with no clear successor meant the bank was highly vulnerable to a takeover bid, with Lloyds-TSB heading the queue.

Mr Taylor's place will be taken by Sir Peter Middleton, 62, a former senior Treasury official, until a successor is found.

Andrew Buxton, the Barclays chairman who was known to have had differences with Mr Taylor, said it had been clear for some time that Mr Taylor had been "restless".

"It has been a tough year," Mr Buxton said. "I can say hand on heart that there was not one single issue that led to his going. There was a build-up."

Mr Taylor, 46, was considered one of Britain's brightest businessmen when he joined Barclays in 1983. He is also well connected in New Labour circles, having accepted after the election last May to head Labour's tax and benefit review.

Colleagues said that he had made up his mind to go earlier in the week but had been prevented from formally tendering his resignation until a meeting of the full Barclays Bank board could be convened.

After a series of hectic meetings of directors, at which the terms of his departure were finalised, his resignation was accepted at a board meeting on Thursday night.

Barclays vigorously denied suggestions yesterday that Mr Taylor's sudden departure was prompted by either a sexual or financial scandal or massive losses. The bank also denied suggestions of a boardroom rift. However, the bank did acknowledge that profits this year will be £1.9bn, well short of City expectations.

Since joining Barclays five years ago, Mr Taylor had presided over radical changes. However, his relationship with the City began to sour after criticism of his handling of the sale last year of BZW, Barclays' investment banking business, and more recently after the August financial crisis in which Barclays was by far the worst hit of the high street banks.

Colleagues said that, as far as they knew, Mr Taylor had nothing else lined up. A former journalist with the Financial Times, he had spoken in the past of pursuing an academic career.

- INSIDE**
- How the crisis unfolded page 3
  - Martin Taylor profile page 3
  - Takeover talk Business, page 19

## Golden handshake: Britons eye £1m prize...



Greg Rusedski is congratulated by Tim Henman after beating him yesterday in the ATP Championships in Hanover, Germany. Allsport

## Golden boot: Striker is paid £900,000 to go



Ferguson: Pocketing £9m

TIM HENMAN'S handshake was almost as warm as his bank manager's smile yesterday despite losing to Greg Rusedski in the £2.2m ATP Championships in Hanover.

Britain's No 2, Rusedski won 6-2, 6-4 but Henman, the No 1, had already qualified for the semi-finals and a guaranteed minimum payday of £200,000 taking his earnings for the year to more than £1million. If he wins the semi-final Henman will collect another £200,000 with a cool

BY LEN GOULD

£500,000 on top if he goes on to take the first prize.

Yesterday's match had been billed as the unofficial British championship but Henman seemed to have his mind on his next contest against Spain's Carlos Moya today while Rusedski had an outside chance to qualify for the other semi-final of the competition.

Henman's latest windfall came as it was revealed that

Everton footballer Duncan Ferguson will receive a £900,000 "bonus" just for agreeing to be transferred to Newcastle United.

The Scottish striker, who was sold for £1million, receives the golden farewell because he did not ask Everton for a transfer. Ferguson has scored only four goals this season, but his pay will rise from £1m at Everton to nearly £1.7m a year at Newcastle, climbing over the seasons until it runs out in 2003. With the Everton settlement, he will pocket almost £9m in total from the transfer.

Reports, page 32

## Blow to Blair as Labour comes third in Scots poll

TONY BLAIR'S attempts to launch a Labour fightback in Scotland suffered a severe setback yesterday when the party came a humiliating third behind the Tories in a by-election.

Despite an autumn cabinet offensive north of the border, the Scottish National Party (SNP) scored a decisive victory in a contest to fill a vacant European Parliament seat representing North East Scotland.

Labour's disastrous result shattered the party's cautious optimism that it could burst the SNP bubble before next May's first elections to the Scottish Parliament. Although the SNP's resurgence had threatened to stop Labour becoming the largest party in the new assembly, recent opinion polls showed Labour had recaptured the lead in Scotland.

In the event, the SNP's Ian

BY ANDREW GRICE  
Political Editor

Hudghton held the seat for his party with 57,445 votes. Struan Stevenson, a veteran Tory campaigner, came a surprise second with 23,744. Kathleen Walker Shaw trailed for Labour in third place with 22,086 votes.

The by-election was caused by the death of Allan Macartney, the SNP deputy leader, earlier this year. Alex Salmond, the SNP leader, described it as "sensational" for his party and a "complete and utter humiliation" for Labour.

Ministers blamed the low turnout, of just 20 per cent. The Tories, meanwhile, claimed they had turned the corner in Scotland, after losing all their seats there in last year's general election.

Politics, page 8

## British firms lose contracts in backlash over Pinochet

AS THE Chilean Foreign Minister held crisis talks with Robin Cook yesterday, evidence was mounting that British businesses are losing lucrative contracts in a backlash over the Pinochet affair.

On the day that the former dictator was ordered by magistrates to appear in court on 11 December for an extradition hearing, a Hertford-based firm revealed to *The Independent* that it had lost a multi-million pound order as a result of the general's arrest.

Lockheed Martin Solartron - a subsidiary of the US aviation giant - was poised to provide flight simulator equipment to the Chilean Army. "We were on the edge of securing the deal which would have been very important to a small company like us," said a senior company source yesterday.

"Then the day after Pinochet

BY KIM SENGUPTA AND ANDREW BUNCOMBE

was arrested we received a fax from the army saying all deals with British companies were on hold until the matter had been resolved. In reality I think it will be very hard to win that deal now. It could have an effect on jobs - a handful of jobs could be dependent on this."

The company is likely to be the first of several trade victims, particularly within the defence industry. The Ministry of Defence's Defence Export Services Organisation said there had been other problems. A spokesman said: "Some companies have reported difficulties since this affair started."

A sales manager with another company in the defence industry said: "A lot of businesses are obviously very worried. People say this is a

political thing, but it is having commercial effects."

The Chilean Foreign Minister Jose Miguel Insulza, a socialist who went into exile after General Pinochet overthrew the democratically elected government of Salvador Allende, arrived in London yesterday and is believed to have told Mr

Cook, the Foreign Secretary, that the detention was putting enormous strains on Chile's fledgling democracy.

According to Chilean sources, Mr Insulza also stressed during the one-hour meeting that the coalition government of Eduardo Frei has not neglected the issue of human rights abuse under the Pinochet regime and steps were being taken to pursue those responsible.

Mr Cook is said to have assured Mr Insulza that the Government's actions were not "politically motivated".

Douglas Street said yesterday Jack Straw would make his decision on the extradition proceedings alone. Magistrates yesterday agreed to his request to postpone next week's extradition hearing.

Leading article, Review, page 3



Insulza: Talks with Cook

### INSIDE THIS SECTION

- Journalist killer jailed A Dublin drug gang member was jailed for Veronica Guerin murder Home P5
- Extradition call Poland may seek to extradite a British woman for communist-era crimes Foreign P13
- French resistant Alpine villagers stay put despite avalanche threat Foreign P16
- Environment plea David Bellamy is calling for a greener Christianity Home P6
- New head for Psion Computer makers Psion appointed a new, 38-year-old chief executive Business P19
- Batty's U-turn Newcastle's David Batty could rejoin Leeds Sport P29

### INSIDE THE REVIEW

- Fergal Keane Fund memories of my uncle Mike in New York City Comment P3
- Sue Arnold Two cheers for the radically reformed NHS Comment P5
- Saturday Essay Is the theme park the model for the future of our cities? Comment P6
- Better British abates Why US supermarkets need our expertise Features P9
- Books of the Year The best books chosen by our writers and reviewers Books P14
- Some like it Scots The new Museum of Scotland in Edinburgh Travel P21

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TODAY'S TELEVISION PAGE 32

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JP 11/11/98

Bank crisis: The city is stunned as Blairite high-flyer quits Barclays suddenly, claiming he is unable to get things done

# Dramatic exit that was a bolt out of the blue

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

IT IS not every day that the chief executive of an FTSE 100 company with 15 million customers, a market share of 20 per cent and a presence on every high street in the land decides to throw in the towel without warning.

It is even more unusual when the business in question is a clearing bank, that very model of predictability and continuity. And it is virtually unheard of when the chief executive in question is giving up a salary of £575,000, and the lifestyle that goes with it, without a new job to step into.

And yet that is what Martin Taylor, the chief executive of Barclays Bank, did yesterday morning, to the amazement of the City, the banking industry and, most of all, his 61,000 staff. The drama began to unfold last Monday morning, Mr Taylor, who had been with the bank since 1993, left his regency terraced home in Blackheath, south-east London, with something important on his mind.

He is a man with a reputation for being decisive. By the time he arrived at Barclays' offices in the heart of the City, he had decided to tell his closest colleagues of his intention to leave.

By noon that day, he had made his intentions known to about 10 senior executives within the bank. Sir Andrew Large, the deputy chairman, was away on business in Kuala Lumpur, so the job of handling the succession crisis was passed to Sir Peter Middleton.

A former mandarin and a board member of Barclays for seven years, Sir Peter is an old hand at dealing with controversial departures. As permanent secretary at the Treasury, he dealt with Nigel Lawson's resignation as chancellor.

Sir Peter telephoned the bank's most senior non-executive director, Sir Nigel Mobbs, the boss of the property group Slough Estates.

Sir Nigel met Mr Taylor the following day to discuss his resignation and, it is thought, to test out whether the chief executive could be persuaded to stay.

When it became apparent that Mr Taylor's mind was made up, a board meeting was convened for Thursday evening, immediately after Sir Andrew had landed back at Heathrow from the Far East, to accept the resignation and a severance terms.

So to the announcement. The official, authorised version of Mr Taylor's departure from one of the highest jobs in British business at the age of just 46, is that he had completed his task at Barclays. After five years in the top job, it was time to move on and hand the



baton to a new management team.

From the chairman down the line never faltered yesterday. And, in case any members of the bank's staff were tempted to give a different account, there was a large notice in the marble-floored lobby yesterday sternly instructing them not to speak to the press.

The official mantra, repeated all day yesterday, was as follows. There had been no boardroom bust-up. Mr Taylor's decision to leave was entirely his own. There was no dispute over the bank's strategy and there was quite definitely no black hole lurking in its accounts.

The problem is that no one believes Barclays, not even the City spin doctors brought in to try to keep a lid on the affair. What can be said with certainty is that Mr Taylor's departure is not connected either to ill health or to a "Ron Davies factor".

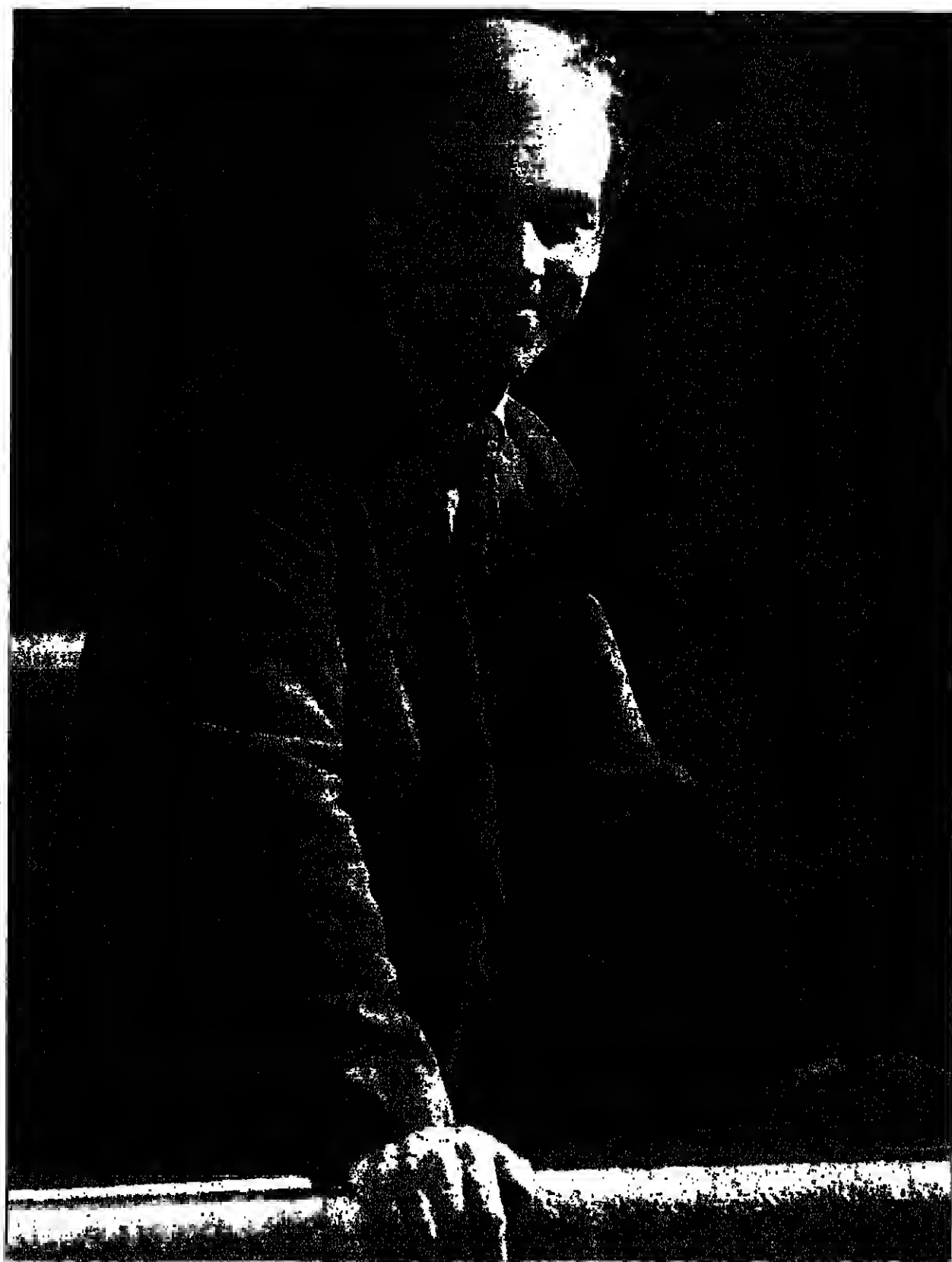
Beyond that, the City is awash with speculation. The commonly held assumption is that Mr Taylor had a seismic and irreconcilable difference of opinion with the rest of the board about where the bank should be heading.

As one pin-striped, red-braced American executive at Barclays observed yesterday: "When someone like Taylor leaves like this, it is either a disagreement of policy or he has been asked to leave."

Mr Taylor, bound by confidentiality, legal restrictions and a big fat pay-off, would give nothing away yesterday, but he did volunteer one telling comment to the London Evening Standard newspaper: "This has been coming for a while. Crucially, it is about my ability to get things done." Those do not sound like the words of a man who has come to a natural hiatus in his career and has decided to part company with his employer amicably.

The things that Mr Taylor wanted to "get done" are well known. Barclays has 21 million account holders, 20 per cent of both the personal and small business market, 2,000 branches and, in Barclaycard, the country's biggest credit card. But for all its size, Barclays has become a minnow in world banking terms.

The eagle that is the bank's symbol first spread its wings in 1736 when James



Martin Taylor, who decided on Monday morning to leave one of the biggest jobs in British business. Financial Times

Barclay joined with a family goldsmith and banking group under the sign of a black spread eagle.

By the late 19th century, it had grown to become Britain's second biggest bank after the Midland and by the late 19th century it had surpassed the Midland. Barclays' prime position as Britain's biggest bank was one of the reasons why it was targeted so relentlessly throughout the Seventies by anti-apartheid groups protesting at its investments in South Africa.

But in the last decade, the bank has lost ground. In terms of market capitalisation, at £22bn, it is half the value of Lloyds-TSB and HSBC, the owners of Midland. On an international scale, it pales by comparison with some of Wall Street's bulge bracket banks like Citigroup.

Mr Taylor's answer was to engineer a takeover of another financial institution or a merger of equals. For a long time NatWest was in Barclays' sights until it became obvious that, despite Mr Taylor's closeness to Labour, such a concentration of high-street banking would not be permissible.

But Mr Taylor, by his own account, also discussed the possibility of a merger with Standard Chartered bank over dinner with its chief executive, Malcolm Williamson, in February this year, although the two men cannot agree on who popped the question first.

The latest speculation is

that Barclays has approached the mortgage bank Halifax about a marriage. Six months ago, Barclays would have been able to eat Halifax for breakfast with its superior market capitalisation of £30bn. Now, however, it would be a merger of equals, Barclays shares having fallen by 30 per cent from their peak this year.

When Mr Taylor arrived five years ago in the aftermath of recession, reckless lending and Barclays' first ever loss, it still had pretensions to be an investment bank on a world scale. However, it has since been forced to beat an ignominious retreat from investment banking, taking a £688m loss on the sale of BZW to Credit Suisse First Boston.

Unfortunately, the investment banking business it did retain, renamed Barclays Capital, has scarcely fared any better. Barclays was hit hardest among all British banks by this year's financial collapse in world markets. It lost £250m through the Russian crisis and was also caught up in the collapse of the hedge fund Long Term Capital Management, emerging as one of the banks that had contributed to its \$3.5m (£2.1m) bail-out with a \$300m investment.

All this has taken its toll on Barclays' share price, its firepower to grow the business and, as yesterday's dramatic announcement shows, the life ex-

pectancy of its chief executive. His departure may presage yet more turbulent times for the bank, perhaps even surrender to a larger rival with deeper pockets. Yesterday, as one worker scurried into Barclays

headquarters, that was not the issue uppermost in the mind.

"I haven't really thought about Martin Taylor, I'm more interested in what I'm having for lunch," he said. The City is that kind of place.

## The day the stress got to 'Two-brains Taylor'

IF THERE is one characteristic that appears to define Martin Taylor it is the scope of his intellect. Colleagues joke that he has a brain the size of Jupiter. And his nicknames focus on his boffin-like qualities. Martin "Two Brains" Taylor, is one. "Helicopter intellect", is another. A glance at his credentials show that the plaudits are well-deserved.

The 46-year-old Wunderkind speaks eight languages, including Mandarin which he chose "because it was difficult". Educated at Eton and Oxford, he followed graduation with a career that seemed as effortless as it was meteoric. It took him from being editor of the influential Lex column of the Financial Times to head of Courtalds Textiles before joining Barclays as chief executive five years ago, at 41.

He is one of Tony Blair's closest allies in the business world and earlier this year was made head of the Government's task force on welfare reform.

Though clearly brilliant, he is no cold fish and colleagues warm to his seductive combination of arrogant certainty and charm. His speech is fast and precise, the ideas tumbling from his mind almost as fast as he can shape them into words. Though his approach is laid-back, this is often mistaken for a lack of urgency. "Too precious for words," one City source says. In fact it stems more from his intellectual approach to problem solving.

Born in Burnley, he is the son of an RAF pilot who died when Taylor was eight. He showed early promise and gained a place at a Yorkshire prep school before winning a scholarship to Eton. After Oxford he worked as a journalist, spending four years at Reuters, the news agency, before joining the Financial Times.

After several offers of jobs in the City he chose industry instead, and in 1992 joined Courtalds as personal assistant to its then

BY NIGEL COPE  
Associate City Editor

chairman, Sir Christopher Hogg, another Old Etonian. Seven years on and Taylor was made chief executive of Courtalds Textiles, the clothing and thread part of the group. He was 38.

It wasn't long before Barclays came knocking. Though Taylor had banked with Barclays since he was 13 he had never worked in the industry. But the bank was crying out for someone with his strategic vision. Stuffy and family dominated, Barclays was in turmoil after a disastrous lending binge in the Eighties. Taylor was made chief executive in 1993. At 41 he was the youngest head of a UK clearing bank and an outsider in the pin-striped world of the Square Mile. He was also the first non-family member to run the Barclays Bank, which has been dominated by five families in its history. "At first I was astonished to be approached," he recalls. "Then I was fascinated."

Once in post he set about reforming with gusto. Internal disciplines were tightened and more than a billion pounds was returned to shareholders. He sold off BZW, the equities division, and has more recently come under pressure to sell Barclays Capital, the bank's remaining investment banking operation. There have also been reports that Taylor wanted a merger between Barclays and another financial institution. Staff yesterday were of the view that a disagreement with the rest of the board over strategy led to his sudden decision.

Though he has quit his million a year position with no job to go to, it seems certain that "Two Brains" Taylor will not be short of offers. In the meantime, he can devote time to one of the few hobbies he lists among his interests: taking long walks in the country and talking to himself.

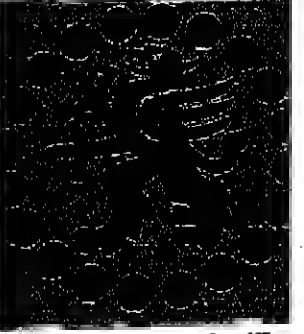
## Focus groups kill off 162 years of Midland history

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

MIDLAND BANK, one of Britain's oldest and best-known banking names, is to disappear from the High Street after 162 years because of a decision by its parent company, the giant HSBC group, to give all its businesses around the world the same name.

From tomorrow, Midland will be renamed HSBC. Over the coming year the Midland name will disappear from the bank's 1,700 branches, to be replaced with HSBC's logo. The bank's seven million customers will also receive new cheque books and credit cards.

HSBC has been preparing for the switch for some time. Last year, Midland quietly



scrapped its trademark griffin, replacing it with HSBC's red-and-white hexagon logo. At the same time, the bank's traditional yellow and blue colours began to disappear from its branches.

A spokesman for HSBC said customers were more likely to trust the bank when they re-

alised it was part of a global organisation. "We have found that Midland is not more respected or disliked than any of the other clearing banks," he said. However, First Direct, the successful telephone bank which is part of Midland, will not be changing its name.

The decision brings to an end a 162-year history that stretches back to the height of the industrial revolution. Midland was founded in 1836 in Union Street, Birmingham, by Charles Geach, a former Bank of England employee, with the help of the city's leading merchants and manufacturers.

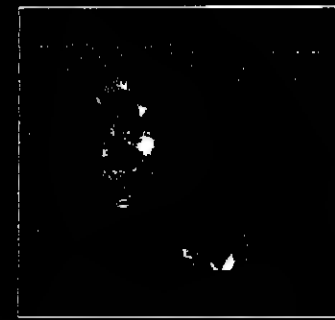
By 1918, it had become the largest bank in the world with deposits of £335m. But in 1987 it was taken over by HSBC,

owners of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank.

The name change is part of a \$50m worldwide exercise by HSBC to establish a single, global brand for all its financial services operations. The group owns banks in the Far East, North and South America. It also has a large investment banking division.

"Increasingly, the financial services industry and modern communications are borderless. More and more people travel internationally," said John Bond, HSBC's chairman. "We are developing a growing range of products and services which are marketed around the world. Our strategy calls for the development of a strong consumer brand."

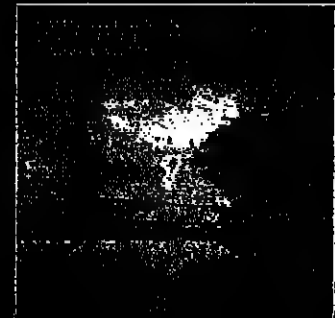
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THE INDEPENDENT  
Saturday 28 November 1998

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# Drug boss guilty in Guerin killing

ONE OF the five "managers" of a Dublin-based international drugs gang was yesterday jailed for life for the murder of the Irish crime journalist Veronica Guerin in June 1996.

Paul "Hippo" Ward, 34, who earned more than £150,000 a year for collecting multi-million pound revenues from lower dealers, had denied the charge but was found guilty of being an accessory to the murder. His lawyers are to appeal.

The prosecution had earlier appeared on the point of collapse when Mr Justice Barr revealed that all three judges in the Special Criminal Court strongly doubted the evidence that Ward had, after more than 14 hours of maintaining silence during interrogation, made "a remarkable volte-face" by suddenly admitting his role.

In the stunned aftermath of Ms Guerin's killing, the public laid wreaths in her honour outside the Dail, an eloquent protest at government inaction against a deteriorating crime situation. Ministers were embarrassed into response: an emergency Dail session passed new laws to seize assets from a rising generation of drugs millionaires.

The presumed invulnerability of the latter had been evident not just in conspicuous consumption but in their weapons arsenals, their incipient power wielded as a law unto itself. From 1994-1996, there had been 14 unsolved Dublin murders widely believed to be drug-related contract killings.

Mother of a young son, for-

BY ALAN MURDOCH  
in Dublin

merly assistant to a party leader, a Dublin Fianna Fail treasurer and personally known to many senior politicians, Ms Guerin's special status had all too belatedly influenced events.

The eight-week trial was remarkable in three ways. Held in a no-jury court, the entire proceedings hinged on Charles Bowden, a former gang member turned state's witness, the subject of Ireland's first-ever witness-protection programme and now serving six years for drugs and arms offences.

It emerged that Bowden had been given "unconditional and irrevocable" immunity from prosecution over Ms Guerin's murder. Defence lawyers were refused access to 40 informants' statements. With further proceedings pending, the court ruled that nationally known criminals cited in testimony cannot be named.

Ward is the only man so far to be tried for the murder. The prosecution maintained that he helped plan it, that he disposed of the gun and motorcycle used in the attack, but did not take part in the shooting itself.

Ms Guerin died from bleeding and shock after being shot in the chest, back, and arm as her car pulled up at traffic lights in west Dublin. An hour later, Bowden said, one of the killers reported: "It was a good job."

In court, Ward revealed how around a Caribbean swimming pool during a wedding trip to St



Ward: Denies taking part in the murder itself

Lucia in March 1996, gang members ridiculed their leader amid laughter after Ms Guerin brought assault charges against him. Bowden confirmed that the same man had been "pissed off" by the reporter's inquiries.

Garda James Hanley told the court that after his arrest, Paul Ward said he had only been asked to "look after the motorbike and gun used in the shooting". He said that asked to make a full statement, Ward had replied "Are you mad?... Charge me with taking the gun and the bike for them, but I won't take the murder rap."

Ward's defence rubbished the statements as "contested verbiage".

Yesterday the judges agreed, concluding that Ward's alleged admissions, "if they took place... were induced by grievous psychological pressure". They sug-

gested gardai had "terrified" Ward's elderly mother and kept his girlfriend, Vanessa Meehan, in unexplained custody. The judges also referred to allegedly "missing" garda documents and cited evidence of a possible assault by a garda on Ward because of his silence.

Ward, a heroin addict, had admitted earning £300,000 from drugs between 1994 and 1996.

The prosecution rested on the credibility of Bowden, a former Irish army marksman, whom defence counsel Patrick MacEntee challenged forcefully. Bowden, 34, recalled being with Ward at a meeting of gang members which initiated Ms Guerin's killing, during a weekly gathering to divide cannabis profits. He revealed his share sometimes reached £5,000 a week. When arrested he had £25,000 in cash stored with a friend.

Bowden revealed that the gang had numerous imported weapons hidden in a Dublin Jewish cemetery. He had loaded the Magnum revolver used in the murder. Other evidence included records showing many mobile telephone calls between Ward's and the alleged assassin's numbers on the day of the murder.

Judge Barr said that Bowden, one of five "managers" within the gang, would be regarded as the murder rap. "If it was in his interests to do so."

Despite all this, the court ruled that Bowden's specific account of the killing was credible. Two alleged leaders of the drugs gang are facing court proceedings in Ireland and Britain.



The reporter Veronica Guerin, who was shot in her car in Dublin in 1996

## BBC to 'move' ageing listeners

BY PAUL MCCANN  
Media Correspondent

A DEMOGRAPHIC timebomb is forcing the BBC to push older listeners away from Radio 2 and towards Radios 3 and 4.

A leaked internal BBC report identifies a "demographic imbalance", which means the corporation's radio networks could see audiences collapse in the next 10 years because they rely too much on older listeners.

The 88-page strategy document says: "Our aim will be to move Radio 2's older listeners to Radio 3 for classical music and Radio 4 for speech."

The BBC feels it can move older listeners because "the BBC is so dominant in the listening of over-65s, it is likely that disenchanted Radio 2 listeners will choose another BBC radio service rather than moving to commercial radio".

The BBC forecasts that its audience share will fall from its present 48 per cent of radio listeners to "between 33 per cent and 40 per cent by 2007" if younger listeners are not brought to Radio 2. This is because of "the BBC's reliance on older listeners who will die during the next 10 years".

Despite the revamp of Radio 1, the BBC is still struggling to attract younger audiences. The report reveals that its share among those aged 15 to 34 has fallen below 20 per cent in London and other big cities.

The BBC has admitted that it has been trying to lower the age of listeners on Radio 2 for three years but has maintained this was not being done at the expense of older listeners. However, the strategy report reveals that the station's older image is still a "major barrier to entry" for the 35-plus listeners.

The dual strategy at Radio 2 of appealing to thirtysomething and sixtysomething audiences means different parts of the schedule appeal to very different audiences. The strategy recommendations can be seen in the current burst of advertising promoting the station's relatively younger draws such as Johnnie Walker and Des Lynam.

# School inspector struck off over 'bullying'

A SCHOOL inspector who was accused of bullying teachers has been struck off by the school standards watchdog.

The Office for Standards in Education, which monitors inspections, said yesterday that Geoffrey Owen had been the subject of "a number of complaints".

Ostfeld had rejected protests about Mr Owen's conduct dur-

BY JUDITH JUDD  
Education Editor

ing inspections from nine schools over the past three years. But this month it upheld a complaint from Christ Church infant school in Down End, Bristol, where some teachers were so distressed by Mr Owen's behaviour that they had to receive counselling.

He was also accused of telling the head of one London primary school to expect a "Rolls-Royce of inspections" that would be "no consolation to those crushed beneath its wheels".

John Harries, another head, from Earley near Reading, was alleged to have been "emotionally destroyed" by Mr Owen's visit. He took early re-

irement. Rookery Junior School, in Handsworth, Birmingham, complained that a teacher was distressed by a confrontation with Mr Owen in front of pupils.

Mr Owen has the right to appeal against the decision.

Nigel de Gruchy, the general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters' Union of Women Teachers,

said: "We have sympathy for anyone losing their job, but we have had so many complaints about this inspector that, if something had not been done, we would have lost all confidence in the Ofsted inspection procedure," he said.

Chris Woodhead, the Chief Inspector of Schools, said that Ofsted had investigated the earlier complaints and found

media coverage the case has attracted". Mr Owen, of Yeovil, said: "I am not surprised by Ofsted's decision as my position has been impossible for the last couple of years and clearly I have upset a lot of people. But there is no easy way to tell teachers and headteachers that there is room for improvement in the way they do their jobs."

Mr Owen's inspection judgments to be secure and valid. "In coming to a judgement about Mr Owen's registration in the light of the Christ Church case, I have, nevertheless, had to take into account his overall performance record," he said. He said it was unusual for a deregistration to be published. It was being done "because of the very considerable

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# Bellamy urges the church to go green

PROFESSOR David Bellamy is calling on the Church to establish an eleventh commandment: Thou shalt not pollute the planet.

The respected television botanist is urging Christians to become the leading lights in the green movement, saying they should stop gazing at heaven and start saving the Earth if the planet is to survive the next millennium.

In a speech to 200 delegates at an ecumenical conference in London today, Professor Bellamy will warn that Britons are losing touch with the "spirituality of creation" and replacing it with "the arrogance of self-importance". Christians must "take up the cross of Soulship" and "set this country firmly on the road to a biodiverse, sustainable future", he will say.

The millennium provides the perfect opportunity to repent of our green sins, he believes. And the professor, who founded the Conservation Foundation, feels the time "could not be riper" for all church land to go organic. He

BY CLARE GARNER

will outline his vision of an organic "year-round harvest festival" run by the Christian churches. Parishioners could cultivate organic produce in vicarage gardens and church buildings could be used as centres of distribution. "Dare I even go as far as saying supplying the village school and those on social benefit with good wholesome food?" he will ask. "Yes, I dare, for the power of Soulship is awesome indeed."

Professor Bellamy will also commend the 5,000 parishes that have signed up to plant special yew trees - "cuttings taken from trees that were alive here in Britain when Christ spent 40 days and 40 nights in the wilderness" - to mark the millennium.

The Rev Christopher Brice, director of the Social Policy and Community Development Agency of the diocese of London, organised today's London Churches Conference on the Environment in Southwark



Professor David Bellamy in the country; he is urging Christians to take a bigger role in protecting the environment

Andrew Baurman

Cathedral. "If the Church doesn't do a lot of thinking and work... there's a danger that activists, who at their most extreme could tend towards a form of green fascism or even paganism, will claim the platform," he said yesterday.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, counts the environment as one of his "abiding interests", so much so

that during his time as Bishop of Bath and Wells he was known as "the green bishop". Dr Carey has in the past criticised the Church's generally "patchy" and "undistinguished" contribution to public debate on the environment.

The Rev Oliver O'Donovan, regius professor of moral and pastoral theology at Oxford University and canon of Christ

Church, expects that churches will be sympathetic to some of Professor Bellamy's recommendations, but suspicious of others. "There will be suspicion of the rhetoric, the talk about 'Soulship' and 'spirituality', which is not very likely to clarify our relationships to non-human nature," he said yesterday.

A spokesman for the Church

of England said that the environment had been on its agenda for the past three decades. Regarding the Church's responsibilities as a large farmland owner, he said: "Stewardship of the environment is one part of the Church's duty to offer ministry, worship and pastoral care to all in this country but not everyone in the Church would make it their first priority."

Some parts of the Church tend to take the view that human beings, made as they are "in God's image", should be the first priority and that, since God moves in mysterious ways, he will come up with an answer to the pollution.

"The Church needs to get to the point where it looks on environmental pollution as a sin," Mr Brice said.

## Worker jailed for theft of trains

BY LINUS GREGORIADIS

A RAILWAY worker known as "the Fat Controller" who secretly assembled his own life-size train set, was jailed yesterday for the theft of four locomotives, 30 wagons and nine coaches.

While Barry Daly worked as depot supervisor at Crewe station in Cheshire, he had also stolen nearly £44,000 from two railway collectors, including Pete Waterman, the composer. Daly, 43, who had pleaded guilty to five counts of stealing locomotives and railway stock, and two counts of theft from prospective customers, was sentenced at Chester Crown Court to 27 months in prison, half suspended.

Like the Fat Controller in the Thomas the Tank Engine stories, Daly's role at Crewe sidings had been to take charge of shunting operations. The Recorder of Chester, Quentin Querrelle, told him yesterday that he had abused a position of trust.

Earlier this month Mr Waterman spoke of his shock at having been conned by Daly who was a trusted volunteer at his heritage centre. He recalled: "He was known as the Fat Controller. All the kids loved him. He was a regular warden at the heritage centre and very good at his job. This was quite a shock."

## Saxon gold discoverers lied to court, says jury

A GOLD Anglo-Saxon sword pommel valued at up to £1.2m was not found on an East Yorkshire beach, as two treasure hunters claimed, a jury decided yesterday.

Instead, it was found 15 miles away on agricultural land belonging to Trinity House at Melton, near Hull, the inquest jury said. John Sutton and his son-in-law, Nigel Wilding, said they found the relic in a clay boulder on the foreshore near the village of Aldborough.

Mr Sutton told the Hull inquest Mr Wilding was using a toy metal detector, bought for his grandson, when he received the signal which led them to their discovery. But a fellow enthusiast, Ernest Graves, who had been to Melton with Mr Sutton the day before, was suspicious. The day before the inquest was originally due to be held, he contacted the Hull and East Riding coroner, Geoffrey



The pommel which is at the centre of the dispute

Saul, who called for a police investigation. Mr Sutton and Mr Wilding stuck by their story. They were arrested on suspicion of attempting to obtain property by deception but no charges were brought.

Malcolm Lillie, a georadiologist from Hull University, said the chances of an object being found in one of the "armoured clay balls" at Aldborough was "one in a million." He was 99.9 per cent certain the

pommel could not have been found in the manner described by Mr Sutton and his son-in-law.

The inquest heard earlier that Mr Graves, who said he had agreed to share the proceeds of any finds while out detecting with Mr Sutton, did not believe the toy detector could locate the pommel in a clay boulder. "It would not pick up a dustbin lid." The jury delivered their verdict that the pommel, which met the criteria for being classed as treasure, was found by Mr Sutton at Melton on 12 November 1997.

Afterwards Mr Wilding said: "I came here telling the truth and I'll leave here telling the truth." As he stormed out of the building Mr Sutton said: "That's their opinion." The Treasure Valuation Committee will now value the pommel, while officials will be left to decide who, if anyone, will receive a reward for finding it.

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JP 11/10/98



## Worker jailed for theft of train

BY LINDA GREENGLASS

A RAILWAY worker has been jailed for theft of a train. The 31-year-old man, who was employed by the railway, was found guilty of stealing a train worth £44,000. He was sentenced to 18 months in prison. The theft took place in the north of England. The man was caught by police after a search of his home. He had hidden the train in a shed. The railway company had been looking for the train for several weeks. The man had been working for the railway for several years. He was found guilty of theft by the court. He was sentenced to 18 months in prison. The theft was a major loss for the railway company. The man was found guilty of theft by the court. He was sentenced to 18 months in prison. The theft was a major loss for the railway company.

# A continent in discord as tax harmonisation agendas clash

BY JOHN RENTOUL

JUST WHEN you thought it was safe... Just when it seemed that Tony Blair's plan to put the issue of Europe to sleep was working, the Eurosceptics are back. This week, the Prime Minister's strategy of trying to make the euro seem both unthreatening and inevitable was ruined by the return of a frightening spectacle: the anti-European press in full cry and John Redwood on daytime television. The sceptics are back, and this time it's personal – or personal taxes. They warn of a new European Union plot to impose tax increases from Norway to Crete and from the Shannon to the Oder. On Tuesday this week the *Daily Mail's* front-page headline was "March of the Euro Tax Man". On Wednesday, *The Sun* asked (in English and German) of the new German Finance Minister, Oskar Lafontaine: "Is this the most dangerous man in Europe?" On Thursday, the *Daily Telegraph* took a darker tone, with a leading article entitled simply "The German Menace."

And all week the undead of the Tory party have brought back vivid memories of the major years, with Mr Redwood, the Conservative trade and industry spokesman, intoning: "Europe is after our money." So what is really going on? The fact is that harmonisation of European tax rates has long been an ambition of the architects of the single market. The argument, which we heard again this week from Yves-Thibault de Silguy, the European commissioner responsible for monetary union, is that big differences in tax rates could disrupt "the smooth operation of the single market". But, so far, all that has been achieved is a law which prevents VAT rates, once introduced, being cut below a certain level. Further harmonisation, of course, implies that taxes in Britain, which are relatively low, would have to rise toward the EU average. The issue hit the headlines because Mr Lafontaine came to call on his opposite number Gordon Brown last Thursday.



Oskar Lafontaine, the German Finance Minister, who has provoked outrage by insisting that his country will push for tax harmonisation within the European Union

They discussed the final draft of a policy statement agreed by the finance ministers of the 11 EU countries with socialist or social-democratic governments. Although the document, *The New European Way*, did not explicitly call for tax harmonisation, Mr Lafontaine and the French finance minister, Dominique Strauss-Kahn, did. Mr Brown immediately said "we will not hesitate" to use the British veto to stop any such proposals, only for Mr Lafontaine to insist that the German government would "push" for tax harmonisation during its presidency of the EU, which starts in January. It is worth noting, however,

that harmonising taxes was also one of the "priorities" of the Austrian presidency, which is just drawing to a close – with no concrete results. But there is a fundamental difference of view on the issue, which means that it will keep coming back, and pressure will continue to be put on the British to make concessions. Already it is clear that Mr Brown has upset his European partners by using the "veto" word, which he cannot do too often if he and Mr Blair want to present themselves as being at the constructive heart of debate. So far, there are three proposals in development. The European Commission has proposed a minimum tax on sayings, called a "withholding tax", which the British Government says it will not accept. The commissioner responsible for the single market, Mario Monti, says he wants further harmonisation of VAT, but there are no firm proposals yet. And some European socialist parties, in a discussion paper not agreed by Gordon Brown, want a minimum rate of corporation tax in order to prevent "harmful tax competition". Mr Lafontaine does not like Germany being undercut by low taxes on business, especially in Britain and Ireland, which attract new and inward investment. All the commission has proposed on this is a

"code of conduct" under which member states agree not to use low taxes to poach new plants. The Eurosceptics argue that Britain is bound to be sucked into a unified Euro-tax regime by a ratchet effect. But there is a strong argument against this in the form of the United States, which is a much more unified market than the EU, and yet within which states continue to be free to set their own taxes. When people like Mr de Silguy talk about the need for tax harmonisation to ensure the "smooth operation of the single market", Gordon Brown's officials privately say this is contradicted by the American experience.

Old-style socialists like Mr Lafontaine do not like the American model, because in a free market the pressures of competition keep business taxes low. Nor do the new-style Greens like it, because they – and they are partners in Mr Lafontaine's government – want to shift the burden from income taxes to taxes on pollution, which is difficult to do in just one part of a single market. But Mr Lafontaine's boss, Tony Blair's friend Gerhard Schröder, is wary of attempts to keep business taxes high. This contradiction between the reds, Greens and business-friendly Blairites has not been resolved in Germany, where the new

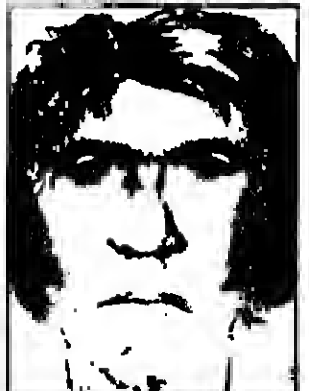
government looks hopelessly divided already. The real situation, then, is more complicated than a simple drive by high-taxing Continental socialists to use the EU to destroy the British way of low-tax life. But the Eurosceptics are right about one thing: the issue will not go away. It will arise most sharply in the drafting of the socialist parties' manifesto for next year's elections to the European Parliament. It will be a test of Mr Blair and Mr Brown's negotiating skills if they manage to avoid a New Labour "note of dissent" on policies for more uniform European taxes.

Oskar Lafontaine profile, Review, page 5

## Caroline killer 'struck in 1993'

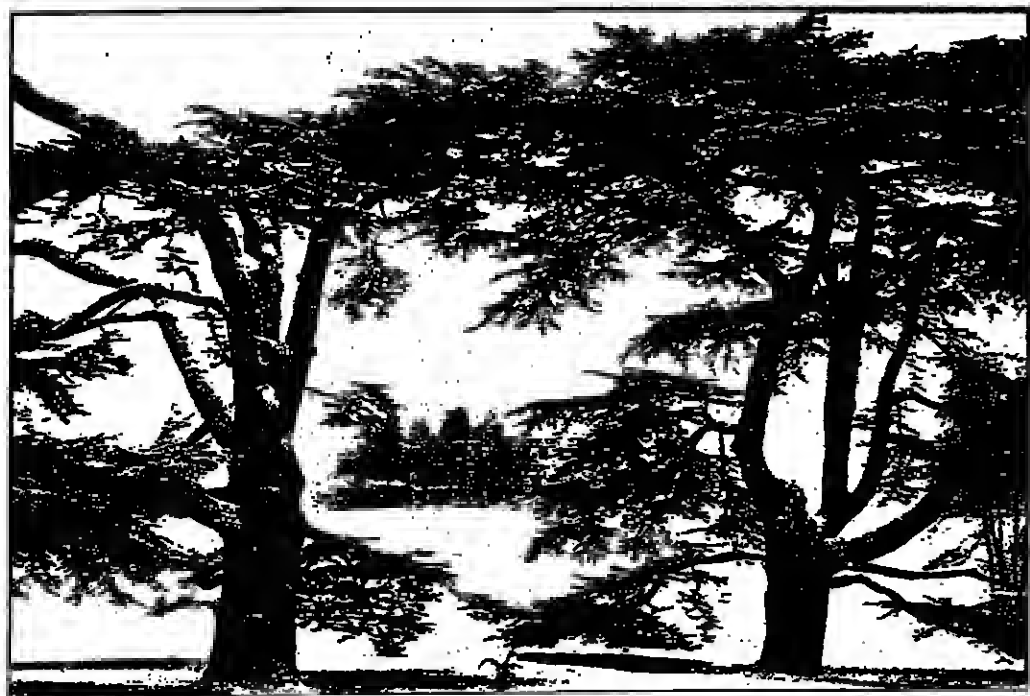
BY JASON BENNETTO  
Crime Correspondent

THE KILLER of Caroline Dickinson, the 13-year-old who was murdered in France in July 1996, may have raped another girl three years earlier, it was disclosed yesterday. A second photofit was released yesterday of the suspected serial rapist. Caroline was raped and smothered in a hostel bedroom in Pleine Fougères, Brittany, while on a trip with Launceston Community College, Cornwall. The latest photofit released by French police is of a man with long dark hair, a flat nose and bushy eyebrows. It was based on descriptions given by a French teenager who was raped at knifepoint in Nancy, eastern France, in May 1993, three years before Caroline was killed. The victim contacted the police after seeing a photofit of a suspect released by French police in February this year, prepared from sightings near the hostel in the days before the Brittany murder. "The woman recognised the photofit categorically as that of her attacker," said Patrick Duchamp of Nancy police. The original photofit, of an unshaven, bushy eyed man with long, untidy hair, attracted more than 1,000 calls to the French police. A police spokesman in Nancy appealed for anyone who recognised the second photofit to get in touch with them.



Second photofit of the suspected serial rapist

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JP 11/20/98

# C4 attacks 'Guardian' investigation

CHANNEL 4 and *The Guardian* may be commercial bedfellows, but they will be barely on speaking terms after a programme tonight which accuses the newspaper of being too aggressive and moralistic.

At issue is *The Guardian's* investigation into *The Connection*, an award-winning Carlton documentary about the drugs trade which the newspaper claimed was a fake.

A *Hard News* special on Channel 4 this evening corroborates the newspaper's central allegations against *The Connection*, but questions the prominence *The Guardian* gave to the investigation, and the way in which it was conducted.

*Hard News* accuses *The Guardian* of adopting a "high moral tone... as if set itself up as a watchdog of television". But, the programme continues, the paper "did not always live up to its own professed high standards".

Chief among *The Guardian's* alleged sins appears to have been an aggressive interviewing technique deployed by the reporters Michael Sean Gillard and Laurie Flynn on *The Connection's* producer, Marc de Beaufort.

David Lloyd, head of news and current affairs at Channel 4, said: "I set a lot of store by the restraint you show in investigations. In my personal opinion, it would have been better if more restraint had been shown in the coverage."

The attack has dismayed *The Guardian*, which sponsors the

BY RHYSS WILLIAMS  
AND PAUL MCCANN

channel's film production arm, *Film on Four*.

"We cannot see why Channel 4 has cleared an hour of its schedule to be so critical of newspaper articles whose central allegations proved to be true," said a *Guardian* spokesman. "By all accounts, this is a sloppy programme. We are severely troubled by the way it came to be commissioned."

"However, unless about one programme in the schedule will not affect our editorial or business relationship with Channel 4."

Apart from the commercial tie-up, the bonds between the newspaper and the network are close. Michael Jackson, the channel's chief executive, and Georgina Henry, *The Guardian's* deputy editor, are longstanding friends, while David Brook, Stevan Keane and Polly Cochrane have all left the newspaper recently to join Channel 4 as director of strategy, commissioning editor of night-time programmes and head of marketing respectively.

According to one Channel 4 source, Mr Jackson and Alan Rusbridger, editor of *The Guardian*, exchanged "very aggressive and caustic correspondence" in the weeks leading up to tonight's broadcast.

Another Channel 4 source said: "This has created a lot of tension. Despite setting themselves up as a high moral judge,

*The Guardian* doesn't seem to think anyone has any right to look at its methods. There has been lots of concern from them about the tone and the content of the programme."

Sources at the company responsible for *Hard News*, Clark Productions, believe that *Guardian* reporters were responsible for leaking black propaganda about this evening's special. A report in *Private Eye* claimed that two producers had walked out on the production because they felt it had no evidence of wrongdoing on *The Guardian's* part. In fact the two producers left because they had other work commitments and *Hard News* was taking longer than expected.



Anna Gatijal, 32, from Germany, sculpts out of chocolate at the International Festival of Chocolate in London yesterday

PA

## Armed bank robbers get 12 life terms

TWO MEN convicted of a series of armed bank robberies were sentenced to a total of 12 life sentences yesterday.

David Adams, 43, and William Harding, 59, who were found guilty of a list of charges from robbery to possessing firearms, stole tens of thousands of pounds in a series of raids. Harrow Crown Court in north London was told.

One security guard was shot in the leg and dozens of customers and bank staff left traumatised by the masked raiders. Security camera showed members of the public and bank staff paralysed by fear.

The jury was also shown police film of Harding levelling his revolver at an armed officer who still had the presence of mind to shove a passer-by out of the line of fire. The stand-off, with gun muzzles inches apart, was ended only when a second police officer hit him with a cosh from behind. Neither of the men showed any emotion as they were sentenced.

After hearing details of Harding's 30-year long criminal record, which included an armed bank raid in which another security guard was shot,

BY MELVYN HOWE

Judge Roger Sanders told him: "On every instance you pointed your loaded weapon at an innocent victim and on one occasion you deliberately shot the victim... you are a ruthless, heartless and hardened professional criminal who presents a permanent threat to society."

He told Harding, of Hatch End, Hertfordshire, that on each of the nine offences he was convicted of - two of armed robbery, one attempt, three of possessing a firearm with intent to commit armed robbery, one of possessing a stun-gun for a similar purpose, one of making use of a loaded firearm with intent to resist arrest and one of causing grievous bodily harm - he would be jailed for life. The judge added that he would have to serve at least 15 years before being considered for parole.

Adams, of Barnet, north London, received three life sentences after being found guilty of armed robbery and two charges of possessing firearms with intent to commit robbery. He was told he would have to serve nine years before parole could be considered.

### MILLENNIUM BUG WATCH

BRITISH COMPANIES are quietly beginning to stockpile products, just in case things go badly wrong as more and more computers approach the end of 1999.

A biannual study by consultancy company Cap Gemini recently found that half of the companies contacted are starting to identify alternative business partners and a fifth are already actively planning to stockpile essential raw materials in advance of the century's end.

The only trouble with this cautious, purely precautionary and not-at-all-fearful approach, say economists, is that even if the Millennium Bug doesn't hit in any significant way, such stockpiling could trigger exactly the same damaging economic effects as if it had.

It works like this: if companies have built up stocks of raw materials against expected bad times, they will cause a mild economic boom

next year because they will be buying not just for now, but for the expected post-millennial bad times.

But come the year 2000, they won't need so much stock as in 1999, because they will have all of that surplus left over.

The deflationary effect will hit sales and slow down economic growth.

Isn't that the same as having all sorts of computer crashes caused by flaky software? Yes it is.

It seems that the Millennium Bug is going to get us after all - either one way or the other.

CHARLES ARTHUR

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# Peter Rees Roberts

THE ARTIST Peter Rees Roberts was known in particular for his mural works and for his career as a freelance national press artist in the 1950s.

He studied drawing and illustration at Wimbledon School of Art from 1939 to 1941. After being medically rejected for war service, he began to study mural painting under Professor Ernest Tristram at the Royal College of Art, which had transferred to Ambleside for the duration of the war. His paintings from the Ambleside years continued the tradition of earlier Royal College mural painting students such as Evelyn Dunbar and Cyril Mahoney.

Like Dunbar, Rees Roberts painted scenes of workers in rural industries, his 1942 tempera panels of *The Bobbin Mill at Ambleside* being his most ambitious and successful work at the RCA. Stanley Spencer was a strong mural painting influence at the time, but Rees Roberts said that he

was more affected by the Mexican artist Diego Rivera. His large painting of a gasworks, also from his time at Ambleside, is a stylised composition of men and machinery that has echoes of films such as *Metropolis* or Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*.

While at Ambleside, Rees Roberts met Ursula McCannell, another Royal College student. Shortly before this, Ursula had made a stone head of a handsome man with strong aquiline features – rather prophetically it could almost be a portrait of him. Rees Roberts in turn painted a tempera panel of Ursula in the style of Raphael, a particularly beautiful portrait that marked his feelings for her.

Ursula was the daughter of the painter Otway McCannell, and had been encouraged to paint by her father from an early age – she was the youngest exhibitor at the Royal Academy, in 1940. She had travelled to Spain with her father in 1936, and attracted much press attention when at the age of 15 she exhibited paintings inspired by the Spanish Civil War at the Redfern Gallery in 1938. Her father became principal of the Farnham School of Art in 1928, a post he held until the mid-1940s.

Rees Roberts left the Royal College in 1944, and he and Ursula married the following year. After a holiday at Mousehole in Cornwall, they settled in Farnham near Ursula's parents and Peter taught for a while alongside Otway at the Farnham School of Art.

After the war, Rees Roberts exhibited at several London galleries including the Modern Art Gallery, the Leger, the Redfern and the New English Art Club. He began to paint more in oils and his pictures, often



The right panel of *The Bobbin Mill at Ambleside II* (1942), tempera on board

of Cornish fishermen, became darker and more in tune with the neo-romantic mood of the time. His 1945 self-portrait, *The Painter in Mousehole*, has a brooding intensity that is reminiscent of the heroic men in Ursula McCannell's early paintings of the Spanish Civil War.

The 1948 Picasso exhibition in London made a strong impact on Rees Roberts and his style moved closer to that of his contemporaries the Roberts, Colquhoun and MacBryde. These Cubist-inspired, densely abstracted figurative paintings of the late 1940s gradually became simpler, with an increasingly brighter palette. This process was hastened by his visits to France with Ursula in the early 1950s.

Through the 1950s and early 1960s Rees Roberts exhibited at the Royal Academy and regularly with the London Group, despite the pressure of working as an advertising artist to make a living. He and Ursula had a young family, and he supported them by his work as a very successful illustrator for the national press, represented by the International Artists' agency and by Thompson Artists. His numerous clients included Marlborough Cigarettes, Daks, KLM Airlines, the National Coal Board, Pringle Knitwear, Clark's Shoes, Allied Breweries and the Cunard Line. In the late 1940s and early 1950s he also worked as a fashion illustrator for the *Neus*

there regularly. In recent years they showed mainly in the gallery of Carlos Lozano, a friend and associate of Salvador Dalí.

Rees Roberts developed a following among visitors to Cadagues for his wickedly humorous small paintings of characters and scenes observed in France and Spain; he en-

joyed the incongruous and quirky, and although he was modest about these pictures they proved very popular. His last series of paintings were provocatively anti-clerical, featuring Rubenesque naked women disporting themselves among black-clad priests and bishops.

In 1964 he stopped working as an advertising artist and began to teach at Farnham School of Art again. He also taught at Brighton College of Art and continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy. He painted the first of what was to become a long series of mural commissions and also created nine large exterior wall sculp-

Norwegian Viking and Cunard lines. He completed murals for Williams & Glyn's Bank in the City, for Lloyds banks in Cambridge and Farnham, and for hospitals in Ealing and Guildford. He also exhibited at the New Ashgate Gallery in Farnham and the Century Gallery in Henley. Until earlier this year he taught art in adult education classes in Farnham.

Peter Rees Roberts had three sons: Tristan, a painter and architect; Marcus, a lecturer, painter and printmaker; and Lucien, a painter and designer. In 1989 the entire family exhibited together at the England & Co gallery in London. The exhibition, "Three Generations", included works by Ursula's father Otway and was a tribute to the multiple talents of the McCannell/Rees Roberts dynasty.

JANE ENGLAND

Peter William Rees Roberts, artist; born Mitcham, Surrey 23 August 1923; married 1945 Ursula McCannell (three sons); died Ewshot, Hampshire 22 October 1993.



Rees Roberts drawn by his wife

Shortly before meeting Peter Rees Roberts, Ursula McCannell had made a stone head of a handsome man with strong aquiline features – rather prophetically it could almost be a portrait of him; they married a few years later

Chronicle and designed covers for *Queen* magazine.

In 1959 Peter and Ursula first visited Cadagues in Spain, and in 1963 bought a house there from the Spanish painter Juan José Tharrats. Cadagues was to become a second home, and from 1960 they exhibited

joyed the incongruous and quirky, and although he was modest about these pictures they proved very popular. His last series of paintings were provocatively anti-clerical, featuring Rubenesque naked women disporting themselves among black-clad priests and bishops.

tures for the Army Catering Corps Training Centre in Aldershot.

In 1970, the year after he stopped teaching at Brighton, he and Ursula bought a farmhouse at Baltimore in Ireland. During the 1970s and 1980s he executed murals for several shipping companies including the

## Professor Niklas Luhmann

NIKLAS LUHMANN was one of the most influential academics in the field of cybernetics and systems theory. This is a remnant when one considers his early life.

Born in northern Germany, in Lüneburg, in 1927, he was the son of a brewery owner. His childhood and youth were spent in the schools of the Third Reich. At 15, in 1944, he was called up to serve as an auxiliary manning anti-aircraft guns. For him, the end of the war meant several months as an American prisoner of war – a dispiriting experience as he was beaten up and his watch was stolen. He then embarked upon what looked like an orthodox middle-class career the study of law.

He chose to do this in the old university town of Freiburg im Breisgau, from 1946 to 1949, in what was then the French Zone. He returned to Lüneburg in 1954 having entered the public service. A year later he joined the Lower Saxony Ministry of Culture, where he remained until 1962. During this period he was formulating his ideas.

An important breakthrough for him was his chance to take a sabbatical year, in 1960, at Harvard with Talcott Parsons. This experience led to the publication of his first book, *Funktionen und Folgen formaler Organisation* ("Functions and Consequences of Formal Organisation") in 1964. Between 1962 and 1963 Luhmann served as Research Fellow at the School of Administrative Sciences, Speyer, where he wrote *Grundrechte als Institution* ("Basic Rights as an Institution").

His books brought him to the attention of Professor Helmuth Schelsky, then perhaps the most respected German sociologist, who invited him to take over as departmental head at the Social Research Unit at Dortmund. In 1966 Luhmann was awarded his doctorate at the University of Münster by Professors Schelsky and Dieter Claessens, his books forming part of the dissertation.

At a time when German universities were facing student unrest and all structures and hierarchies were being called into question, Luhmann was appointed professor of sociology at the newly founded University of Bielefeld. More publications followed in rapid succession such as *Funktion der Religion* ("The Function of Religion", 1977), *Trust and Power* (in English, 1979), *Politische Theorie im Wohlfahrtsstaat* ("Political Theory in the Welfare State", 1981) and *The Differentiation of Society* (in English, 1982).

In 1984 Luhmann published what is regarded as his main work, *Soziale Systeme* ("Social Systems"). In this he summarised his theory that societies were living organisms defined by the way people communicated within them.

Luhmann had wide international contacts and his work was discussed in several languages. He was a visiting professor at a number of foreign universities including the New School of Social Research, New York, in 1975, and Northwestern University, Chicago, in the 1980s

he became keenly aware of ecological problems, which is reflected in *Ökologische Kommunikation* (1986).

In his final major work, *Die Realität der Massenmedien* ("The Reality of the Mass Media", 1986), he returned to a key theme. He was a critic of the mass media in that he believed they had to attempt to gain and keep the attention of their audience. This attention does not require truth but merely events or themes, "that due to their value as sensation are able to gain attention. The mass media, as they become global, foster the decline of national broadcasting with a viewing public fixed geographically and politically, and this leads to the fragmentation of society."

For Luhmann reality is a rumour ("Die Wirklichkeit ist ein Gerücht").



Reality is a rumour

Most of what we believe we know is that which we have been told by the media. It is based on trust in authorities, witnesses and experts. In a world of the growing division of labour we are less and less able to know reality through having seen it ourselves at first hand. We become more and more dependent on the mass media to inform us. Our picture of the world is made up increasingly of rumours that are presented to us by the mass media rather than from one person to another. This is true even though we are aware that the media do not deliver the unadulterated truth to us in our homes.

The same is true of advertising, which attempts to manipulate the viewer. The viewer is of course aware of this manipulation. But that alters nothing. More and more advertising is about "mobilising the attention" rather than selling a particular product. That is the reason why increasingly advertisements only reveal near the end who is advertising what.

Luhmann himself had a great need to communicate and he indulged himself in over 250 essays as well as 40 books.

DAVID CHILDS

Niklas Luhmann, born Lüneburg, Germany 8 December 1927; Professor of Sociology, University of Bielefeld 1968-98; married 1960 Ursula von Wiltter (died 1971); two sons, one daughter; died Oerlinghausen, Germany 11 November 1998.

## Liliana Brisby



An earthy sense of humour

LILIANA BRISBY combined a deep respect and affection for the traditions and standards of her adopted country, England, with the dedication and drive of the best of the cold warriors cut off from lost homes behind the Iron Curtain.

She was born Liliana Daneva in Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1923, into an eminent family closely involved with the history of Bulgaria following its emergence from Ottoman rule towards the end of the 19th century. She was the great-granddaughter of the first Prime Minister of Bulgaria following the Congress of Berlin in 1878 and her maternal grandfather, a noted benefactor in Bulgaria, was part of the three-man delegation which toured Europe in 1886 to find a king acceptable to the great powers, successfully choosing Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha who ruled for 31 years.

Her paternal grandfather held the posts of Prime Minister and Foreign Minister before the First World War, her father was a diplomat and her mother a renowned concert pianist and beauty. Liliana inherited a strong sense of purpose and duty from her family, charmingly tempered by good looks and an earthy sense of humour.

She completed her studies at Lausanne University during the Second World War, publishing a work of history on Russo-Bulgarian relations in 1945. In Lausanne she met her English husband, Michael Brisby, a civil engineer, marrying and moving to England in 1946. After a short period as a concert pianist, she began her

career as an Eastern Europe specialist when she joined the BBC World Service broadcasting to the Communist bloc during the 1950s.

From the World Service, she joined the Foreign Office's Information Research Department (IRD) where she worked until joining the Royal Institute of International Affairs in 1971. Here she edited its monthly journal, *The World Today*, from 1975 until her retirement in 1983.

As a specialist on Bulgaria, she contributed sections on the country to the *Annual Register of World Events* in the 1970s and in 1983 published *The Truth That Killed*, which was her translation of the edited broadcasts of the Bulgarian dissident author Georgi Markov, murdered in London with a poisoned umbrella in 1978. Markov's broad-

casts on Radio Free Europe exposing the comic absurdity and corruption of the dictatorship of Todor Zhivkov are widely assumed to have led to his assassination.

In her books, articles and occasional book reviews for *The Spectator*, Brisby always displayed accuracy, moral principle and a fine command of language. Despite her good looks and very feminine character she was not easily flattered and shocked the late Robert Maxwell by manfully resisting the campaign of phone calls and roses with which he sought, unsuccessfully, to persuade her to write the hagiography of Todor Zhivkov for a book he was publishing profiling Eastern European leaders.

After the collapse of Communism, Liliana Brisby was thrilled to return to her native Bulgaria for the first time since leaving before the Second World War, entertaining both old friends and new contacts with her energy and humour. She never wallowed in the sentimentality of the returning émigré and she delighted local journalists in the Balkan mountain town of Troyan when they asked her what single thing had made the most vivid impression on her in Bulgaria after an absence of 50 years. She replied that it was undoubtedly the medieval state of the lavatories.

ALEXANDRA MCBURNEY

Rada Liliana Daneva, writer and broadcaster; born Sofia 2 February 1923; married 1946 Michael Brisby (died 1965); two sons, one daughter; died London 30 October 1998.

## St John Terrell

ST JOHN Terrell was a master showman who, every Christmas Day for 25 years, donned a tricorn and cape to re-enact George Washington's famous 1776 crossing of the Delaware river, and who made it his business to clear Richard III's blackened name.

Over the course of his career Terrell left his mark on American culture, establishing a playhouse in New Hope, Pennsylvania, in 1939 and, in 1949, a music circus in Lambertville, New Jersey, a summer theatre-in-the-round under a striped tent that became a model for similar summertime festivities across the United States and which continued to operate until 1970.

It was to attract attention to his music circus that Terrell conceived his Delaware crossing stunt in 1952.

It proved so popular and effective that he sustained the routine for 25 years, long after the circus had closed. In 1978, he passed the role to a longtime crewman, Jack Kelly (Grace Kelly's brother), and it even-

fact that Washington actually stood at the prow of the canoe, as Terrell did in his re-enactment. However he was well versed in the creation of fantasy. Aged 16, he ran away to join the circus where he performed a

fire-eating routine, and soon afterwards became the first voice for the hero of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, a popular radio show of the 1930s.

His taste for a flamboyant lifestyle caused him to abandon studying for a degree at Columbia University in order to pursue a career in the theatre and he became a familiar figure in off-Broadway productions.

But it was his campaign to discredit Shakespeare's portrayal of Richard III as a hunchbacked murderous villain that gained him greater fame. Shakespeare names Sir James Tyrrell, acting on the orders of the King, as the murderer of the young princes in the Tower of London. Tyrrell was one of Terrell's ancestors, and so, taking the matter personally, he undertook a campaign to clear the king's name.

Whatever the truth, Terrell used his expertise as a carnival showman to attract attention to the case. In

1983, on the 500th anniversary of Richard's accession, he arranged for a memorial Mass to be held in the king's honour at St Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan. Afterwards, he held a medieval lunch at a gentlemen's club.

Two years later, on the 500th anniversary of Richard's death on Bosworth Field, Terrell repeated the gesture, this time moving the feast to a famous Manhattan delicatessen, Sardi's, for a medieval lunch featuring wooden spoons, pewter dishes and a menu of quail, suckling pig, ale and meat.

EDWARD HELMORE

St John Terrell, actor; born Chicago, Illinois 1917; twice married (one son, two daughters); died Trenton, New York 9 October 1998.



Terrell chats with a fan at his 'music circus', 1952

AP



# Anti-Saddam campaign gets \$3m from US

THE UNITED STATES has given \$3m to an international campaign to bring to justice the Iraqi dictator, President Saddam Hussein.

Ann Clwyd, the Labour MP who has led the campaign at Westminster for President Saddam to be tried for crimes against humanity along the lines of the charges laid by the Spanish authorities against the former Chilean dictator General Augusto Pinochet, spent three days at the US State Department before securing the cash. "It has not been paid yet, but we know it is coming," said one source. "It has been voted through by Congress." The donation will be announced next week.

The State Department is funding the London headquarters of the campaign, called Indict, and Ms Clwyd, its chairman, plans to use the money to open offices in France and Moscow. She is not receiving any of the cash herself.

Ms Clwyd said: "We are the movers and shakers on this initiative. Indict is dedicated to bring Saddam and his regime to justice."

"The evidence is there. We

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

want to get it all together and bring it before a war crimes tribunal."

The finding will underline the official backing for the campaign, which Ms Clwyd launched at the Commons in June last year, with the support of the Prime Minister, Tony Blair, and the former Conservative premiers John Major and Baroness Thatcher.

The Foreign Office has confirmed it supports the aims of Indict, to bring President Saddam to justice, and is backing moves in the UN Security Council to establish an ad-hoc war crimes tribunal to try him and his key ministers for offences against humanity.

Supporters of Indict believe the decision by the law lords to deny immunity to General Pinochet, as a former head of state in Chile, will help to reinforce the case for action in the UN against President Saddam.

Indict also plans to target his brother, Barzan Tiliti, who is said to be living in Switzerland, where he no longer has diplomatic immunity.

"Indict's mission is to bring Saddam Hussein and his regime to justice for crimes against humanity, war crimes and genocide. It has received cross-party support in this country and the US," said the group.

Members of the Iraqi opposition parties, who last week met the Foreign Office minister Derek Fatchett, will attend an Indict meeting at the Commons next Tuesday.

Mr Fatchett said the opposition parties should back Indict. "They should be united behind the Indict campaign, which will have a tremendous effect in Europe. There is no doubt that Saddam Hussein has used chemical weapons," he said.

Indict has a website at [www.indict.org](http://www.indict.org)



Miranda Raison, 21, an acting student, performs for an audience including the ministers Baroness Blackstone and Chris Smith and actor Tony Robinson at yesterday's announcement of drama and dance scholarships. Nicola Kurtz

## £17m for dance and drama students

By JUDITH JUDD  
Education Editor

DANCE and drama students will be able to audition for national scholarships from a fund worth £17m, the Government announced yesterday.

At present funding for dance and drama students at institutions such as the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the Northern Ballet School is little more than a lottery. Students have to apply to their local education authority for discretionary grants and a third of authorities give no funds at all.

There will be 820 scholarships in the first year, rising to 2,450 by 2001, to help students with fees and living costs.

Students who win one of the new scholarships, which will be available from next September, will not be required to contribute more than £1,000 towards the costs of their fees. The previous average contribution was £2,500.

### THE RIGHTS OF EVERY MAN

The Independent is publishing daily each of the 30 Articles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, illustrated by Ralph Steadman, to mark its 50th anniversary on 10 December.



#### Article 18

Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.

A pamphlet edition of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is published by Waterstone's, price £1. Proceeds to the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture.

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**BY STEVE BOGGAN**

The investigation comes at the end of a two-week period in which the murky world of international transfers has come under unprecedented scrutiny. It began with an *Independent* investigation into the purchase of two Chinese players by Crystal Palace – and the fact that



**Terry Venables:** Former England coach. Manager at Crystal Palace when Fan Zhiyi and Sun Jihai arrived. Controlled Portsmouth when Mathias Svensson arrived. His purchase of Australian players is being investigated.



**Fan Zhiyi:** Defender, 29, and Chinese national captain. Arrived with Sun Jihai from China for total £1.35m – although Chinese believed fee was only \$1.5m (£950,000). Understood Chinese are now to receive the full price.

**Mathias Svensson:**  
Swedish international  
striker, 24. His club, FC  
Elfsborg, wanted £75,000  
for him and was told by Tom  
Lawrence to expect  
£200,000 from Portsmouth  
and to forward £125,000 to  
Lawrence's London solicitor

**David Amsalem:** Left back, 27, Israeli national captain. Crystal Palace believed it had paid the first of three instalments of £266,666 to Maccabi Nevealon but the Israeli club received nothing. Rumoured to be "owned" by syndicate

**Mark Goldberg:** Millionaire businessman. Bought Crystal Palace this summer for £23m before bringing in Terry Venables on reported salary of £750,000. Has ordered full audit of all recent transfers – especially Am-  
salem's.

A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a suit jacket, white shirt, and dark tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The image is framed by a thin black border.

**Liu Shijun:** Managing director of Greengage Overseas Development, official Chinese FA agent in Europe. Aged 44, law graduate. Acted in transfer of Chinese players but will not discuss transfer fees, which he says are "secret".

**Ted Buxton:** Assistant manager to Venables at Crystal Palace, former Chinese national coach and scout at Portsmouth. Recommended both Chinese players and Svensson to Venables. Lawrence acted for the players.

Halifax via  
Transit House  
Halifax

**HALIFAX**

20th Anniversary 1978

# Killing force Israel to retu



JP 11/15/98

THE INDEPENDENT  
Saturday 28 November 1998  
world

THE INDEPENDENT  
Saturday 28 November 1998

FOREIGN NEWS/13



Members of Germany's Kurdish community rallying in support of Abdullah Ocalan, the Kurdish fugitive seeking asylum in Italy

Reuters

## Poles seek extradition of British woman

BY ADAM LEBOR  
Central Europe Correspondent

During the war, Fieldorf, whose wartime alias was Niel, was a high-ranking commander of the Polish Home Army (AK), the main national resistance organisation and rival to the Communist-dominated People's Army.

Charged with attempting to overthrow the Polish Communist state, he was arrested in 1952 after a one-day trial held secretly, and hanged in 1953.

In 1989, after the collapse of the Communist regime in Poland, General Fieldorf was rehabilitated.

This week the Polish Justice Minister, Hanna Suchocka, gave the go-ahead for the Warsaw Military Court to consider Ms Wolinska's case in the next few days. Polish sources say that the British government has indicated that it will not put up obstacles in principle to the extradition to Poland of a British subject.

Ms Wolinska's background is Jewish, and the prospect of an aged Polish Jewess, one of only a tiny minority to survive the Holocaust, being extradited to the country that is the site of Auschwitz and Birkenau is likely to trigger a storm of protest from Jewish organisations.

Like many of her co-religionists, Helena Wolinska believed that Communism and the Soviet Union was the best bulwark against resurgent fascism.

There was little love lost between the Jewish Communists, many of whom had returned to Warsaw, Prague and Budapest after the war after exile in Moscow, and former officers in national resistance groupings such as the AK.

But ironically, it was Ms Wolinska's one-time allies in the Polish Communist Party who organised the 1968 anti-Jewish campaign that finally drove her from her homeland to Britain, from where she now faces likely extradition proceedings back to Poland.

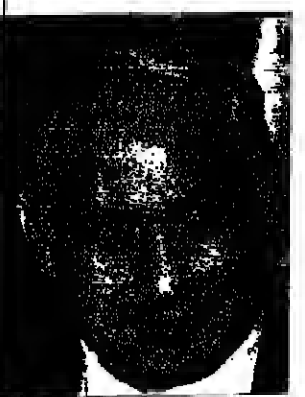
## Killings force Israelis to return

BENJAMIN NETANYAHU, the Israeli Prime Minister, broke off his European tour and returned to Jerusalem for an emergency cabinet meeting last night to face the impossible task of withdrawing his army from Lebanon. The deaths of two more Israeli occupation soldiers on Thursday - seven have been killed in two weeks - only compounded his government's predicament.

For in most wars, occupation armies want to stay; and the occupied - or their supporters - want them to leave. In Lebanon, the opposite is the case. This, in a nutshell, is the reason Mr Netanyahu broke off his tour.

The truth is that the pro-Iranian Hizbollah - whose chairman, Sayed Hassan Nasrallah, is in Tehran this week - have won their war in southern Lebanon and the pro-American Israeli army wants to leave.

The two Israeli soldiers were killed on Thursday night when land-mines blew up three tanks. The deaths bring to 23 the number of Israelis killed in the occupation zone (22 soldiers and a construction engineer).



Netanyahu: Facing calls to abandon Lebanon war

helping to build an artillery base so far this year. In all, 200 Israelis have been killed inside Lebanon since 1985. A total of 20 Israeli air raids on Lebanon in the past 11 months have failed to protect them.

In Israel, there is an overwhelming desire to abandon the Lebanese war, although some ministers, such as the public security minister, Avigdor Kahalani, would prefer to punish Lebanon for Hizbollah attacks. Yesterday he suggested bombing Lebanon's infrastructure - including electricity grids - because the Lebanese army will not disarm the Hizbollah.

But international law allows the occupied to fight the occupiers and UN Security Council Resolution 425 of 1978 demands the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of Israeli forces from Lebanon.

Israel still wants to withdraw with conditions, including the amalgamation of its own rag-tag "South Lebanon Army" militia into the Lebanese

BY ROBERT FISK  
in Beirut

national army, something that Lebanon's new president - the former army commander General Emile Lahoud - refuses to do. Indeed, it was President Lahoud who stated at his inauguration, on Tuesday, that peace requires "whatever the circumstances or considerations, the indivisibility of negotiating tracks with Syria, on the basis of a total and equal Israeli withdrawal from the south and western Bekaa and the Golan in accordance with UN security council resolutions".

And herein lies the rub. Syria supports the Hizbollah. For as long as Israel bleeds in southern Lebanon, Syrian pressure for an Israeli withdrawal from Golan can continue. If Israel withdraws unilaterally from Lebanon, it can stay in Golan without paying the price of occupation. Hence the refusal of Lebanon - which "hosts" 22,000 Syrian troops on its soil - to let the Israelis off the hook.

In Israel, public opinion is coming round to the idea that it must pull out of Lebanon. Yesterday's edition of the Israeli daily *Maariv* indicated that 40 per cent of Israelis support a unilateral withdrawal, compared with just 16 per cent in February of last year. The mothers of Israeli soldiers serving in the occupation army in Lebanon have pleaded for their sons to come home. *Yediot Aharnot* has demanded that Mr Netanyahu "take an initiative" and withdraw.


Even General Ariel Sharon, the Israeli Foreign Minister - held indirectly responsible in Israel for the Sabra and Chatila massacre of up to 2,000 Palestinian civilians in 1982 - now talks of withdrawal.

General Antoine Lahd, the SLA commander, has asked President Lahoud of Lebanon to implement UN security council resolution 425.


Perhaps the Israelis will try to retreat in stages - though they will be attacked as they do so.

The real question is why the Israelis stay in southern Lebanon at all. Although they call their occupation area their "security zone", it is the least secure piece of real estate in the Middle East. In April 1996, the Hizbollah fired more rockets across the border in three weeks than had been sent into Israel since 1948. The Lebanese suspect the Israelis are staying to obtain access to Lebanese water as part of an overall peace agreement.

In any event, the Syrians will not want to see a unilateral withdrawal and will insist that Israel is given no concessions - or allowed to demand conditions - on its departure.



was sand and marble now cyclops monster by amy aged 4 1/2



was minidisc player now editing suite by vaio







# Bio-pirates raid world's genetic bank

By PETER POPHAM  
in Delhi

IT ALL began with pepper, and it is to pepper that it has returned. The lure of the spice trade brought the first Western merchants over the Arabian Sea to the sun-baked bazaars of Trivandrum and Cochin for the fiery black pod, piper nigrum, for which the exotics of Europe had developed a passion.

Five hundred years later, a new breed of merchants has come back to India for the same commodity – and many others. But this time it is to obtain ownership of the material in new and, for many Indians, profoundly disturbing fashion: by taking out patents.

They call it "biopiracy", and the progressive patenting by international companies, mostly based in the United States, of plants, herbs, spices and foodstuffs commonly available in the subcontinent and in use as medicines and staple foods for centuries has caused waves of anger.

Last year it was the patenting of turmeric and a tree called neem – this has a hundred traditional uses, including disposable toothbrushes – which was the focus of public anger, with large and vocal demonstrations in the capital.

Two years ago pepper was in the spotlight, the patent having been granted to Sabinsa, a biotech firm of New Jersey for bioherb, a pure extract of pepper that was clinically tested in the US and shown to increase the bioavailability of nutritional compounds such as vitamins and amino acids.

Sabinsa has exploited the patent to claim exclusive marketing rights to the pepper extract, much to the consternation and fury of some 47 Indian growers and traders.

This year the US Patent Office, but even closer to the Indian quick when it granted the American firm Rice Tech a patent for basmati rice. The firm had earlier traded similar varieties of rice under names

such as Texmati and Kasmati, but now it can sell basmati, a name and flavour synonymous with the finest Indian rice, as its own registered brand. Come next April, when India brings its patent laws into line with the World Trade Organisation's, it will also be able to impose its exclusive brand in India, too.

The patenting of everyday items has galvanised a public whose memory is still raw from the insults of the colonial age. But it is only the most obvious manifestation of a new form of exploitation of the poor nations by the wealthy, from which, as ever, the rich will get the profit and the poor will get little or nothing.

The newest buccaneers to plunge into the Heart of Darkness in search of profit are botanists and biologists, armed with nets and syringes and good sharp knives and machetes for hacking off the leeches, and laptop computers, too. Enlisting the help of tribespeople, they prowl through dense forests in quest of unknown substances that have the potential to transform our lives.

They are acting on a recognition that all the medicines on which the West's hospitals depend are derived from a tiny proportion of the world's natural wealth. Genetic scientists now acknowledge that the genetic wealth of the world remains vast, almost entirely uncharted, and probably full of incredible potential.

That's why the new "bio-sleuths" are dallying with vampire bats (they have high hopes that their saliva contains a substance that may dissolve human blood clots), eyeing up the pygmy hog and amassing mountains of berries and plants and pieces of bark. As Helena Paul of London's Gaia Foundation says: "It's a prospecting fever, like how people used to go in the

Yukon to pan for gold. You might just happen to patent the most valuable thing in creation."

The discovery of this extraordinary genetic material, and its development into medicines that could transform the lives of millions – most would agree that was an absolute good. But as with pepper, turmeric, basmati rice and neem, the same question arises: is not basmati rice indissolubly Indian? Whose bat saliva is it anyway?

The new explorers depend on local wisdom: it makes far more sense to sit at the feet of a witch doctor than to comb through every single weed in the forest. But how are the witch doctor and his tribe to be compensated for the intellectual property they so innocently hand over?

Activists in India and elsewhere fear that the biological heritage of the developing world is disappearing into the gene banks of the wealthy, from which it will return transformed, years later, as medicines or foods that put the traditional producers out of business – having given no benefit to the people from whom they were originally obtained.

It is, then, no accident that one of the rare exceptions to this exploitation is India. Ten years ago, in the rainforests of Kerala, in India's deep south, two botanists trudging through the hills with guides from the Kani tribe were massively rejuvenated by some pale green berries provided by their guides. Years later, tests proved the berries to be effective in fighting fatigue, and an Indian pharmaceutical company paid the institute for which the scientists worked £15,000 for the formula, plus 5 per cent royalties on sales.

In an unprecedented gesture, the scientists decided to split the royalties 50-50 with the Kani tribe. There ensued a violent argument within the tribe about who was to get the money, but that's another story.



An Indian tribesman holding a jeevani plant; scientists rely on local knowledge of natural cures Dieter Luchow

## IN BRIEF

### New drugs help curb Aids toll

THE NUMBER of people dying from Aids in Europe has fallen by 80 per cent since 1985, because of the use of new drug therapies, according to Dr Amanda Mocroft and Michael Edwards, writing in *The Lancet*. They said most of the success could be attributed to new drug treatments and how they were combined.

### Clinton yet to give answers

THE JUDICIARY committee of the US House of Representatives was still awaiting Bill Clinton's written answers to 81 questions over the Monica Lewinsky affair yesterday. The questions were sent four weeks ago and the answers were expected that day.

### Papal bull calls for penance

A NEW papal bull tomorrow will uphold the 700-year-old tradition of celebrating church anniversary years, or Jubilees, by offering "indulgences" – acts of penance to win forgiveness for sins. The Pope also is inviting acts of atonement by nations, in the form of forgiving Third World debt.

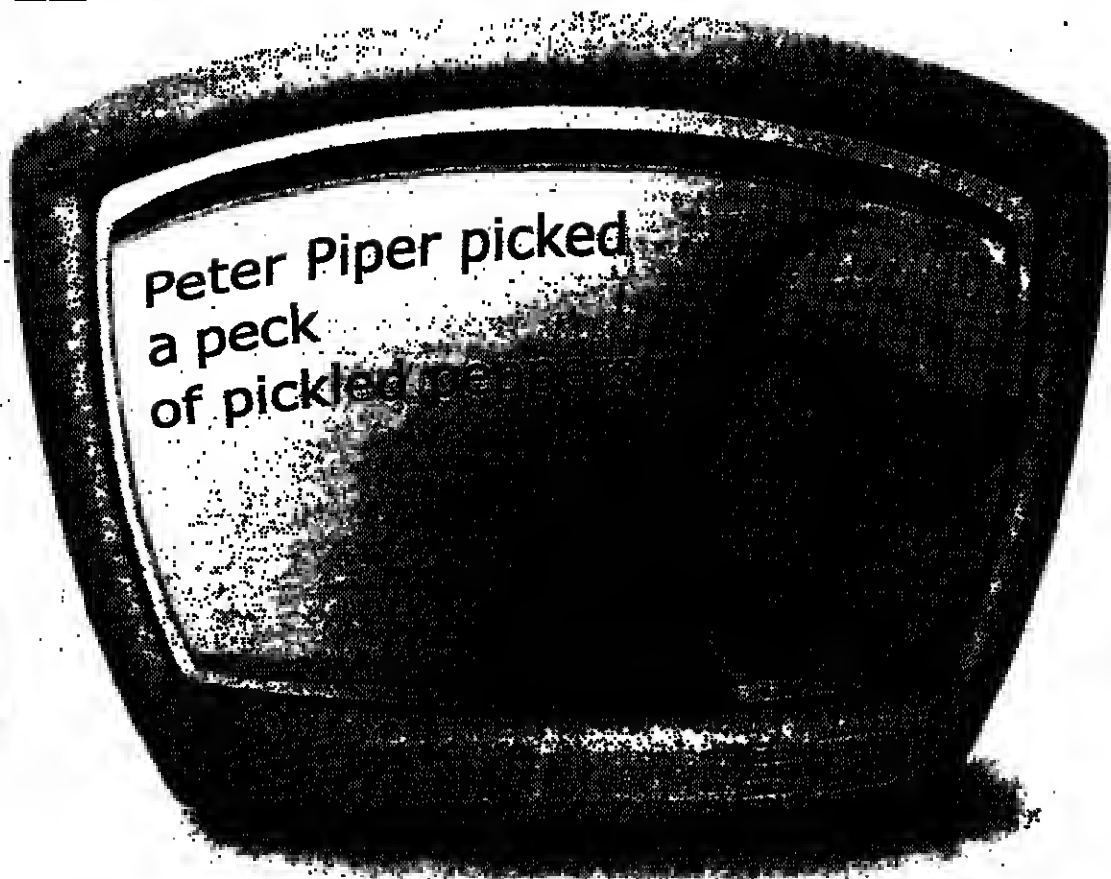
### Minister jailed for rape of girl

THE FAEROES Islands' fisheries minister was sentenced to 10 months' jail after he was convicted of raping a teenage girl. During his trial in the Faeroes' capital of Thorshavn, John Petersen, 50, admitted having sex with the girl when she was living in his house.

### Serbs excavate mass graves

BOSNIAN SERB experts expanded work to unearth suspected mass graves in Sarajevo's Lion cemetery and said they had found more bodies believed to belong to Serbs who died during the 1992-1995 war. By midday, they said they had found the remains of around 18 bodies.

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Mexican children line up in the school yard as the Popocatepetl volcano throws up a column of ash in the distance. The Smoking Mountain, as its Nahuatl language name translates, is active after a period of calm. Reuters

## Moving tale turns into a cliffhanger

THIS IS a story of a mountain, a handful of stubborn villagers and the formidable French government machine. The mountain is moving, so some geologists insist. The villagers refuse to move. And French officialdom, once its mind is made up, never moves.

The result: deadlock. Unless the mountain really does move... "That mountain is going nowhere," said Paul Pontonnier, pointing at the forbidding, mist-encircled cliffs of the Ruine de Séchillienne, a 2,500ft miniature alp just to the east of Grenoble.

"It's solid right through, save for a few pebbles which fall now and then. And that has always happened. I am not moving. Never. Never. Ten generations of my family have lived here. My wife is sick upstairs in bed. How can I move? If they come to get me - and I have warned the gendarmes to their faces - I will shoot them on my doorstep like dogs."

In theory, Mr Pontonnier and the other remaining inhabitants of Lille Falcon must be gone by the end of this year.

This, at least, is the edict of the prefect of the Isère, the most senior government official in this department.

No one - not even the prefect - expects them to go easily. The Battle of Lille Falcon

BY JOHN LICHFIELD  
in Lille Falcon

has been going on for 12 years. It will probably go on for several years more. Unless, of course, the mountain falls...

Two-thirds of the villagers have already departed, their homes compulsorily purchased - some already demolished in recent days - under a new law that allows the government to intervene to shift citizens in "imminent peril".

About 100 people remain, insisting, like Mr Pontonnier, that the whole business is "an absurdity, a lie, a swindle, a disgrace".

Resistance comes naturally to Mr Pontonnier: he joined the local Maquis at the age of 15 in 1944. He still has a military bearing, somewhat spoilt by his favourite hat, a black and yellow baseball cap with a Batman motif.

Before you go to Lille Falcon, the story is clear. The French government is acting sensibly, if officiously, on scientific advice. One hundred million cubic metres of rock - enough to build 12 miles of motorway - could fall on the village at any moment. A few boneheaded debardeurs are refusing to see sense.

Once you arrive in the village, a pleasant community of mostly new houses in a wooded valley, nothing is quite so clear ever again. "Is that the mountain?" you confidently ask, pointing at a grim wall of snow and ice-spangled rock rising just behind the village. "Not at all," you are told, with a snort. "It's that one over there." You are shown a sheer but, by alpine standards, smallish-looking, mountain more than a kilometre away. "But how could...?"

"You see?" said Mr Pontonnier. "You see what I mean now?" In between the mountain and the village there is a broad river, the Romanche, and the N91 main road from Grenoble to Briançon and Turin, one of the four principal road links between France and Italy. The French government is not trying to close or divert the road, which runs just below the allegedly unstable cliffs. It is not planning to

shut its electricity-generating station in the village.

"None of it makes any sense," said Rosa Popy, 68, who lives in an old stone house at the end of the village, somewhat nearer the moving mountain. "In the winter this road has traffic jams three or four hours long, with people going to the ski resorts at Les Deux Alpes and La Roche. What if the mountain fell on them? But it's not going to fall. I have lived here 50 years. I have looked at that mountain every day. Nothing has changed. The chamois are still on the mountain. They would be the first to go if they sensed danger."

Lille Falcon is the first site



in "imminent peril" to be saved, or plagued, by the law, passed in 1985. This is no accident. The law was framed partly because of the fuss made by some residents and local politicians who insisted the village was at risk.

The complainers were almost all newcomers who moved to the area from Paris or Marseilles or Lille when jobs were plentiful in the Grenoble area in the 1970s. It was they who first became alarmed by small falls of rock on the Ruine de Séchillienne. The name reflects the unkempt appearance of the mountain and suggests that it has been falling down ever since the individual alps were named centuries ago. Some local politicians took up the fight on their behalf. The other local people laughed.

Government-appointed geologists made test borings into the mountain and decided that it was moving dangerously. The new law was passed: Lille Falcon became a test case.

The government machine moved inexorably forward. Compulsory purchases were ordered last year.

The older-established residents stopped laughing. Most of the newer, avalanche-fearing residents grabbed their compensation and moved back to Paris and Marseilles and Lille (which may have been what they wanted in the first place).

André Pollet, head of the government roads and engineering department for the Isère department, insists the peril is real. "There is permanent, continuous, extremely slow movement in the mountain," he said. "The movement was once measurable only on geological time. It is now measurable in human time. The catastrophe will happen in this generation."

But how could a mountain destroy a village that is mostly a kilometre distant? Mr Pollet insists that, according to the expert advice, the village would be swept away.

This advice was, however, based on the original estimate of a 100 million cubic metre avalanche: even official estimates now put the likely fall at no more than 3 million cubic metres.

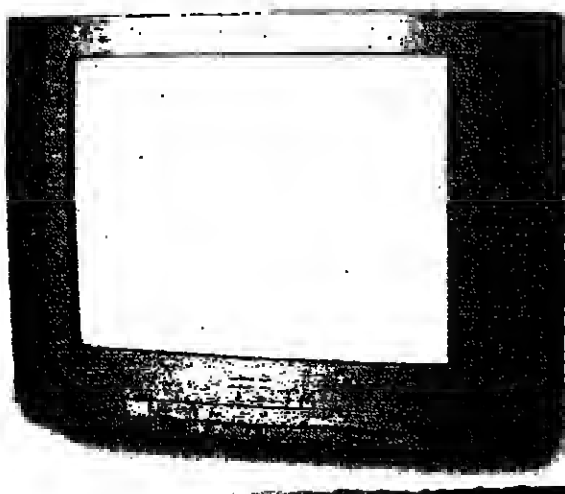
Independent experts who were approached by the villagers, including the respected Professor Jacques Monné of Grenoble University, say the entire problem is fictitious: that there is no risk to the village at all.

The mayor of the commune in which the village stands energetically supports the rebels. Together they have made an appeal to the French constitutional court, the Conseil d'Etat, the only power capable of reversing the decision to wipe Lille Falcon from the map. The mayor, Gilles Strapezon, said: "It's a bizarre story, a sad story. Personally I don't think even the prefect believes any longer that there is any threat to the village. But too much prestige aid money is now invested for them to admit their mistake."

And so the battle goes on. Until the mountain falls; or, marginally more likely, the French government machine gives way.

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## Prisoner held 33 years without trial goes free

RESTRICTIONS HAVE been lifted on the movements of the world's longest serving political prisoner, 57-year-old Chia Thye Poh, who was arrested in Singapore 33 years ago under a draconian internal security law introduced by the British.

Mr Chia served 23 years in jail without trial. In 1989 he was released but was banished to the island of Sentosa, which had been turned into a Disney-style theme park. Seven years ago he was allowed to leave the island, though restrictions were still maintained on his movements and place of residence.

These have finally been removed though he has been warned that renewed participation in his allegedly subversive activities will meet with a harsh response.

Mr Chia could have extricated himself from jail much earlier by admitting he was a

BY STEPHEN VINES  
in Hong Kong

Communist and by renouncing the use of force and terrorism. But in an interview with *The Independent*, made while he was still under restrictions, he said he could not accede to this because he never had been a Communist and had never advocated terrorism.

"I wouldn't be able to live in peace. I cannot go against my conscience," he said.

The government claimed he was ordered by the Communists to join the legal Barisan Socialist Party and encourage demonstrations and strikes to destabilise the government.

He says his real offence was to be elected to parliament and then resign in protest against the government's decision to pull out of the federation that formerly linked Singapore to

neighbouring Malaysia. The government's case has not been heard because Mr Chia has never appeared in court for trial. Indeed, it took the authorities 18 years to give a reason for his detention.

In a television interview yesterday, Mr Chia was not celebrating his release. "The best part of my life was taken away, just like that," he said.

He called for the abolition of the Internal Security Act, which is also in force in Malaysia, where it was used to arrest the former deputy premier Anwar Ibrahim. He believes he scored some kind of pyrrhic victory by surviving his long jail term and restrictions on his freedoms.

The decision finally to restore his freedom is part of a number of moves under way in Singapore to ease the heavy hand of government on this highly controlled society.

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# Moonies build a new Garden of Eden in Brazil's cowboy country

HE HAS an impressive list of friends - Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Augusto Pinochet. Not bad for a man who insists Jesus Christ was the product of an adulterous affair. But then the Reverend Sun Myung Moon is convinced he is the new Messiah, the Chosen One.

His political friends, even such ardent Christians as the three mentioned above, were prepared to ignore such idiosyncrasies so long as the South Korea-born self-styled spiritual leader supported their common cause - the battle against Communism. His church indirectly supported such "causes" as the CIA-backed Contra guerrilla war against Nicaragua's Sandinistas.

Attending the launch of Mr Moon's Spanish-language newspaper in Buenos Aires, Mr

By PHIL DAVISON

Latin America Correspondent

ington Times newspaper, once Mr Reagan's favourite read, a cable television channel, a university in Connecticut, a Manhattan travel agency and a golf course in California.

He also has investments in ginseng, the arms industry in Korea and the computer business in Japan. But his influence has dwindled since he was briefly jailed in the US in the late 1970s on charges of tax evasion. Parents of young men and women who fell under his spell - his insistence that he was "the true father" who could unite all churches since Christ, he said, was born out of an extramarital relationship - increasingly saw him as a charlatan who was brainwashing their children. Many employed psychologists who could bring them back to reality. He still insists he has millions of followers but realistic estimates suggest there may be only 3,000 - a tenth of the figure at his late-1970s peak.

After Mr Moon lost a son in a high-speed car crash, a daughter turned against him. Then, last month, the wife of another son - and his potential heir - published a book billing him as a fraud and accusing her husband of abusing her while addicted to cocaine. He is still smarting from a string of failed projects, including ambitious land purchases in Africa and a car-manufacturing project in China. In recent years his followers have been kicked out of several strongly Catholic Central American nations, including Guatemala and El Salvador, for "bad manners," a euphemism for proselytising in the streets while on tourist visas.

Venezuela recently barred his followers from any religious activities for the same reason. In Uruguay, where he also owns the newspaper *Ultimas Noticias* and the five-star Victoria Plaza hotel, his bank, Banco de Credito, was recently put under the control of the Central Bank after management and liquidity problems. He says America has nowhere left to go but the Rev Sun Myung Moon may himself be running out of road.

Hence the move to what the 78-year-old Mr Moon considers fertile ground for his dream of building "a kingdom of heaven on earth, a new Garden of Eden" in the unlikely cowboy country of western Brazil, three and a half hours' rough drive from the nearest city. He reportedly discovered it on a fishing trip, attracted by its location



The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, leader of the Moonies, conducting a mass wedding in South Korea

at the confluence of the Prata and Miranda rivers. It reminded him of Mesopotamia, the ancient cradle of civilisation built on the Tigris and Euphrates. It also reminded him of a kind of Jurassic Park. "If Spielberg came here, he'd be surprised. There are species that are 35 million years old," his regional director, Hideo Omayada, told a visiting reporter from the St Petersburg Times newspaper of Florida.

"Brazil big country. Unlimited resources. Enough to feed all of Latin America and the starving people of Africa," says Kim Yoon Sang in broken English. He is a leader of Mr Moon's new project in Jardim, which is in the state of Mato Grosso do Sul. "He have idea to show world how to end hunger. Our intention is a family, no a religion." After a drive along potholed roads and across muddy

A local Catholic priest, Bruno Brugolano, is not so welcoming. In a country where the traditional Catholicism is increasingly being undercut by evangelical churches from the US or elsewhere, he is clearly concerned as to Mr Moon's motives. "How can he talk about family when he has been married several times?" he told the Florida newspaper.

So far, the project looks a bit like a university campus under construction, with classrooms for studying Mr Moon's ideas, a theatre and a 2,000-seat cafeteria. His organisation, though it has now dropped the "church" reference to call itself The Association of Families for Unification and World Peace, is buying up 200,000 acres of farmland, at about \$500 an acre, from farmers glad to get the money.

Fr Brugolano said the Unification movement did not appear to be making inroads among the local Brazilian farmers or their families, who at first looked on their arrival with bemusement and later with delight after the Jardim project created jobs and a potential tourist influx. Mr Moon has also been winning friends and influencing local politicians, reportedly leading them to his helicopter, inviting them to eat on his premises and purchasing a fleet of ambulances for the township of 20,000 people.

But most of those who have already begun arriving for spiritual seminars and to help build up the project have been from Japan or Korea.

"At first, they [the locals] misunderstood us. They

thought we were drug-dealers or looking for gold or diamonds," said Mr Omayada. Commenting on the bureaucracy of buying land under what he called Brazil's "medieval" system, Mr Omayada said: "Brazil very difficult. Big country. Small mind. We try open up. This land very poor, but very fertile. Like Garden of Eden."



Bush called him "a man of vision". But now that the Cold War is over Mr Moon's star has faded in the United States and he is looking to pastures new to build his "new Garden of Eden".

That is why you may nowadays find the head of the Unification Church, colloquially known as the Moonies, in the remote west Brazilian township of Jardim, or in nearby Paraguay, Uruguay or Argentina rather than in his \$8m New York mansion or his farm in Texas.

He is building an airport in Jardim to accommodate not only his own Learjet but what he hopes will be planeloads of visitors to his new project. "America doesn't have anywhere to go now," he said in a speech in New York earlier this year. "The country that represents Satan's harvest is America, the kingdom of extreme individuality of free sex."

Strong words from a man who has lived mostly in the US for the past three decades, at his peak gathering up to 30,000 followers, and renowned for his mass marriages of thousands of Moonie couples. He still owns the right-wing Wash-

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## Russian outpost where 34 is old

By PHIL REEVES in Moscow

AVERAGE LIFE expectancy in one of the most impoverished and remote parts of Russia has fallen to a mere 40 years and could be as low as 34, officials said yesterday.

It is further evidence of a deepening demographic crisis among Russians who, decimated by drink, poor diet, illness and dismal living conditions, have seen the population shrink by 800,000 in two years to under 147 million.

The astonishingly low age of 34, which applies to men and women, was cited by the Red Cross yesterday as evidence of the misery in Chukotka, a region in Russia's far north-east, where conditions have declined in the post-Soviet years, worsened by this summer's economic collapse.

Caroline Hurford, spokeswoman for the International Federation of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies, said the figure originated from the aid organisation Médecins du Monde, which has been gathering information in the sparsely populated region, much of which lies within the Arctic Circle.

The Red Cross issued a warning yesterday that Russia's north and far east were facing "unprecedented hardship", which could "threaten the very survival of some indigenous minorities". Tens of thousands of people were in the grip of a bitter winter without heat, warm clothing or adequate food.

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# Big Sister is watching her neighbours in the village of eternal vigilance

A WEEK IN THE LIFE  
YAO JINLAN, STREET WARDEN

WANDER THE streets of any Chinese city and you will still see the neighbourhood street wardens wearing the distinctive red armband: "On Duty".

Andeli district in central Peking - population 2,345 - has 106 such unpaid neighbourhood watch personnel, mostly retired women who make it their business to keep an eye on other people's lives. And 68-year-old Yao Jinlan is the Andeli street committee boss.

Ms Yao, a widow, is a model street committee chief. Her life centres on the comings and goings of Andeli, with an eye on everything from rubbish disposal to the plight of newly redundant workers. Since 1982 she has won all nine elections to be the community's Communist Party chief.

SATURDAY: "ACCORDING to the regulations, Saturday is a rest day," she said. But Ms Yao still rose at 6.30 for the cleaning and laundry. Then a solitary lunch at 11.30, the noon television news, and a nap - a mid-day routine followed nearly every day of her life. At 4pm she did the weekly vegetable shopping. Then she picked up the milk and the newspaper, cooked supper, and watched the evening television news - just as she does every single evening.

Time then for a stroll around her tiny kingdom. "Of course it was sort of work," she says. "I am preoccupied by work, even on a rest day. I look at how the residents feel and see if there is any rubbish or bad hygiene work in the community." Then bath and bed by 10.30pm - as always.

NEXT DAY she is up early again before the weekly venture into the rest of Peking. "Every Sunday I go window shopping to get some information about the market." So off to the Daimen department store. "I don't buy anything. I just go for fun," she explains. "I walk around floor

by floor and just get the information about the prices. When I get back I tell the others, family and friends." Then it was back to the flat at about 11am for another solitary lunch, television news, and snooze, followed by an afternoon stroll around Andeli's 12 apartment blocks, and family dinner.

THE WORKING week kicks off with an 8.30am meeting of the eight street committee directors at which Ms Yao assigns the week's work. This week there are five issues: cracking down on residents who have dumped home-decorating debris; fire prevention work; supervising and organising shifts for the 106 street-level patrols; preparation of the Andeli year-end report; and arrangements for the old people's dormitory to stock up on winter cabbage and rice.

"We spent all morning on all this," laughs Ms Yao, drawing on her cigarette, a small indulgence. "I used to have a packet a day, but now I've tried hard to reform from smoking and I am down to two cigarettes a day," she says.

Lunch break is, as always, from 11am to 2pm. "After that I walk around." The main concerns of her residents, she says, are "to have a stable life and to hope that, when in difficulty, they can get help from the street committee".

ON TUESDAY, Ms Yao, who is paid 400 yuan (£30) a month on top of her pension, says she feels proud of her team. Her 106 unpaid workers "are of a higher consciousness level, but they do not like to be noisy about other people's affairs". That morning a 64-year-old Andeli woman is sick, so when word reaches Ms Yao she accompanies her to the local clinic. The afternoon, the 17th of the month, means it is the monthly political study session for Andeli's 38 Communist Party members. "We studied the spirit of the third session



Yao Jinlan at home in Andeli. When things are quiet, she studies the Ministry magazine about community service

Teresa Poole

of the 15th Party Congress, about the reforms in the countryside. Everybody said this policy was a good policy," says Ms Yao. After disposing of political theory, it was an on-the-spot inspection of some of the street wardens. "They are very good, and all very warm-hearted when they see us directors." After dinner, with the weather suddenly turning cold, Ms Yao goes to check the radiators in the old people's dormitory.

MIDWEEK FINDS Ms Yao on

duty in the committee office. "I had to stay there all day to help anyone who came," she says. It was a quiet morning, "so I studied the magazine sent by the Civil Affairs Ministry about community service". Back at her desk in the afternoon, it is even quieter. No visitors and no phone calls. Just another magazine and some planning for the year end report. "Not boring!" insists Ms Yao.

THURSDAY is a hectic day of planning, ahead of meetings

the following day. There are 500 people among Andeli's population and community education is popular. Residents are usually keen to become a street warden. "Some old ladies, when we invite them to be careful of the gas," says Ms Yao, explaining that sometimes water can boil over and extinguish the flame on the stove.

Anti-theft measures are already routine. "It is the duty of the street patrols to watch the doors and the yards to prevent thieves coming in. In fact

fire, theft and gas poisoning. All the 106 wardens and other retired residents have been invited. "Since the weather turned cold, the apartments are closed up, and people have to be careful of the gas," says Ms Yao, explaining that sometimes water can boil over and extinguish the flame on the stove.

in 15 years we have had no criminal case here in Andeli," she says.

So how does such a community stalwart manage to recuperate or even to indulge herself at the end of another busy week? "I am not particular about food, but I am particular about my clothes. I love rings, ear-rings and necklaces. But I already have all of these. So I don't need to buy anything," she laughs.

TERESA POOLE

## Japan tries £125bn therapy

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
in Tokyo

KEIZO OBUCHI, the Japanese Prime Minister, unveiled his government's latest attempt to spend its way out of recession yesterday. But his Finance Minister hinted he was about to resign, faced with a new round of depressing economic figures.

"Our paramount issue is setting the groundwork for a more healthy functioning of the financial system and resuscitating the economy," Mr Obuchi said at the opening of an extraordinary session of the Diet. The session's main task is to pass a supplementary budget to allow the government to spend 24 trillion yen (£125bn) to encourage public spending. It follows a disbursement of 17 trillion yen in April. Mr Obuchi predicted the latest spending would create a million jobs.

But figures yesterday showed no signs that the economy is moving out of recession. Unemployment remained at its highest level yet, 4.3 per cent in October, the third consecutive rise.

In another blow to Mr Obuchi, the most respected member of his cabinet, Kiichi Miyazawa, suggested he would soon resign as Finance Minister, dismaying colleagues in the ruling Liberal Democratic Party. "It is not time for him to consider resigning," said the powerful cabinet secretary, Hiromu Nonaka. Mr Miyazawa, a former prime minister, had to be begged to take on the post in July and it seems he has had enough after four months in one of the most thankless jobs in world politics.

Mr Obuchi also spoke about plans to build four spy satellites to avoid a repeat of an incident in August, when a North Korean test rocket flew over its northern territory undetected. "The missile test by North Korea created considerable concern. It is necessary that we work to collect the appropriate information and establish measures to collect, analyse and disseminate information which has a bearing on regional security and crisis management," he said.

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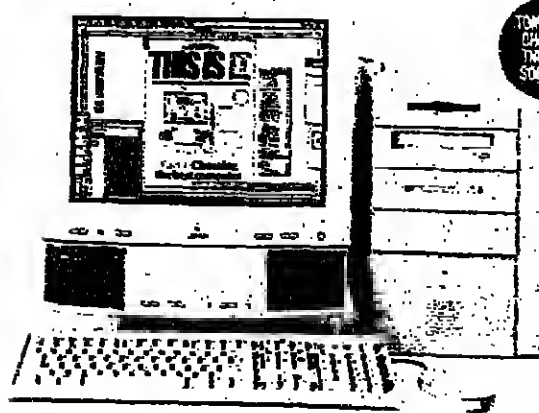
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JP 11/20/98



KEIOI TOH, the Japanese Prime Minister, unveiled his government's latest attempt to spend its way out of recession yesterday. But his Finance Minister hinted it was also an attempt to deal with a more fundamental economic problem.

The government's new plan, which involves a massive increase in public spending, is seen as a sign of the government's determination to fight the recession. It is also seen as a sign of the government's determination to deal with the problem of the ageing population.

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**THE INDEPENDENT**  
Saturday 28 November 1998

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# BUSINESS

## Barclays 'vulnerable' to takeover by Lloyds TSB

By Andrew Garfield  
Financial Editor

### BRIEFING

#### Blockleys on bid alert

BLOCKLEYS, the troubled brick group, was on bid alert last night after Natural Building Materials, its A-listed rival, revealed it had bought a 9.99 per cent stake in the company and said it could lead to a full bid. Shares in Blockleys jumped 8p to 44.5p - just short of the 45p per share paid by NBM - as the company advised its shareholders to sit tight. The move follows reports that institutional shareholders in Blockleys are unhappy about the company's performance.

#### Hong Kong recession deepens

HONG KONG yesterday announced the worst third-quarter fall in economic growth on record. The bad news from this once resilient economy underlines the turnaround in the fortunes of the Asian countries, which were once considered as 'Tiger' economies and Tiger cub economies. With just two exceptions, all the Tigers are now in recession.

Hong Kong, which reported a third-quarter economic contraction of 7 per cent, is predicting a 5 per cent fall for the full year, making it the second worst performing of the former Tiger economies. South Korea, facing its worst recession since the end of the civil war, is likely to see its economy decline by 7 per cent. Even Singapore has technically slipped into recession as third-quarter economic growth declined by 0.7 per cent. Of the four former Tigers only Taiwan still has a growing economy.

Virgin Direct guarantees rates

VIRGIN DIRECT, Richard Branson's financial services wing, yesterday launched a savings account that guarantees to pay interest no lower than 1 per cent below base rates until January 2001. The account, which requires a minimum saving of £1, is offering 6.25 per cent gross. Virgin also pledged to shift the savings rate within a month of any change in base rates. See Your Money, page 3

deal. Another huge obstacle is the attitude of the competition authorities, who have previously been reluctant to see a merger between the top four banks. "Remember all these deals are about getting boards to fit together. People are going to see there is a gap there."

Other analysts pointed out that Barclays could prove irresistible to Sir Brian, who is keen to complete a major deal, and Mr Ellwood, who previously ran Barclaycard.

The departure of Mr Taylor removes one obstacle to a

SPECULATION WAS mounting in the City last night that Lloyds-TSB, Britain's biggest high street clearing bank, is considering a takeover approach for rival Barclays following yesterday's sudden resignation of chief executive Martin Taylor.

"This immediate uncertainty offers an opportunity to potential bidders, particularly Lloyds TSB," said Jonathan Golins, an analyst at brokers Fox-Pitt Kelton.

Outlook, page 21

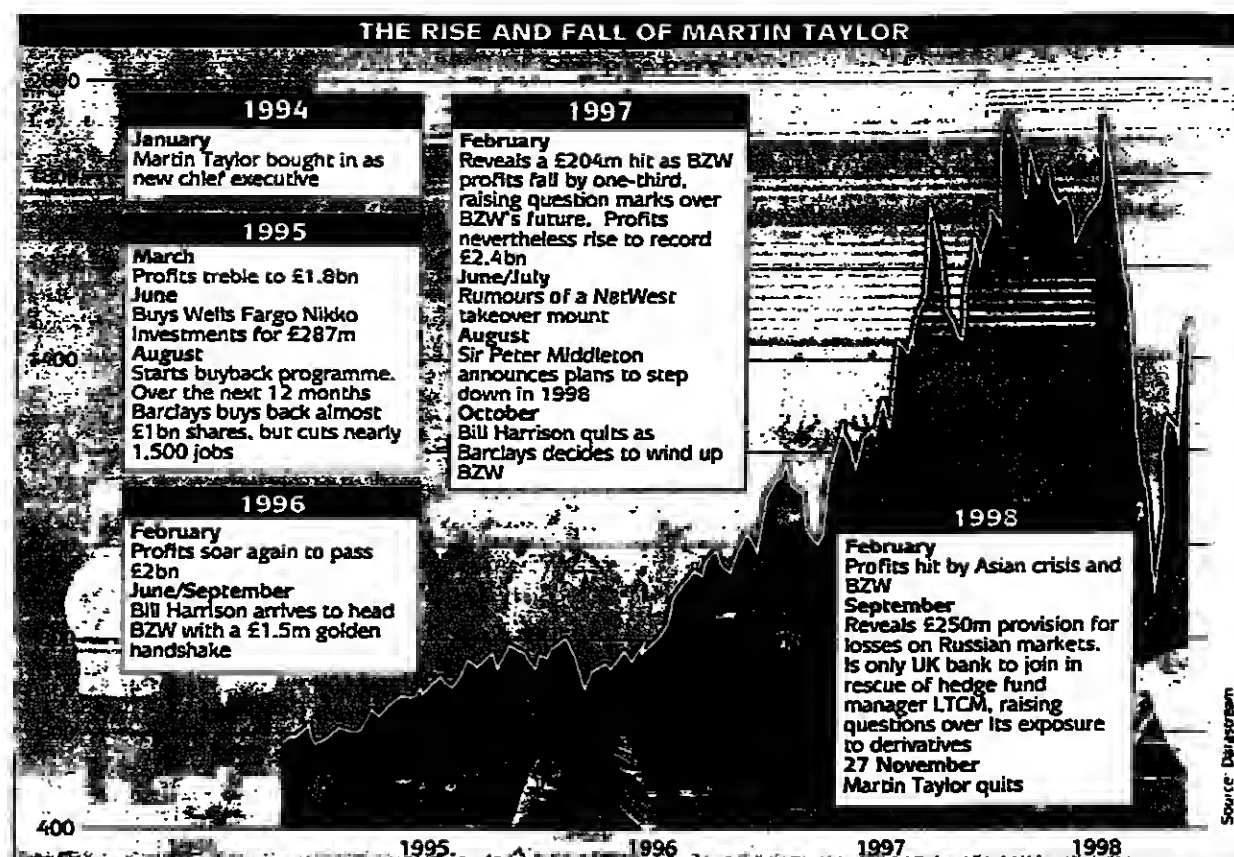
"The competition hurdles would present some barriers, but Sir Brian Pittman (Lloyds chairman) and Peter Ellwood (chief executive) may conclude this is too good an opportunity to miss."

"Barclays is extremely vulnerable," said one corporate financier with close ties to all the major banks. "Remember all these deals are about getting boards to fit together. People are going to see there is a gap there."

deal. Another huge obstacle is the attitude of the competition authorities, who have previously been reluctant to see a merger between the top four banks. "Remember all these deals are about getting boards to fit together. People are going to see there is a gap there."

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The departure of Mr Taylor removes one obstacle to a



presence in the business banking market, which was one of the main reasons why the Government was reluctant to approve a Barclays-Natwest deal.

The official plan is for Sir Peter to step up to replace Andrew Buxton as chairman once a new chief executive is found.

Oliver Stocken, the finance director who was intending to stand down, has agreed to stay on until the next annual general meeting in April.

Barclays shares slumped by 114p to 1374p during the day as City analysts and fund managers were left confused about what was happening at one of Britain's biggest companies, with a stock market value of around £20bn.

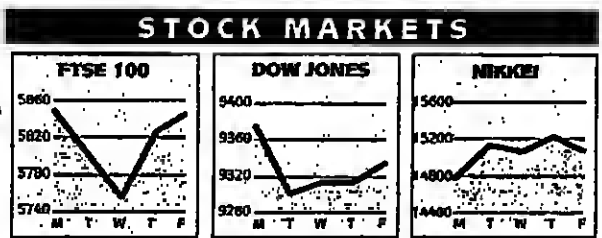
Sentiment was not helped by Barclays' decision to announce that on current expectations the bank anticipates reporting pre-tax profits of "of not less than £1.9bn" for the full year to 31 December, 1998. This compares with the latest City consensus forecast that pre-tax profits would be £2.2bn for the current year.

Barclays insisted that this did not constitute a profits warning.

Peter Middleton, chairman designate, said: "No, no. It's not a profits warning. I think that when you have an event like this you have to assure the market there's nothing going wrong in the bank with the numbers. The simple way to do that is to tell you what they are."

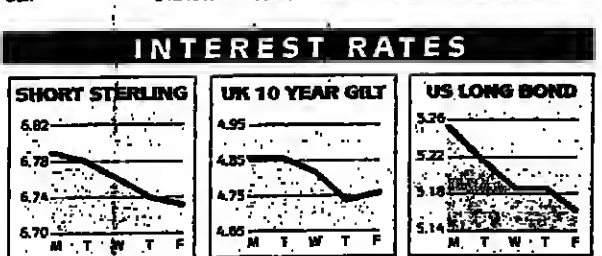
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Barclays also lacks the same



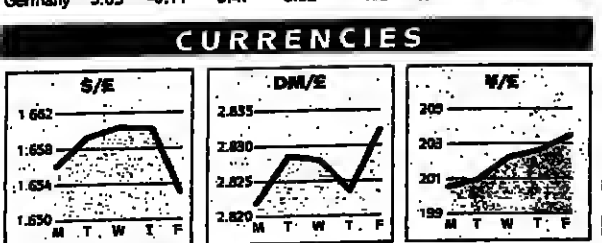
**INDICES**

Index	Close	Change	52 wk high	52 wk low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	5844.20	-16.30	6185.00	4588.00	3.72
FTSE 250	4236.00	-14.90	4571.00	4248.00	4.71
FTSE 350	2763.50	5.10	2969.10	2310.40	3.46
FTSE All Share	2665.00	4.91	2886.00	2143.00	3.49
FTSE SmallCap	2070.90	3.30	2393.00	1834.00	4.08
FTSE Fledgling	1142.50	1.10	1517.10	1046.20	0.00
FTSE AIM	814.10	-2.20	1146.00	761.00	0.00
FTSE EBL00	3099.55	10.62	3109.00	2740.00	1.60
Dow Jones	8344.15	31.42	8360.00	7400.00	0.97
Nikkei	15069.39	-138.38	17352.00	12787.00	0.67
Hong Kong	10742.11	-36.81	11976.00	6544.00	2.91
Dax	5121.48	69.85	6217.00	3839.00	1.74



**MONEY MARKET RATES**

Instrument	Rate
UK 3 month	6.93
UK 6 month	6.75
UK 1 year	6.40
US 3 month	5.25
US 6 month	5.14
US 1 year	4.86
Japan 3 month	0.42
Japan 6 month	0.27
Japan 1 year	0.49
Germany 3 month	3.65
Germany 6 month	3.47
Germany 1 year	3.47



**POUND**

Instrument	Rate
Dollar	1.6531
DM-Mark	2.8324
Yen	203.46
S index	101.60

**DOLLAR**

Instrument	Rate
Sterling	0.6049
D-Mark	1.7133
Yen	123.07
S index	107.60

**OTHER INDICATORS**

Instrument	Rate
Brent Oil (\$)	9.95
Gold (\$)	296.20
Silver (\$)	4.94
GDP	115.40
RPI	164.50
Base Rates	6.75

**TOURIST RATES**

Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.5088
Austria (schillings)	19.18
Belgium (francs)	56.39
Canada (\$)	2.4719
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8041
Denmark (krone)	10.44
Finland (markka)	8.3675
France (francs)	9.1605
Germany (marks)	2.7402
Greece (drachma)	459.43
Hong Kong (\$)	12.37
Ireland (pounds)	1.1969
India (rupees)	69.31
Israel (shekels)	6.3920
Italy (lira)	2716
Japan (yen)	198.64
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.0370
Malta (lira)	0.6095

## Standard Chartered warns on Asian profits

SHARES in Standard Chartered, the banking group, fell 4 per cent yesterday after bearish comments on the Asian economic outlook from its chief executive, Rana Talwar.

Mr Talwar said the group's revenues would be lower for the second half of 1998 because of dull lending conditions and lower earnings from the bank's Treasury division. The

deal. Another huge obstacle is the attitude of the competition authorities, who have previously been reluctant to see a merger between the top four banks. "Remember all these deals are about getting boards to fit together. People are going to see there is a gap there."

Other analysts pointed out that Barclays could prove irresistible to Sir Brian, who is keen to complete a major deal, and Mr Ellwood, who previously ran Barclaycard.

The departure of Mr Taylor removes one obstacle to a

trading statement in October, when the bank said there had been no new debt problems of any size in the third quarter. Shares have risen from a low of 375p earlier this year.

"Some people were expecting it to be a smooth ride upwards and Talwar's view was that for the next 18 months it would still be fairly bumpy before it picks up," said one analyst.

Industry observers said further falls in the share price would increase the group's vulnerability to a takeover bid.

The group has been linked to several groups in recent weeks, including Barclays.

"Standard is an attractive franchise and there's no doubt about its operation in Asia. That means its valuation is not excessive at this share

price," said John Yakas of Fox-Pitt Kelton, the brokerage firm.

Mr Talwar said bad debts were small in spite of the Asian crisis. Only 0.3 per cent of mortgages in Hong Kong were three months in arrears. That compares with a figure of more than 2 per cent at big British lenders.

A spokesman for Standard Chartered said the statement

had been issued to give clearer guidance to shareholders because earnings forecasts ranged between £700m and £800m.

Some analysts cut their forecasts yesterday. Michael Triggitt of Schroders, who had estimated £794m, now predicts just £760m.

Ian Poulter of William de Broe said he would reconsider his estimate of £810m.

## Psion founder steps aside for new chief

PSION, the handheld computer maker recently identified by Bill Gates as Microsoft's biggest rival, yesterday appointed a 36-year-old publishing whizzkid as its new chief executive.

The move will allow David Potter, Psion's founder, to take a less hands-on role. Psion has hired David Levin, currently chief operating officer of financial publisher Euromoney.

Mr Levin, who will join Psion in February, is expected to take control of the group's day-to-day operations. Mr Potter, 55, will become executive chairman with responsibility for Psion's strategy.



David Levin: joins Psion as chief executive

"I am still fully committed to Psion but I do need to lead a rather more balanced and measured life," said Mr Potter, who had open heart surgery last year. However, he does not plan to retire for at least another five years. Mr Potter described Mr Levin as "a young man but a very mature one, with a strong background in business development."

At Euromoney, Mr Levin

handled its acquisition of Institutional Investor, the financial publishing house. Previously, he worked for Apex, the venture capital group, spending two years on a secondment to Unicom International, the engineering group.

Mr Potter said Mr Levin's lack of experience in the computer industry would not prove a problem. "We have plenty of

people who are strong on the technology side," he said.

Mr Levin is expected to receive a financial package worth more than £300,000 a year, as well as a large chunk of share options.

Analysts said the appointment filled the gap left by Solly Myers, Psion's managing director, who left earlier this year to run Synbian, Psion's software joint venture with mobile phone groups Ericsson, Nokia and Motorola.

Richard Enson, managing director of Euromoney, said he was sorry to see Mr Levin go but was flattered that Psion chose its new chief executive from Euromoney.

The announcement came as Euromoney warned that turmoil in financial markets and banking job losses would hit advertising revenues at the group's magazines in the first half of its financial year to September, 1999. Shares in Euromoney, which is 71 per cent owned by Daily Mail & General Trust, tumbled 112.5p to 1750p.

## Lasmo cuts 200 staff as oil prices plunge

LASMO, the oil exploration group, yesterday axed 60 per cent of its head office staff and parted company with two board directors as part of a sweeping corporate overhaul driven by the plunge in oil prices.

A total of 200 jobs are to go from Lasmo's Bishops Cleeve headquarters in London - a quarter of the group's worldwide workforce - in a bid to save £30m a year.

The two board members who are leaving, finance director Dick Smirnov and John Hogan, who ran Lasmo's North Sea operations, are in line for pay-offs totalling around £1m.

Both are on two-year contracts, although they are understood to be receiving 18 months' money. Mr Smirnov earned £288,000 last year and Mr Hogan £286,000.

The rationalisation programme will cost Lasmo between £30m and £40m, to be taken as an exceptional charge in the current financial year, and will leave the group nursing a loss of around £80m for the



Joe Darby: aims to boost Lasmo's position

year. Analysts were already pencilling in a £40m loss because of the collapse in oil prices.

The boardroom shake-up will result in a new management team.

Joe Darby continues as chief executive, but Chris Wright, the new business director, steps up to the job of group managing director Paul Mur-

ray, corporate development director, becomes finance director.

Lasmo is also devolving its command structure to reflect its move away from traditional areas such as the North Sea into regions including Algeria, Libya, Pakistan and Venezuela where the group has major exploration acreage and reserves that can be exploited profitably even with oil prices at a 10-year low of \$10 a barrel.

Under the new structure there will be six new business units covering Europe and North Africa, Indonesia, Venezuela, Libya, Pakistan and the Middle East. They will report to Mr Wright.

Mr Darby said the reorganisation was aimed at achieving a "radical and permanent improvement" in Lasmo's competitive position.

The cutbacks at Lasmo follow Royal Dutch Shell's move to cut 3,000 jobs in Europe - 20 per cent of its workforce - and close its London head office, Shell Mex House.

### AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

#### LONDON

SHARES ended a busy week in positive territory as a strong opening on Wall Street wiped out the morning losses, partly driven by the surprise departure of Martin Taylor, the Barclays' chief executive. The FTSE-100 index closed up 16.3 points at 5844.2, after the Dow opened up on confirmation of the Exxon/Mobil mega-merger talks. The second liners, more focused on domestic issues, were less buoyant. The medium cap ended 14.9 lower at 4,286.6, while the small cap rose 3.3 to 2,070.9. Market Report, page 21

#### NEW YORK

OIL SHARES led stocks higher amid speculation that Exxon's talks with Mobil would spark other mergers in the industry. The Dow Jones Industrial Average rose 25.49 to 8339.77 in midday trading.

"The U.S. economy continues to expand and create jobs, and corporate profits continue to rise in most industries, despite sluggish conditions abroad," said Abby Joseph Cohen, Goldman Sachs' investment strategist. She repeated her year-end target of \$360 for the Dow.

#### TOKYO

STOCKS FELL after a series of economic indicators, including October job figures, pointed to weakness in Japan's economy. The Nikkei 225 average fell 138.38 points, or 0.9 per cent, to 15,069.39.

Sanwa Bank Ltd. and other lenders said on concern they are not taking enough of the government's 25 trillion yen fund to help write off bad loans, mounting during the country's worst recession in 50 years. "There are still plenty reasons to be nervous about the economy," said Ichizo Yamauchi at Kokusai Asset Management.

#### PARIS

THE blue-chip CAC-40 index closed up 35.41 points at 3,950.94. Stocks closed higher after a brief consolidation in the morning, lifted by another bout of M&A rumours, scrappy buying in underperformers and small early gains on the Dow.

Operators said that talk of co-operation between Dresdner Bank and Credit Suisse First Boston had stirred up some buying in the banks again, with BNP the main beneficiary from rumours of a Dresdner/CSFB tie-up.

#### FRANKFURT

THE XTRA DAX index rebounded from early losses to close up 1.8 per cent at 5,159.21 points, pushed higher by Wall Street. Dresdner Bank surged 7.22 per cent on rumours it was considering co-operation with Credit Suisse First Boston. Dresdner would not comment on the rumour. Deutsche Telekom rose 4.65 per cent, unhurt by the news it had withdrawn its proposed fee structure for competitors' access to its fixed-line network after regulatory authorities recommended it do so.



STATION	CLASS	TIME	POWER	FREQ	USE	CLASS
538	2A	1200-1300	500	5.3	517	1016
1405	3	1330-1400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	1430-1500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	1530-1600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	1630-1700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	1730-1800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	1830-1900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	1930-2000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	2030-2100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	2130-2200	1000	5.3	519	1046
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1405	3	12030-12100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12130-12200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12230-12300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12330-12400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12430-12500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12530-12600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12630-12700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12730-12800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12830-12900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	12930-13000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13030-13100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13130-13200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13230-13300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13330-13400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13430-13500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13530-13600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13630-13700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13730-13800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13830-13900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	13930-14000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14030-14100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14130-14200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14230-14300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14330-14400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14430-14500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14530-14600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14630-14700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14730-14800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14830-14900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	14930-15000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15030-15100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15130-15200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15230-15300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15330-15400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15430-15500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15530-15600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15630-15700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15730-15800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15830-15900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	15930-16000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16030-16100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16130-16200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16230-16300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16330-16400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16430-16500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16530-16600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16630-16700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16730-16800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16830-16900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	16930-17000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17030-17100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17130-17200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17230-17300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17330-17400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17430-17500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17530-17600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17630-17700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17730-17800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17830-17900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	17930-18000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18030-18100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18130-18200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18230-18300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18330-18400	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18430-18500	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18530-18600	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18630-18700	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18730-18800	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18830-18900	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	18930-19000	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	19030-19100	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	19130-19200	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	19230-19300	1000	5.3	519	1046
1405	3	193				

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677	Web Mailbox	952.5	95	13	223.2	40.0
678	Web Materials	155.0	17	2	37.7	5.8
492	Wireless	1312.0	125	13	297.8	47.0
<b>AIM</b>						
240	A. J. S. Gateway	1022.0	2	0	48	13.0
271	Access Pay P.L.	750.0	0	0	0	0.0
39	Advantage & Road	6.0	1	1	1.1	1.1
90	AMC Corporation	80.0	0	0	0	0.0
273	Am. Street Group	2085.0	153	14	5.1	0.1
710	Antennas	700	-5	5		
111	Armada and PLC	87.5	0	0		
228	Art Central	240.0	0	0	0	41.7
25	B. International	99	0	0		
89	Bayer PLC	60	0	0		
142	Bayerische Landesbank	50.0	0	0		
120	Baxter App. Corp.	193.0	0	0	12.3	
136	BBN Technologies	177.0	10	0		
815	BBN	167.0	0	0		
187	Bell and Howell Software	57.0	0	0	37.9	
260	Bell C.A. Counts	457.0	0	0	0	0.0
31	Carz Chair	60.0	0	0	22.5	
265	Celco	127.0	0	0	13.1	
87	Chad N. Davis Inc.	75.0	0	0	1.9	14.3
59	Chen Electric Assoc.	515	0	0		
13	Chen	75.0	0	0		
67	Chenier & Wang	75.0	0	0		
34	Chenier	185	0	0		
123	Chenier & Wang	123.0	0	0		

318	9 United Republics	25.0	0.0	-	-
319	112 United States	17.0	0.0	-	-
320	119 Communist Cuba	20.0	0.0	0.0	15.7
321	119 Communist Cuba	20.0	0.0	0.0	15.7
322	100 Congo (Kin)	10.0	0.0	1.7	19.9
323	100 Congo (Kin)	10.0	0.0	1.7	19.9
324	49 Ecuador	25.0	0.0	0.0	26.3
325	49 Ecuador	25.0	0.0	0.0	26.3
326	145 Dominican Rep	15.0	0.0	2.0	19.3
327	14 Dominican Rep	15.0	0.0	2.0	19.3
328	14 Dominican Rep	15.0	0.0	2.0	19.3
329	270 Ecuador	15.0	0.0	2.0	19.3
330	270 Ecuador	15.0	0.0	2.0	19.3
331	160 El Salvador	22.0	0.0	0.0	20.0
332	160 El Salvador	22.0	0.0	0.0	20.0
333	40 El Salvador	22.0	0.0	0.0	20.0
334	40 El Salvador	22.0	0.0	0.0	20.0
335	46 Guatemala	20.0	0.0	1.1	19.2
336	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
337	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
338	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
339	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
340	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
341	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
342	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
343	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
344	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
345	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
346	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
347	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
348	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
349	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
350	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
351	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
352	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
353	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
354	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
355	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
356	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
357	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
358	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
359	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
360	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
361	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
362	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
363	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
364	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
365	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
366	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
367	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
368	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
369	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
370	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
371	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
372	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
373	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
374	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
375	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
376	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
377	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
378	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
379	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
380	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
381	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
382	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
383	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
384	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
385	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
386	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
387	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
388	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
389	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
390	15 Guyana	10.0	0.0	0.0	10.0
39					

67	18	Midwest Ent Sys	520	0	
68	19	Neuro Tech Data	363	-5	
69	24	Net Graphics	592	-25	1.5 1.6
70	34	KDC International	343	-15	
71	146	GS Schmitts	2600	0	1.3 16.5
72	144	Jeonung Data Corp	153	-5	1.5
73	120	K S Bunnell	2740	-15	
74	137	Anglophile Leases	1183	-5	1.5 19.1
75	428	SPS Lawenda	2750	0	13.2
76	5750	Lumen Group	4650	0	2.4 0.4
77	0	Lon & Ed Pelt	75	0	
78	0	Lorison Revs	660	0	
79	510	363 Midway Video	315	0	2.0 10.0
80	18	Midways	395	0	
81	25	Memory Corp	240	10	
82	4	Midwestern Data	92	0	
83	110	Micron Group	1095	0	
84	109	4 Minneapolis Sys	675	0	
85	280	Minneapolis Group	106	-5	21.7
86	1	1 MVM Sports Corp	06	0	
87	41	MNT Group PLC	955	0	
88	25	Minnesota Forest	375	0	
89	375	MSB Retail Sys	77	10	0.8 24.8
90	5	6 Oxford Diamonds	100	0	
91	150	6 Palm Beaches	67	0	
92	21	103 Polys. Mgmt Corp	69	0	
93	298	110 Phoenix PLC	1475	0	
94	102	7 Polymeric Plastics	725	0	
95	0	Playtex Inc	3	0	

235	2000	From Ital	287.5	0.0	44	0.0
47	10	Poland/Scotland	15.5	0.0		
110	53	01 China (Tel)	2.0	0.0	59	6.1
69	300	Russia Corp	62.0	+0.0		100.2
67	6	Spain Tech City	3.75	0.0		
100	36	Switzerland V Corp	39.5	0.0		
130	100	1283 Corp	145.0	0.0	14	15.4
284	127	Science Research	167.5	+1.0	00	73.2
48	5	Solar Group	3.5	0.0		
100	50	Standard/Outdoor	25.5	0.0		17.0
860	180	Stahlman	25.5	0.0	10	23.4
197	4	Star	11.0	0.5		
115	116	Styria Holdings	173.5	+0.5	16	12.2
145	84	Success Group	110.0	-2.5		7.0
200	465	TRANDER Networks	362.5	0.0	17	19.7
47	8	Victory Corp	41.5	0.0		
302	10	Western Holdings	80.5	-2.5		14.8
302	19	Wormwood Corp	20.0	-0.0		11.1
210	65	WTC Telecom	55.0	0.0		
468	100	Zeig	345.0	0.0		

RECENT ISSUES		
Stock	Price	Change
Amber Media	45.5	0.0
Coca-Cola Beverages	17.0	-0.5
Estimate Prep	153.5	0.2

KC Upstairs	2:05	08
J&J Telecom	1:23	09
Danica	7:15	06
Solutions	4:55	03

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source: Bloomberg  
www.bloomberg.com/uk

### PRICE DATA

uses the official closing mid price. Expiry movements are monthly declared gross dividend as a percentage of the share price divided by last year's earnings per share plus exceptional items. Other contracts listed in "Contract Details" are Bloomberg Quotes.

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**Figure 1**

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1181	THRE	Chase	Wesley	127.5	7.0	1.8	184	33	ROK & S	210.0	0.0	16	...
1182	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	0.0	15	...
1183	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	175	0.0	19	...
1184	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	75	0.0	18	...
1185	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	141.00	0.0	0.0	...
1186	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	82	0.0	18	...
1187	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	107.5	-1.5	4.4	...
1188	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33.75	+0.5	...	...

1189	THRE	Chase	Wesley	127.5	7.0	1.8	184	33	ROK & S	210.0	0.0	16	...
1190	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	0.0	15	...
1191	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	175	0.0	19	...
1192	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	75	0.0	18	...
1193	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	141.00	0.0	0.0	...
1194	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	82	0.0	18	...
1195	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	107.5	-1.5	4.4	...
1196	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33.75	+0.5	...	...

1197	THRE	Chase	Wesley	127.5	7.0	1.8	184	33	ROK & S	210.0	0.0	16	...
1198	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	0.0	15	...
1199	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	175	0.0	19	...
1200	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	75	0.0	18	...
1201	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	141.00	0.0	0.0	...
1202	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	82	0.0	18	...
1203	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	107.5	-1.5	4.4	...
1204	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33.75	+0.5	...	...

1205	THRE	Chase	Wesley	127.5	7.0	1.8	184	33	ROK & S	210.0	0.0	16	...
1206	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	0.0	15	...
1207	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	175	0.0	19	...
1208	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	75	0.0	18	...
1209	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	141.00	0.0	0.0	...
1210	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	82	0.0	18	...
1211	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	107.5	-1.5	4.4	...
1212	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33.75	+0.5	...	...

1213	THRE	Chase	Wesley	127.5	7.0	1.8	184	33	ROK & S	210.0	0.0	16	...
1214	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	0.0	15	...
1215	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	175	0.0	19	...
1216	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	75	0.0	18	...
1217	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	141.00	0.0	0.0	...
1218	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	82	0.0	18	...
1219	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	107.5	-1.5	4.4	...
1220	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33.75	+0.5	...	...

1221	THRE	Chase	Wesley	127.5	7.0	1.8	184	33	ROK & S	210.0	0.0	16	...
1222	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	0.0	15	...
1223	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	175	0.0	19	...
1224	...	...	...	...</									

363	19	Comcast/Net Uth	25.00	0.0	85	26.0
364	19	CGI Global	10.00	0.0	17	15.0
365	19	CGI	15.00	0.0	0.0	36.0
404	15	Comcast Canada	25.00	0.0	23	16.0
405	15	Magnum Health C	10.00	0.0	1.0	1.0
211	14	Layman	12.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
370	12	Neurotic Marketing	15.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
129	7	Intermedia	6.00	0.0	70	16.0
359	10	East Suncoast Inter	20.00	0.0	85	20.0
329	6	Advent Capital	20.00	0.0	79	0.0
414	18	Powers Fed	75.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
415	18	CGI Thomson Ene	60.00	0.0	1	9.0
14	5	Quintan Holdings	1.00	0.0	5	3.0
130	05	Sumit NCB	112.00	0.0	44	70.0
332	17	GM Financial Grp	175.00	0.0	46	5.0
159	5	Gen Tel Mobile Gr	10.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
17	1	Gold Mines of Can	1.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
17	5	Gold Club Ridge	25.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
372	14	Sumco & Hastings	125.00	1.0	86	0.0
158	10	Golden Group	65.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
260	10	Nancy Unimark Grp	167.00	0.0	40	9.0
205	10	Hawkeye Property	220.00	0.0	27	3.0
146	08	Hogarth-Sturgeson	55.00	0.0	15	16.0
128	19	Intercontinental Energy	15.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
30	32	Midland Natl Hldgs	45.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
88	08	Home Worksday Grp	47.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
17	16	Wellington Ene Gr	50.00	0.0	0.0	0.0
28	10	Imperial Tech Grp	36.00	0.0	0.0	0.0

Stock	Price	Change
Ambient Media	4.5	0.0
Core Data Resources	17.0	0.5
Estimate Prep	15.0	0.0
KIC Computers	2.0	0.0
JNE Telecom	12.0	0.0

Source: Bloomberg  
www.bloomberg.com/uk

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**PRICE DATA**

is the official closing mid price. Sector movements  
are shown as a percentage declared gross dividend as a percentage  
of the share value divided by last year's earnings per  
share. Other costs (e.g. agents' commissions, a dividend  
in kind) are shown in Bloomberg's Corporate

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## SPORT

Rugby Union: Small bloke at the back now big bloke near the front for Cook Cup clash with England at Twickenham

## Bowman rides fast route to 'Wallabydom'

BY CHRIS HEWETT

IT IS almost six months since Tom Bowman, a country boy from the Northern Tableland of New South Wales, made his international debut for Australia in the now notorious non-Test against England in Brisbane. He was, in his own words, "the small bloke at the back of the team, trying desperately not to do anything stupid." The intervening 176 days have seen him play the lead role in one of the most spellbinding performances in Wallaby history, side-step Jonah Lomu on the way to a famous Bledisloe Cup try and, together with the great John Eales, forge the best second-row partnership in world rugby. When the tourists emerge at Twickenham for this afternoon's Cook Cup encounter, Bowman will be the big bloke near the front.

You need more than an elongated inside-leg measurement to give Lomu the hurry-up, although every extra inch helps. You also require pace and nerve and the unbuttoned confidence of youth and the most recent addition to a fast-developing Wallaby pack possesses all this and more. At 22, Bowman is still in the process of filling out a frame to die for - 6ft 7in, the best part of 19 stones and counting - and, by way of rubbing it in, he is equipped with the handling skills of a three-quarter-decent basketball player and the same natural farmworker's strength that gave the All Black forwards of yesteryear a certain, how shall we say, physical presence.

So, apart from absolutely everything, what does Bowman bring to this latest Wallaby vintage? "He brings us a lot of grief," said Rod Macqueen with the smile of a coach who knows he has struck gold. "Every time he goes near one of my players, he damages him. That's why we've nicknamed him 'Disaster'." We went swimming earlier this week and Tom decided to try some backstroke. The next thing we knew, Eales had a black eye. I've never met anyone so bloody clumsy."

Not that Bowman looked remotely ham-fisted as he skated past Lomu in Christchurch in August. The Australian performance that

day was something to behold; five minutes from time they were leading 27-9 and, despite two late New Zealand tries, it is doubtful whether any previous visiting side had so comprehensively marmalised the All Blacks on their own mudheap. "I kind of suspected it might be my day when the ball bounced straight into my arms from the kick-off and I had a rumble upfield," recalled the Sydney-based lock. "I seemed to be where the ball was throughout the game. Sometimes, you just get lucky."

And the try? "Jason Little slipped round the blind side of a ruck and flung out a chancey sort of pass that I had to pick off my toes. When I looked up, there was Jonah. Well, I didn't fancy my chances of going over him, so I decided to go round him. What can I say? Everything worked for me. It was a wonderful moment."

*'He brings us a lot of grief. Every time he goes near one of my players, he damages him. That's why we nicknamed him Disaster'*

but I took a fair bit of stick in the Sydney papers for my trouble. Second rows aren't meant to hulk out on the touchline and score tries at the corner flag."

Bowman came to rugby through his father, Roger, who farms land near the small town of Barraba; a short distance from Tamworth and about six hours north of Sydney. "Dad would regularly take me into town to watch the local side and I learned the ropes there as a junior before going off to Sydney to board at Scott's College. I played No 8 for a while and had the odd game at blind side, but to be honest I always felt more comfortable in the second row."

"From Scott's I went through the grades - Australian Schools, New South Wales Under-21s, the normal

route - and then got myself picked for the Argentinian leg of last year's Wallaby tour. I didn't make it over here to Britain; I was one of six or seven guys packed off home after the Puma Tests. But it was a big thing just to be involved."

By the time a half-baked England party reached Queensland for the first international of their punishing sojourn among the southern hemisphere superpowers, Bowman had taken the final step towards fully-fledged Wallabydom. Was it possible to draw any real satisfaction from shoving 76 points up the stuffed white shirts of an opposing team patently unable to rise above their chronic outbreak of absenteeism? "Satisfaction? Gee, I should say. I thought it was great. My first Test and we put 76 on the English? I wasn't going to cry about it, that's for sure."

"I guess it was like everyone else's debut. People told me I'd run around like a chicken with its head off for the first five minutes and not remember a thing and that's pretty much how it was. I do recall it being a bit on the stop-start side, probably because we kept on scoring. But, in fairness to England, their defence was all over us for half an hour. We had to work hard for the initial breakthrough, then the backs cut loose."

A full-strength England will, he insists, prove a very different proposition this time around. But then the small gaggle of Brisbane survivors - Matt Perry, Austin Healey and Richard Cockerill - will find themselves confronting a very different Bowman. "I've got 11 caps in the locker now and I'm beginning to feel more relaxed, more able to play my game and more confident in the sense of bringing something of myself to the team. I don't feel like the new guy any more."

"John Eales has helped me so much; not in a 'do this, do that, follow me' way, but just in his being there. I can't tell you the vibes I get just from looking up and seeing him right on top of the ball, doing his stuff. The thing with John is that he doesn't rush you. He appreciates that you need some time to grow into



Tom Bowman, the country boy who has forged the world's best second-row partnership with John Eales

Robert Hallam

Test rugby and he's happy to let you earn the respect of the rest of the team in your own way and at your own pace."

That pace just happens to be lightning fast. Bowman has played more full Tests for his country than Super 12 matches for the New South Wales

Waratahs and the acute Macqueen can take enormous credit for the success of his fast-tracking policy. The Wallabies have been searching high and low for a second lock since Rod McCall called it a day after the 1995 World Cup. Garrick Morgan, Warwick Waugh, John Welborn, Tim

Gavin, David Giffin, Owen Finegan and John Langford have all been tried at one time or another. Not one of them did enough to make the shirt his own.

"The great thing about Tom is his honesty," says Macqueen. "He's playing a good few years above his

age at the moment, but there's a lot more to come and he'll do everything he can to make sure he produces it." More to come? Heaven help us. Unless Eales takes his revenge on young Master Bowman in the nearest swimming pool, we may all be doomed.

## Mad, bad, dangerous to know and a fan of the fistic arts

THE FIGHT was staged a couple of centuries ago at Hornchurch with 200 guineas wagered on each of the bare-knuckled combatants - Jackson and Mendoza. Judging by the newspaper report of the time, those present would not have been disappointed by the spectacle.

"Fourth round. This was the heart of the battle - fear was out of the question, and the combatants lost to everything but victory. Jackson, confident of his powers and knowledge, went in with great courage, treating the science of Mendoza with indifference and punishing him most terribly when Dan fell from a severe blow upon the right eye which bled profusely. The odds rose upon Jackson."

This account, in the exhibition of British Sporting Heroes currently at the National Portrait Gallery, evokes the spirit of pugilism in the



MIKE ROWBOTTOM

days when bouts went on until one man was broken. A neighbouring print celebrating the English champion, Tom Sayers, details contests which lasted two or three hours, involving more than 100 rounds. His final fight, against the American John C Heenan, ended in a blood-

ied draw after two and a half hours.

The Jackson and Mendoza report has been preserved, literally, as part of a folding screen covered in a varnished collage of boxing articles and pictures. And the man responsible for this painstaking découpage was Lord Byron.

Certain words or phrases are acceptable in connection with Byron. Romantic poet. Demon lover. Mad, bad and dangerous to know. All fine. But Byron and découpage. I'm sorry. The words just will not stick together.

We are told that George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron, was sufficiently interested in the "fistic art" to have received instruction from the legendary champion, "Gentleman" John Jackson. To learn, however, that such an acceptably Byronic approach was accompanied by an activity more akin to a child

covering his wall with posters of Lennox Lewis and Prince Naseem was touching.

Personally, I regard Byron as more of a hero now than I did before, even if his main sport, apart from the odd spot of pugilism, was restricted to the gaming table and the boudoir.

The exhibition as a whole raises as many questions as it answers about what constitutes a British Sporting Hero.

Victory is not obligatory. Looking into the glazed eyes of Barry McGuigan, dehydrating in a Las Vegas car park en route to losing his world featherweight title to Steve Cruz in 1968, you can see the scorched residue of a true champion.

Honourable defeat is an acceptable credential here. A 1937 picture shows Tommy Farr "recently home

from his world title fight against Joe Louis" having tea with his family. The big Welshman - cup in one hand, bag in the other - has the look of a man who has returned with his reputation intact, if nothing else.

For a distressing number, heroic auras have been intensified, if not created, by premature death. The 1911 picture of the Oxford and England rugby winger Ronald Poulton, muddy-kneed, absurdly handsome, and four years away from death by sniper fire, could stand a testament to a whole generation.

The death of the man who scored five tries in his first Varsity match, and four against France in 1914, moved A Ollivant, in *The Spectator*, to eulogy: "Ronald is dead; and we shall watch no more! His swerving swallow flight adorn the field..." The modern era has its own sad share of those who died before their time

- Jim Clark, Mike Hawthorn, Tommy Simpson.

There is a distressing strand, too, of those who took their own lives.

Among the exhibits is the riding gear worn by the jockey Fred Archer, whose invincibility in the late 19th century gave rise to the phrase "Archer wins on anything", shortly before he died at 28 - "depressed by the death of his wife, weakened by wasting, shot himself in a fit of delirium".

Others who committed suicide include Arthur Shrewsbury, the Nottinghamshire and England batsman, who shot himself in 1903, "in the belief that he had an incurable disease". Randolph Turpin, who was briefly world champion after defeating Sugar Ray Robinson, and Hugh Gallagher, the celebrated Newcastle United player.

An ongoing poll of visitors to the

exhibition offers its own tacit judgement on what constitutes the British Sporting Hero. In reverse order, the current top three are Daley Thompson, Steve Redgrave and Ian Botham - three characters for whom victory has never been anything other than obligatory.

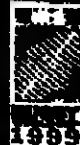
Is there any common characteristic here? Is there an essence of sporting heroism present to greater or lesser degree in all those gathered under this roof? It is sensible to beware of making any sweeping statement on the subject.

I'm thinking now of the event which *The Times* described as distinguishing the 20th from the 19th century "as decisively as anything that has happened in the last 30 years". It was, of course, Marjorie Foster's achievement in winning the 1930 King's Prize, that traditional preserve of male rifle shooters.

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# Bowlers just love swinging at the WACA

OF ALL the places in Australia, Perth is the one for swingers, and most of Australia's finest bowlers have honed their art in the world's remotest city. Dennis Lillee, Terry Alderman, Bob Massie, Graham McKenzie and Bruce Reid all learnt to hoop the ball at their home ground, the WACA, skills that gave sterling service to their country.

Like most things here, the prevailing wind shaped their destiny and swing came by necessity rather than invention. Of the four, Massie and Alderman were the specialists - easily recognisable by the permanent grimaces and high foreheads from bowling into the Doctor - while Lillee and Reid, their extra pace an added weapon, dabbled downwind.

Massie had that purple day at Lord's in 1972, where he took 16 wickets against England in

BY DEREK PRINGLE  
in Perth

a peerless display of swing bowling. If he petered out after that, his successor Alderman proved a constant during his career, twice taking 40 wickets or more in Test series against England.

Swing is an elusive skill and the minutest change in technique can sometimes cause it to disappear. It can be a frustrating occupation with the ball moving in can-opening curves one moment, then failing to move off the straight the next.

Considering that Dominic Cork and Damien Fleming are both reputable swing bowlers, there has been little movement to date. Perth may change that and it will be interesting to see which one of them conjures up

the most threat while bowling into the breeze in the second Test, which started here early today.

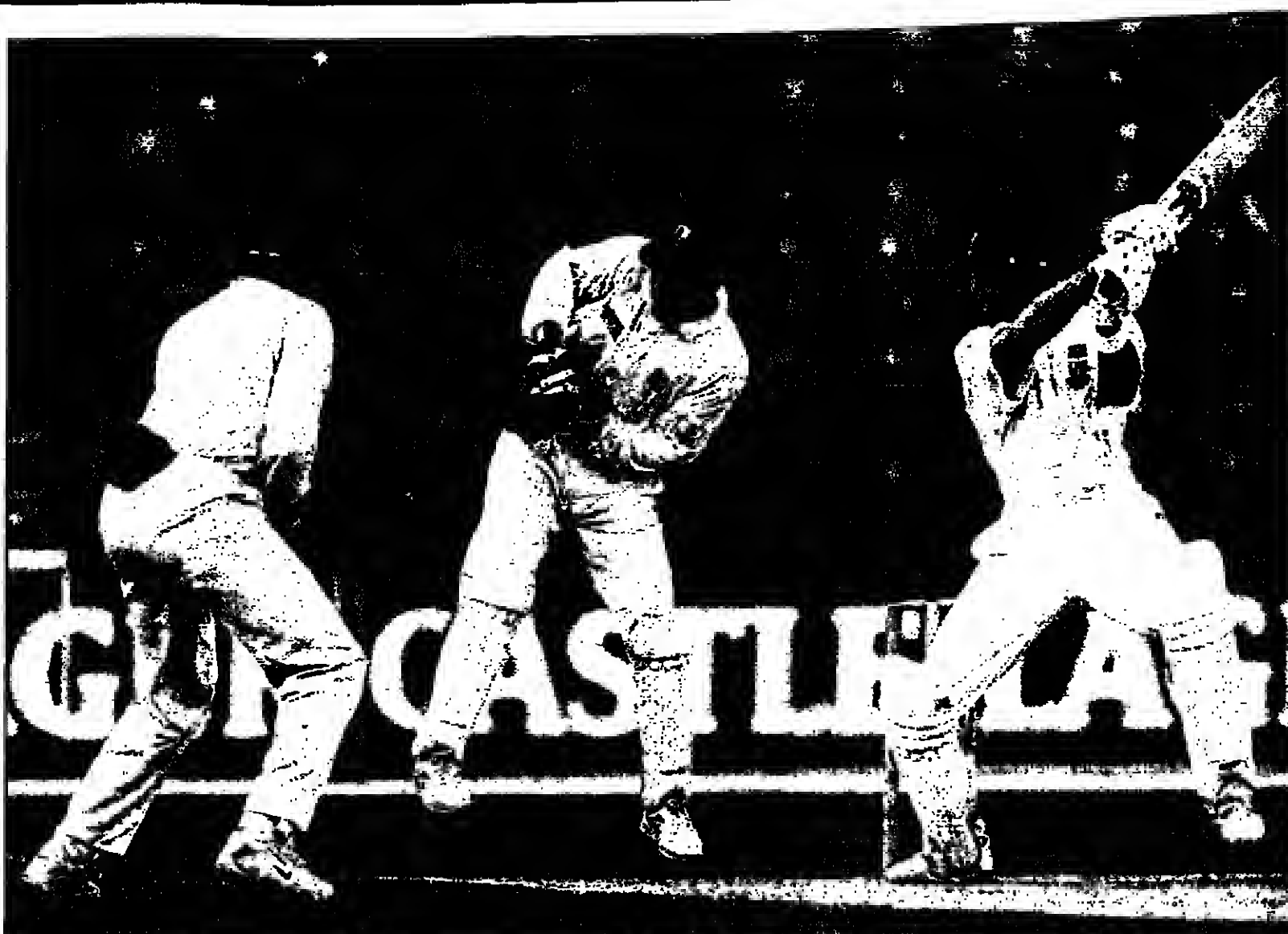
In keeping with most artisans who tend to blame their tools the Kookaburra ball has been cited as the main culprit. This is the latest lack-of-swing conspiracy currently doing the rounds.

For once, there may something in this. Unlike their English counterparts, the seam on a Kookaburra ball is machine stitched rather than sewn by hand. For that reason it sits almost flush with the surface of the ball. Certainly there is negligible prominence after 25 overs, which is why Angus Fraser was dropped in favour of those leaning towards pace or swing.

Theories abound over what makes a ball curve in the air. Some say humidity helps, others that one side needs to be polished. If we are talking conventional rather than reverse swing, the seam, particularly its stability and angle in flight, is the vital ingredient.

For starters, it trips the boundary layer of air that passes over the ball in flight and creates drag. If prominent enough it also acts as a rudder which stabilises the ball. This is why the new Kookaburra, its seam still proud, tends to swing more than the old ball.

Perth may yet prove the theory wrong but swing bowlers really need to take the new ball in order to give themselves the best chance of making the batsmen look a charlie. If the "Doctor" is about and Cork and Fleming find their rhythm, the swingers could be as important as the fast men in testing the batsmen's mettle.



South Africa's Jacques Kallis plays the ball past the West Indies' wicketkeeper Ridley Jacobs and Philo Wallace in Johannesburg yesterday AP

## Ijaz hits back after Streak's landmark

HEATH STREAK became the first Zimbabwe bowler to take 100 Test wickets as Ijaz Ahmed's 87 and an unbeaten 74 by Yousuf Youhana helped Pakistan reach 272 for 6 on the first day of the first Test in Peshawar yesterday.

Streak reached his century in his 25th Test when he had Azhar Mahmood caught behind by Andy Flower for 11.

Ijaz's belligerent knock off 128 balls included 13 boundaries and a six while Yousuf amassed a sedate, Test-best 74 before fading light stopped play with four overs remaining.

The two batsmen shared a 118-run fourth-wicket stand to

lift Pakistan from 92 for 3 before a mistimed pull brought an end to Ijaz's entertaining innings.

First day Zimbabwe won toss

**Pakistan - First innings**  
Saeed Anwar b Johnson 36  
\*Asim Sohail c A Flower b Mbanga 15  
Ijaz Ahmed c Whittall b Mbanga 87  
Izzatullah Haq bow b Mbanga 19  
Yousuf Youhana not out 74  
Mickel Khan c Mbanga b O'Keefe 13  
Azhar Mahmood c A Flower b Streak 11  
Wasim Akram not out 0  
Extras (bats not out) 15  
Total (for 6) 272  
Fall: 1-45 2-56 3-92 4-210 5-233 6-268.  
To bat: Waqar Younis, Asif Javed, Mushfiqur Rahim.  
Bowling: Streak 19-1-79-1; O'Keefe 14-2-43-1 (nb3); Johnson 18-2-76-1 (nb7); Mbanga 23-9-40-3; Whittall 5-0-30-0.  
**Zimbabwe - First innings**  
\*A O'Keefe, M W Goodwin, G A Flower, C B Whittall, H H Streak, M Whittall, H K O'Keefe, G J Rennie, A R Whittall.  
Extras: Azhar Zaidi (Pak) and G Sharp (Eng).

## Walsh puts tourists back on an even keel

ONCE AGAIN inspired by the inimitable Courtney Walsh, the West Indies regained a position of parity on the second day of the first Test against South Africa at the Wanderers yesterday.

Defending an unsatisfactory total of 261 on a true pitch with a bowling staff diminished by the absence of the injured Carl Hooper, they limited South Africa to 217 for 6 when play was halted, for the second and final time, by murky light.

The second of Walsh's four wickets superceded the watching coach Malcolm Marshall's West Indies Test record of 376 wickets in his 103rd Test and the ageless campaigner kept going for 19.4 overs, oblivious to

BY TONY COZIER  
in Johannesburg

either the 28-degree heat or the tendinitis in his right knee.

The reassuring presence of captain Hansie Cronje, unbeaten on 39, the most proficient lower order in the contemporary game and foot-weary opposition bowlers is counterbalanced for the home team by the prospect of batting last on a dry pitch on which the cracks are widening by the hour.

Walsh's performance was preceded by an opening half-hour of uncompromising pace and hostility from Shaun Pollock and Allan Donald that quickly dispatched the last three West Indies wickets.

Pollock inflicted a resounding blow to the helmet of Nixon McLean before claiming him to a keeper's catch next ball. He similarly accounted for Curtly Ambrose for figures of 5 for 54. Walsh struck back immediately, in his second over, with an unplayable ball as he would have ever bowled. Angled in to Adam Bacher, it cut away on pitching to find a probing edge on its way to the keeper.

The West Indies had to wait another 33 overs for Walsh to intervene again with his record-breaking wicket, soon followed by another, both to outstanding catches.

Jacques Kallis was snared inches from the grass and to his right by Stuart Williams at

second slip after an enterprising 53 and a partnership of 92 with the opener Gary Kirsten. Daryll Cullinan was taken for down the leg-side by the tumbling wicketkeeper Ridley Jacobs, who made his Test debut yesterday on his 31st birthday.

With Walsh resting and Ambrose's rhythm affected by a succession of no-balls, Brian Lara resorted to McLean, fast but inconsistent in direction, and Ravi Shastri, whose leg-spin was steady but unaided by the pitch. In his best spell after tea, McLean accounted for Kirsten, who dragged one back into his stumps after spending three and a half hours over 62, and Jonty Rhodes, crease-bound and low for 17.

Walsh was not through with his day's work, returning to clip the off-ball as an uncertain Pollock missed a wild pull.

Second day: West Indies won toss  
**WEST INDIES - First innings**  
Nixon McLean c Boucher b Pollock 28  
R M Lewis c Boucher b Donald 12  
C F L. Ambrose c Boucher b Pollock 5  
C A Walsh not out 14  
Extras (bats not out) 14  
Total (2nd over) 261  
Fall (over): 8-275 9-255  
Bowling: Donald 23-9-51-3; Pollock 21-6-54-5; Kallis 15-3-17-1; Shastri 10-5-12-1; Cullinan 1-0-3-0; Streak 19-2-79-1.  
**SOUTH AFRICA - First innings**  
G Kirsten b McLean 62  
R M Lewis c Jacobs b Walsh 53  
A Bacher c Williams b Walsh 39  
D Cullinan c Jacobs b Walsh 31  
J N Rhodes bow b McLean 11  
S M Pollock b Walsh 7  
M V Boucher not out 7  
Extras (bats not out) 26  
Total (for 6, 73.4 overs) 217  
Fall: 1-10 2-103 3-111 4-154 5-185 6-209  
To bat: P L Symcox, A Donald, D J Vermeulen  
Bowling: Walsh 19-2-79-1; Streak 19-2-79-1; O'Keefe 14-2-43-1; Johnson 18-2-76-1; Mbanga 23-9-40-3; Whittall 5-0-30-0.  
Extras: Azhar Zaidi (Pak) and G Sharp (Eng).



THE INDEPENDENT  
ON SUNDAY



## WIN AN EVENING WITH SOME OF YOUR SPORTING HEROES AND A TRIP TO THE SYDNEY 2000 OLYMPIC GAMES.

The Independent and the Australian Tourist Commission together with Sportsworld, Qantas Airlines and the British Olympic Association have teamed up to offer one lucky reader and a friend or partner the chance not only to dine with some of Britain's most famous sporting heroes at the Sports Writers Dinner at the London Hilton on Monday 14th December, but also the opportunity to fly to Sydney and visit the 2000 Olympic Games.

The 2000 Olympic Games in Sydney are set to generate unprecedented levels of interest, as the world's greatest athletes congregate for the Millennium Games, against the wonderful backdrop of Sydney and the delights of Australia. Almost more than anything else, Australians are famous for their obsession with sport. The continent has established its reputation as a leading sporting nation, its little wonder therefore that Australia is host to some of the world's most prestigious sporting events. So with the Sydney 2000 Olympic and Paralympic Games around the corner, there's never been a better time to head Down Under. Qantas have kindly provided the winner with two return tickets to Sydney. Qantas are Australia's international airline and have, for nearly 80 years, been at the forefront of providing new and better ways to take you safely and comfortably to your destination.

The Independent have selected 6 sporting personalities from those previously honoured over the past 50 years - all you have to do is to vote for one of the athletes who in your opinion has contributed the most to their sport. Phone the number opposite the name listed below and tell us on the line the reason for your selection and leave your name, full address and a daytime telephone number. You could be the lucky winner who receives a pair of tickets to the Sports Writers Dinner and your trip to the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games, courtesy of Sportsworld, who are providing the five day stay in Sydney, which includes a visit to a track event and a field event at the Millennium Olympics.

The Independent selections are as follows:

- |                        |  |               |
|------------------------|--|---------------|
| 1) SIR BOBBY CHARLTON: | Key member of England's 1966 World Cup-winning team who has become a great sports ambassador.              | 0901 4777331  |
| 2) LINFORD CHRISTIE:   | Britain's greatest ever sprinter. He won world, European and Olympic titles.                               | 0901 477 7332 |
| 3) SEBASTIAN COE:      | Record-breaking middle-distance runner who won gold at 1980 and 1984 Olympics.                             | 0901 477 7333 |
| 4) MARY RAND:          | Won gold in the long jump, silver in the pentathlon and bronze in the relay in the Tokyo Olympics of 1964. | 0901 477 7334 |
| 5) STEVE REDGRAVE:     | Has won 4 Olympic rowing gold medals. Who would bet against number five in Sydney.                         | 0901 477 7335 |
| 6) VIRGINIA WADE:      | Won Wimbledon in the Queen's Silver Jubilee year 1977 to take a place in tennis folklore.                  | 0901 477 7336 |

Terms and Conditions

1) Calls cost 40p per minute and should last no longer than two minutes. 2) Winner will be selected by random draw on Sunday 6 December 1999. 3) Travel to and from Sydney will be by air. 4) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 5) Winner must be aged 18 or over. 6) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 7) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 8) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 9) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 10) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 11) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 12) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 13) Winner must be a resident of the UK, Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands. 14) 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Hennessy Gold Cup: An emotional success may be denied by a trainer who has thrived through his own lean times

# Osborne puts the darkness to flight

Looking back in anger but now with a renewed enthusiasm for life a rider who has endured a year of agony has an opportunity to secure one of steeplechasing's greatest prizes. By Richard Edmondson

THE GOING will not be soft for this afternoon's Hennessy Gold Cup at Newbury but that will change if Jamie Osborne and Coome Hill come up the run-in in front.

Osborne cried when the old horse carried him to success on his comeback ride at Ascot four weeks ago. It snipped the jockey away from the blackest 12 months of his life.

A racecourse accident had all but crippled him and a police investigation suggested he was a bent jockey. In his bleakest moments, Jamie Osborne temporarily retired from racing.

However, those tears were not essentially for himself, but rather for two close friends taken from us at a puzzlingly young age.

The previous occasion on which Osborne broke down was probably when the midwife sent his bottom quivering. The occurrence, it seems, may be getting rather more regular. "I actually went up the Ascot run-in in tears," he says. "As I landed over the last and I realised I wasn't going to get beat I just burst into tears. Big, hard jumps jockey becomes big wuss. And I couldn't guarantee not crying again on Saturday."

There has not been much reason for Jamie Osborne to wall before in his 31 years. His mother did not spawn a dad, and the boy was a riding artist from early on. He developed into one of the most fluent and stylish members of the weighing room.

On 16 November last year, however, the Gating gun of misfortune started rolling its barrel. That day Osborne was fired into the Cheltenham turf, a meeting of booze and earth which fractured his wrist in 15 places and punctured several vital nerves. As Osborne inspected this dreadful mess he observed that his left hand might have fallen off if skin was not attaching it to his arm.

Two ribbons of scar tissue bear testament to the many entry points surgeons have made. Yet it was not the bones snapping like a cream cracker which proved the jockey's greatest physical problem. That dark beast came in the shape of a secondary disease. "I got this form of paralysis," Osborne says. "I got to the point where I was looking at my hand and telling it to move but it wouldn't. The nerves were overriding the messages from the brain. My hand went like a claw. There was this thing on the end of my arm."

"Because I was living with it every day I didn't realise how bad it was becoming. It was only

the reaction of people who I hadn't seen for a while, friends who stared at this shiny, funny-coloured claw, which made me realise how bad it was.

"I couldn't hold anything. The hand was useless. I went to Ireland to stay with a friend and we went for some lunch. I'd devised this method of slicing a steak by sticking a fork in the meat with my good hand, leaning on it with my chest, and then cutting with the knife. I'd been doing it for weeks and so it didn't seem odd to me. It did to everyone else though." Osborne began a course of injections to loosen his fingers.

By now, though, there was great pain also in Osborne's heart. His great friend, the huddling trainer John Durkan, had been beaten by leukaemia. Osborne read a moving address at the funeral to mark JD's crossing over a portal. The following morning, at daybreak, there were visitors at another door, Osborne's.

Officers investigating corruption in racing and the doping of horses staged a dawn raid in Upper Lambourn and took Osborne away. The jockey believes the only reason for his temporary incarceration was the fact that a horse he rode at Exeter in January 1997, Avanti Express, was found to have been doped. It was only last week, after almost 10 months on bail, that Osborne learned he had been dropped from enquiries. No charges were ever brought against him.

"I didn't believe this could happen to anyone," he says. "That seven policemen could break my door down, clean my house out, arrest me, throw me in a cell and then keep me on bail for nine months without a shred of evidence."

"They didn't rifle through my drawers, they actually took them away. They went from top to bottom through the whole house and took every scrap of paper. They cleaned the place out. They investigated my bank accounts, my financial situation, all my telephone records. They went fishing and set about trying to find some evidence. They couldn't."

Jamie Osborne's door may have been easy enough to repair, but the occupant himself found that he was becoming unimpaired by everything the fates were throwing at him. "The first few weeks after the arrest were very busy," he says. "I was very keen to find out what was going on. Why was I arrested? What had led to it? I got consumed by that and I continued to be consumed by it."

"And the more consumed I



Osborne: 'I realised that the best way to put two fingers up to everybody was to get back riding' Robert Hallam

got the less constructive I became as a human being and the less interest I had in racing. I didn't watch any racing and I got to the stage where I didn't even pick up a newspaper to see what was running."

"I went to the Cheltenham Festival and hated every minute of it. I hated being there. I went to Liverpool for two days, but that was it. I just looked round and thought to myself 'half the people here I don't know'."

"It was eating me up big time and I was truly depressed all round that part of the year. I wasn't taking any exercise, I lost a lot of weight and the bad thoughts about my hand kept coming back. I didn't want to see the people who had been part of my life for years. I just couldn't believe my life had become such a mess."

"I'd forgotten all the reasons why I enjoyed my job because suddenly it seemed so far away so far in the distance that I would get back on a horse again."

"It was all a safety mechanism I had created, a bit like when a girlfriend dumps you. It's a lot easier to be indifferent to her than to accept the fact that, actually, you miss her very much. I pretended there was more to my life than racing."

"The National was another low point for me as I would have ridden Sun Bay (the eventual second). He would have been my ride for the season. I was watching him on television feeling completely empty and, you know, I couldn't have cared if he won or lost."

"I was giving up and told my parents that I couldn't get back. I felt that all I'd done for 15 years was try my arse off and I'd never betrayed anyone. I'd done my best."

"The whole buzz, the kick, the motivation was riding winners. I couldn't stop a horse from winning. I'm not there to stop horses. My driving force is to win. To think people thought of me as a cheat hurt. It was

then that I was very close to walking away from the whole thing. I hated the sport."

Then a glimmer of hope emerged. "There was a turning point in the police investigation and, rather than feeling helpless and not in control of my own destiny, I felt I had an influence over the outcome," Osborne says. "Around the same time the injections in my hand were starting to have an effect, thank God."

"On nice summer mornings I started to ride Andrew Cohen's back, this great big thing, on the Downs. I used to ride it round, tie it up to a tree, and go in and have breakfast with someone and then get on him again. I just enjoyed being back on a horse. I was getting the buzz. And it suddenly dawned on me that I wanted to get back."

"I'd hit the bottom, but once I was there I could plan my way out of it. I realised that the best way to put two fingers up to everybody was to get back riding. Once I made that decision life changed completely."

The John Durkan Leukaemia Trust Handicap Chase at Ascot was identified for Osborne's comeback. The jockey took a room at the course to thank all his supporters and friends, but was to discover that

he has yet to lock out sadness completely from his life.

One of the invited guests was Rose Nugent, who had become an honorary bloke in the Lambourn backdrop of 10 years ago. "She was the only one who could do the top track," Osborne says. "Ed Dunlop used to pass close to her return, Osborne saw Rose in her horse and cart and handed over Ascot tickets. It was the last time he saw her alive. Twenty minutes later, her caravan ran out of control and overturned. "I woke up on the Saturday morning and, far from being excited, I felt it was all over," the rider says. "So you can see what an incredible day that was. There was so much in that day for me, a chance to get rid of the frustration and anger of the previous year."

"That's why I can't thank Walter [Dennis, Coome Hill's trainer] enough. Here was a man who had turned down fortunes for his pride and joy, who eats, sleeps and breathes the bloody thing and he was prepared to let me ride the horse first time up after 11 and a half months off. I just thought 'what a man'."

The same could be said of Jamie Osborne.

## Toiseach to provide feast for Fanshawe

THE SPORT of jumping almost killed James Fanshawe, who broke his neck while riding a point-to-pointer at Cottenham. This predominantly Flat trainer has ever allowed himself to get mad about the injury. He prefers to get even.

The master of Pegasus stables in Newmarket has only ever dabbled in National Hunt racing, but the results have been spectacular. Kribensis may have had Michael Stoute's name appended to his when he won the Triumph Hurdle, but much of the buffing and polishing had been done by Stoute's assistant, Fanshawe.

In 1992, Fanshawe himself was depicted in gold lettering when Royal Gait won the Champion Hurdle and, ever since, the trainer has achieved notably over obstacles. Bold Gait, half his winter team, won at Newbury yesterday, and the other 50 per cent takes to the same track today when The Toiseach contests the Hennessy Gold Cup.

During the Flat turf campaign, over which he recorded a level £1 stake profit of £58, Fanshawe made great play of a physique which could be easily accommodated in a scabbard. The trainer's skeleton advertisement, with the addition of spectacles, looked like a cross between The Saint logo and the bag of bones that used to be propped up in the corner of a biology classroom.

There was nothing skinny about The Toiseach in his reappearance at Ascot, where he beat Cool Dawn in a race the Gold Cup winner had collected the previous campaign. The seven-year-old can now find himself better in this afternoon, as he was 9lb out of the handicap on his seasonal debut.

The Toiseach gets lumps of weight from the horse at the top of the list, Coome Hill, whose rider, Jamie Osborne, has also partnered Fanshawe's representative in the past. "I've ridden The Toiseach and he's a good horse, but he wouldn't be in the class of Coome Hill," the jockey says. "People seem to think mine is an old plodder, but he's got gears you know. He always has a breather in the middle of the race, but if he's close enough jumping the last ditch they'll be in trouble as he'll switch into his overdrive."

Coome Hill woo the Hennessy two years ago for Osborne but has since suffered breathing and leg problems. A soft-palate operation seems to have repaired him by the judgement of recent gallops. "I went down to ride the horse work and Walter [Dennis, his trainer]

took him to a mountain," Osborne says. "It wasn't a hill. It was a mountain. And the ground was terrible."

"I looked up into the clouds and said to Walter Jesus, you wouldn't want to be going up here quickly if you wanted to make it to the top." No, he said, "not for the first time at least". We went up three times and a horse had to be jumped in at half-way to keep him going. He had to have a blow after that, but I could tell his breathing was all right."

The former hunter-chaser Teeton Mill, has a starkly similar profile to Coome Hill in his winning year. Like Dennis's gnasher he too turned up by winning Wincanton's Badger Beer Chase and now attempts to

RICHARD EDMONDSON  
Nap: The Toiseach (Newbury 2.20)  
NB: Decoupage (Newbury 1.15)

humble the old pros. The suspicion remains though that those he beat on his seasonal debut were unreliable.

Ireland's Boss Doyle is worth considering, as is Mary Reveley's Seven Towers, as the Charlie Hall Chase they contested at Wetherby is beginning to look a really good race. But this year's Hennessy is a race that one trainer may be able to feel in his bones, especially as they lie very close to the surface of his skin. Go for Fanshawe. Go for THE TOISEACH (nap 2.20).

There is much to like about Decoupage (next best 1.15), who looks the best at the weights of those which ran in the handicap hurdle on the Sunday of Cheltenham's Murphy's meeting. Everything, bar the price, will be likeable too about Mareello (1.45).

At Haydock, the first horse to collect punters' interest should be Tennessee Twist (2.10), who won well at Cheltenham two weeks ago. Play up the winnings on No Retreat (2.40), a winning novice chaser in New Zealand, who went in with a flourish on his British debut.

David Evans has taken advantage of Tony McCoy being able to ride at Fairyhouse tomorrow by booking the champion jockey for Master Beveled, who takes on Istabraq in the Hatton's Grace Hurdle. McCoy, who is serving a 14-day ban, can ride in Ireland as there is no racing in Britain tomorrow. Today's Newcastle card and yesterday's results, page 25

10-YEAR-TALE ON THE HENNESSY GOLD CUP												
	1988	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97		
Fate of the favourites:	4	2	4	P/P	2	3	7	5	2	1		
Winner's place in betting:	0	2	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	1		
Starting prices:	10-1	6-1	5-1	10-1	40-1	10-1	4-1	15-2	11-2	9-4		
Winners' weights:	100	102	110	108	100	101	100	108	100	118		
Winners' ages:	9	8	7	7	7	9	6	8	7	8		
Profit or loss to £1 stake:	Favourites - £8.75	Second Favourites +£7.25										
Percentage of winners placed 1st, 2nd or 3rd in last race:	80%											
Shortest-priced winner:	Sury Bay (1987) 9-4											
Longest-priced winner:	Stilton Abbey (1989) 40-1											
Top trainers:	C Brooks - Coultart Be Better (1995), Sury Bay (1987)											
	M Phipps - Strands Of Gold (1988), Chatham (1989)											
	O Barrow - Broadbeath (1993), Playshod (1987)											
Top jockeys:	J Osborne - Arctic Call (1996), Coome Hill (1996)											
	P Scudamore - Strands Of Gold (1988), Chatham (1989)											
	P Nicholls - Broadbeath (1993), Playshod (1987)											

## WARWICK

12.50 Briggs Turn 1.20 Polar Champ 1.50 Mister Oddy 2.25 Desert Mountain 2.55 L'Opera 3.25 Grange Court 3.50 Monsignor

GOING: Good to Soft (Good in places on chase course).

Left-hand course. Run-in of 240 yards.

Course: S. W. of city on B4008. Stations at Warwick (rm) and Lutterworth Spa (rm). ADJUDICATION: CUS 100; Tattersalls 100 (sunder half-price). Course: S. W. of city on B4008. Stations at Warwick (rm) and Lutterworth Spa (rm). ADJUDICATION: CUS 100; Tattersalls 100 (sunder half-price).

LEADING TRAINERS: P Pipe 23-96 (24%), O Nicholson 18-57 (28%), Mrs J Phipps 14-54 (21%), N Titterton-Davies 10-78 (22%), LEADING JOCKEYS: A P McCoy 21-50 (42%), N Williamson 17-76 (22%), A Munn 12-52 (27%), W Morrison 13-01 (16%), FAVOURITES: 144-382 (37%), BLINKERED FIRST TIME: Phippage (2.25).

12.50 WARWICK UNIVERSITY CONDITIONAL H'CAP HURDLE (F) £2,400 2m

1 2304 COPPER SHILL (14) Mrs L. Jewell 4 10-0 T Peoples (7)  
2 1205 ZAMID (USA) (10) K Barrie 7 1-7 L Carson (3)  
3 3076 GRATE BRITISH (206) J Allen 6 11-2 S. Higgins  
4 3035 HURRICANE JANE (10) M J Roberts 4 11-2 L. Cammille  
5 2250 STORM TIGER (14) (5) M. J. 7 11-2 E. Husband  
6 21 PREMIUM GUEST (14) R. P. 3 10-0 N. Hancock  
7 2027 SCHWAZZLE (16) K. Bridgwater 7 10-0 S. Supple  
8 P-322 BRIGGS TURN (16) P. Brown 4 10-0 Michael Brennan  
9 0F-44 CASHMERE (10) (10) L. Lamond 5 10-11 M. Bachelard  
10 000P PRINTER FLIGHT (18) (12) (12) P. H. 8 10-5 J. Durham (7)  
11 4F-1 WINDWARD COURT (25) (2) A. Turner 8 10-5 J. M. Giffiths  
12 0F-21 MARAZZI (26) (2) C. Curry 4 10-2 J. P. Spencer

BETTING: 7-4 Marazzi, 5-1 Grate British, 12-5 Zaid, 6-1 Storm Tiger, Premium Guest, Briggs Turn, Windward Court, 10-1 others

FORM VERDICT  
A difficult opener, with the form of potential improving Marazzi and Premium Guest not easily assessed at this level. Each could prove better than their current marks, but narrow preference is for BRIGGS TURN, himself improving, and a fair second at Kempton last time.

1.20 QUINTON NOVICE HURDLE (C) £5,500 2m

1 1 DON PRINCE (14) (10) H. Daly 6 11-8 J. Phipps  
2 0 FOREST (206) N. Williamson 4 11-0 L. Richards  
3 2 GEE BEE BOY (18) G. McCourt 4 11-0 E. Husband  
4 5-65 GENERAL FLIGHT (28) A. Turner 4 11-0 J. Griffiths (8)  
5 KEY TO THE CITY (14) P. Ezzell 4 11-0 D. Byrne  
6 1 POLAR CHAMP (14) N. Gosses 5 11-0 D. Gallagher  
7 5 SWINGING THE BLUES (18) C. Dwyer 4 11-0 J. L. Concorde (7)  
8 60 TAIN TON (28) N. Titterton-Davies 4 11-0 T. Jenks  
9 0 KANAWA (18) A. P. Jones 4 10-5 S. Clifford

BETTING: 13-4 Don Prince, 4-1 Gosses, 4-1 Key To The City, 7-1 Swinging The Blues, 4-1 General Flight, 12-1 Key To The City, 16-1 Forestry, Tain Ton, Kanawa.

FORM VERDICT  
This is by no means as straightforward as it may look at first glance, with the recent Wincanton winner DON PRINCE facing a number of fellow Flat runners who each showed well enough on their hurdling debuts. Given that they are difficult to split and that Don Prince is himself open to improvement, he gets the vote.

1.50 TILTYARD BRIDGE HANDICAP CHASE (F) £5,000 2m

1 3433 MORCKSTOCK (208) (1) R. Hodges 8 11-10 T. Descombe  
2 0284 MISTER DOCK (188) (2) J. King 8 11-4 L. Cammille (2)  
3 22-5 MOUSE RIDER (17) (2) D. Cardillo 6 11-0 E. Husband  
4 2-421 NOVISTAR (17) (2) C. Popham 7 10-4 J. Phipps  
5 4 declared -

BETTING: 11-10 Mouse Rider, 6-4 Novistara, 6-1 Morckstock, 6-1 Mister Oddy.

FORM VERDICT  
None of the four can be readily ruled out but on recent form the 11-10 favourite MOUSE RIDER will be hard to beat if he runs to his 855-time-out Newbury form.

2.25 HAPPY BIRTHDAY TOTE PLACEPOT NOVICE CHASE (D) £5,000 2m

1 30-132 DESERT MOUNTAIN (20) (10) N. Gosses 5 10-2 J. Gallagher  
2 405P COUNTRY STAR (200) (10) E. James 7 11-4 R. Phipps  
3 405P MACTY (7) (10) R. Dicks 5 11-4 D. Byrne  
4 10-1P SEATTLE ALLEY (22) (2) P. Webster 5 11-4 Michael Brennan  
5 202P TONS CHOICE (66) J. Luck 4 11-4 S. Supple

BETTING: 4-4 Desert Mountain, 5-1 Macty, 4-1 Country Star, 16-1 Seattle Alley, 20-1 Tons Choice.

FORM VERDICT  
DESERT MOUNTAIN, dropped in grade after his good run at Cheltenham, has a straightforward opportunity. Country Star, suspect jumper as he is, is the only realistic alternative.

2.55 STAKES METROPOLITAN HOTEL HANDICAP HURDLE (F) £7,500 2m 3f

1 F-332 L'OPERA (19) (2) D. Nicholson 5 10-0 J. Johnson  
2 2030 CHAMBERLAIN ADMIRAL (18) (2) Mrs A. Siskier 5 11-3 J. Supple  
3 04-1P CALL MY GUEST (128) R. Phipps 4 10-11 D. Gallagher  
4 102P HARLEQUIN CHORUS (21) (2) M. J. Phipps 5 10-5 S. Clifford

BETTING: 6-4 L'Opera, 3-4 Call My Guest, 7-2 Chamberlain Admiral, Harlequin Chorus.

FORM VERDICT  
L'Opera ran well in a better race last time, but has not found it easy in hurdles, and preference is for CHAMBERLAIN ADMIRAL, who can make a bold bid from the front, though Harlequin Chorus and Call My Guest are not easily ruled out.

3.50 WEATHERBYS 'STARS OF TOMORROW' NH FLAT RACE (H) £1,500 2m

1 1 EDDY'S SON (24) (2) O. Nicholson 8 11-11 J. Munnery (8)  
2 1 MONSIEUR (21) (2) M. Phipps 4 11-11 L. Cammille (7)  
3 1 NATIVE ARROW (21) (2) P. Hobbs 4 11-11 S. Kelly (8)  
4 1 OPTIMISTIC THINKER (21) J. George 4 11-11 S. Kelly (8)  
5 1 VALUANT MEMORY (24) N. Chaves 5 11-6 J. D. Phipps (7)  
6 1 BALLYNAFRAGG (24) N. Titterton-Davies 5 11-4 J. Griffiths (7)  
7 1 BALMORAL SPRING KILBY 5 11-4 E. Byrne (7)  
8 1 BRONCOLEAF (17) J. O'Brien 5 11-4 Michael Brennan  
9 1 FARMER JOSE (27) J. Williams 4 11-4 G. Lewis (8)  
10 1 FARMER'S LOT 5 11-4 J. M. J. Griffiths (7)  
11 1 GUSABA DE TRAIL (25) M. J. Roberts 4 11-4 S. Supple (8)  
12 1 INTERNO (21) M. J. Phipps 4 11-4 M. T. Glynn (7)  
13 1 JACCORD R. Dicks 4 11-4 X. Alaguer (8)  
14 1 MONTPELIER 4 11-4 G. Stone (7)  
15 1 NERVEN (20) M. J. Phipps 4 11-4 S. Light (7)  
16 1 NO FORECAST (22) S. Sheppard 4 11-4 G. Stone (7)  
17 1 PERK ALBERT 4 11-4 M. H. Hanbury (7)  
18 1 SLENDER JACK (27) P. Hobbs 4 11-4 M. O. O'Brien (7)  
19 1 SUPREMACY (20) M. J. Roberts 4 11-4 L. Cammille (7)  
20 1 UNCLE TERRY (21) G. Phipps 4 11-4 M. S. Stronge (7)  
21 1 UNDER THE THUMB (21) G. Mottola 4 11-4 P. Ryan (7)  
22 1 FESTIVAL LEADER Mrs N. O'Leary 4 11-4 L. Munnery (7)

BETTING: 3-1 Monsieure, 7-2 Ballynafragg, 11-2 Optimistic Thinker, 6-1 Native Arrow, 7-1 Eddy's Son, Valiant Memory, Weather, 16-1 others

FORM VERDICT  
This is almost certainly the best bumper of the season so far with five previous winners, plus a number of representatives from top stables in contention. Outlying a penalty is never easy, but such was the impression created by MONSIEUR on his debut that he is taken to do so. Though Newmarket No Forecast and Uncle Terry are among a number feared.

FORM VERDICT  
The same could be said of Jamie Osborne.

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## Jenks banned under the 'non-trier' rule

TOM JENKS narrowly avoided missing the ride on the Grand National winner, Earth Summit, again yesterday. Riding at Bangor, the jockey was handed a five-day "non-triers" ban - which begins one racing day after Earth Summit's return to action in the Rehearsal Chase at Chepstow on 5 December.

Jenks missed Earth Summit's Grand National win due to injury but was back on board when the gelding took the Becher Chase at Aintree last week. He was penalised yesterday for his riding of the Martin Tate-trained Two Lords, who ran on well in the latter stages of the selling hurdle to finish fifth behind Prussia.

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The stewards' secretary, William Nunneley, said: "The horse was never asked for sufficient effort or ridden to obtain the best possible placing. He was dropped out behind and ran on to be beaten two and a half lengths for fourth place under tender handling and it was a straightforward case of schooling and conditioning."

"Mr Tate was fined £750, Tom Jenks suspended for five days and the horse for 30 days."

Tate said: "I broke the rules and I have got to pay the penalty. The horse has a history of breaking blood vessels and we wanted to get him round today."

Soaked equalled the 20th Century record of nine handicap wins in a year at Lingfield yesterday, with Shifali, who is also on the nine mark, back in seventh. Soaked could race for the outright record of 10 wins at Southwell on Tuesday.

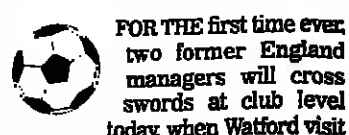






## THE SWEEPER

BY CLIVE WHITE AND NICK HARRIS

El Tel and Turnip's  
Selhurst showdown

FOR THE first time ever, two former England managers will cross swords at club level today, when Watford visit

Crystal Palace in a First Division match at Selhurst Park. Graham Taylor and his successor at Lancaster Gate, Terry Venables, are old adversaries but they have never met post-England. Coincidentally, both are now back at the clubs where their managerial careers first flourished.

Unfortunately, Taylor will not be there in person because he is still recovering from a severe chest and throat infection, for which he has been hospitalised, and it was thought he might be tempted to start bellowing instructions from the bench. Instead Kenny Jackett, the first-team coach, will be in charge of the Watford team.

Former England managers have always either retired or, like Don Revie and Bobby Robson, gone abroad to work. Indeed, before Taylor and Venables resumed their club careers only Sir Alf Ramsey, in modern times, had returned to club football, ever so briefly at Birmingham City in 1977-78.

While a BT advert ("it's good to talk") a couple of years ago may have suggested that the two men were on the same wavelength, they have always been poles apart, at least in terms of football ideology. While Venables was infinitely the more successful as an international manager, in head-to-heads Taylor has invariably come out on top. Indeed, Venables has only beaten him once in 11 league and cup meetings, and that was in 1987-88, when he was manager of Tottenham and Taylor was in charge at Aston Villa. On Palace's and Watford's recent form, the trend looks like continuing.

TO ALL intents, the death knell of the long established Football Combination and Central League – nowadays known as the Avon Insurance Combination and Pontins League – was sounded this week at Loughborough when the Football Association's Academy clubs voted four to one in favour of recommending a new open-age regional reserve league, to come into force next season. It had been an open secret that they would do so, ever since the Premier

League gave notice that its members would quit the existing set-up. The new league, however, exceeds the Academy's terms of reference when set up a year ago. It was originally only meant to provide for the development of young players between the ages of nine and 21.

It is debatable whether there is anything to be gained from this reorganisation but there is certainly a lot to be lost for clubs like Preston North End and Stoke City. They have fought their way up through the Pontins League to a position where they are playing Manchester United and Liverpool and drawing crowds, in the case of Preston, almost as big as those as they do for first-team fixtures. For these clubs, who are not members of the Academy, it is a bitter blow. "We've worked very hard to get there and we're not keen to

## SONG SHEET

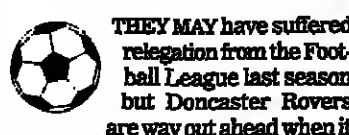
The green side of Glasgow re-live a past glory

"Oh Hampden in the sun,  
Celtic 7 Rangers 1,  
That was the score  
when it came time to  
play. Finalists had won  
the cup."



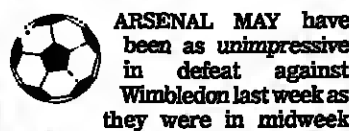
give it up," said David Moyes, the Preston manager. "Some of the clubs are putting out teams worth £20-25m and providing vital experience for our young lads."

WALTER SMITH, the Everton manager, may have been in the dark about Duncan Ferguson's transfer to Newcastle prior to last Monday's game, but it was common knowledge among hundreds of Evertonians. Why? Ferguson's dad was in a pub opposite the ground before the game telling everyone his son had signed for the Geordies. The club continued to deny the rumour throughout the evening, even though Ferguson could be seen from the street below talking to Newcastle officials.



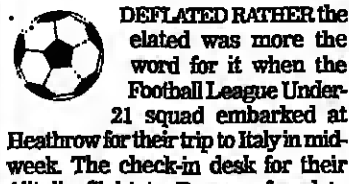
THEY MAY have suffered relegation from the Football League last season but Doncaster Rovers are way out ahead when it comes to self-promotion. This week they signed their biggest ever sponsorship deal, with Beazer Homes, and, on the back of their surprise FA Cup win at Southend recently, one might say, they are milking renewed interest in the club for all it's worth.

Following a deal with the local dairy, 15,000 bottles of milk are going into Doncaster homes every day bearing the club crest. Although as the Conference's bottom club, it's not so much a pinta-a-day that they need as a point-a-day.



ARSENAL MAY have been as unimpressive in defeat against Wimbledon last week as they were in midweek when flunking out of the European Cup, but Robbie Earle, the Don's midfielder, remains a fan. The columnist-cum-player was on the phone to his paper, the Observer, immediately after the Premiership game to ask them to promote Arsenal from fourth to third in his mid-season predictions for the later editions, at the cost of the leaders Aston Villa.

DEFLATED RATHER than the word for it when the Football League Under-21 squad embarked on Heathrow for their trip to Italy in midweek. The check-in desk for their Alitalia flight to Rome refused to accept 20 inflated footballs so they had to be individually deflated and then pumped up again at the other end. It's a wonder they still had enough breath left to draw 1-1 draw with their Serie B counterparts.



STUART HALL will know exactly how Roy Hodgson felt. It was a knock-out all right, but not the sort the game show host of the same name once revelled in. The KO for this Stuart Hall, the most successful manager in the history of the Dr Martens League club Halesowen Town came, came as it did for Hodgson, in the shape of the sack. "They said it was by mutual consent," said the blunt-talking Hall, "but all I can say is that there's a bloomin' great hand print on my back!"

## AS YOU WERE



RONALD F. ATKINSON was a player (No 6) at Oxford United in the late 60s when the photograph above was taken, but it cannot be confirmed that a scuffle broke out when someone asked the big man if his middle initial stood for Flash. It cannot be confirmed either that Big Ron was berating his fellow players for nicking a Rolex, three chunky rings, two medallions, a gold-leaf cigar holder and a chest wig from his locker. Or that the referee said: "Calm down, son. I know that chunky sheepskin you saw me in before kick-off looks familiar, but I assure you it's my own. If only you could keep your temper down a bit, you might have a management career ahead of you."

## THE PRICE IS RIGHT

## SWEEPER'S STABS IN THE DARK

## SATURDAY LIBERO WAGERS

(15 x 50p four-timers with Stanley): Charlton to draw with Everton (12-5); Chelsea to beat Sheffield Wednesday (1-2); Newcastle to draw with Wimbledon (12-5); Aston Villa to win at Nottingham Forest (11-10); Southampton to beat Derby (6-4); West Ham to draw with Tottenham (12-5).

## SUNDAY SKY MATCH

Liverpool v Blackburn  
Score: 2-1 (E1 at 15-2, W Hill, Stanley Hill).

## SUNDAY CA ITALIAN JOB

Parma v Villa  
Score: 1-1 (E1 at 11-2, William Hill).

## ORIGINAL BANK: £100

CURRENT KITTY: £77.52  
TODAY'S BETS: £13.08 (inc £1.08 tax)

## WHERE IN THE WORLD?

MANCHESTER UNITED the best in Europe? Not according to the latest European rankings. Despite the evidence of Wednesday's thrilling 3-3 draw in Barcelona, the rankings have United in only 18th place. Filling the top slot are Bayern Munich – the side United must beat next month to qualify for the European Cup quarter-finals.

## TOP 20 CLUB RANKINGS

(last week's position in brackets)

	Points
1 (1) Bayern Munich	96.48
2 (5) Fiorentina	86.25
3 (2) Middlesbrough	87.36
4 (6) Bayer Leverkusen	87.29
5 (4) Bordeaux	86.61
6 (3) Roma	84.61
7 (11) Real Mallorca	80.50
8 (7) Parma	79.01
9 (10) Dynamo Bucharest	78.54
10 (18) Milan	78.30
11 (14) Dynamo Kiev	77.68
12 (6) Celtic Vigo	77.36
13 (17) Rosenborg Trondheim	76.94
14 (15) Juventus	76.40
15 (16) Partizan Belgrade	75.61
16 (22) Shakhtar Donetsk	74.86
17 (20) TSV 1860 Munich	74.17
18 (9) Manchester United	74.17
19 (12) Aston Villa	73.52
20 (13) Barcelona	73.15

## MY TEAM



LISA ROGERS

## ARSENAL

TV presenter on C4's *Under the Moon* "I was brought up in Monmouth, South Wales where rugby is everything and football's nothing. It was not until I went to university at Loughborough and started living with this in-your-face Man Utd fan and a girl who was an Arsenal fan that I got into it. The best moment I've had since I started supporting was probably the FA Cup quarter-final against West Ham with Nigel Winterburn running up and down like a lunatic after we won. The bizarre thing is, I'm getting married to a Spurs fan. The corner of the house where the scarves are kept is a deprived place. S & M is nothing compared to this."

## IN T'NET

Found on the Web: A fine guide to Indian football. India may be ranked 127th in the world (it's only the 22nd best side in Asia), but this site demonstrates there is no lack of passion for the game in the Sub-Continent. As well as up-to-date reports on full and junior internationals, there are features about the history of Indian football, foreigners in the Goan game – Goa football fields get a touch of colour from across the globe – even mentions a Scottish coach – and links to club sites and webzines. <http://www.stud.uni-wuppertal.de/~ca050/IndianFootball.htm>

## SEEN BUT NOT BOUGHT

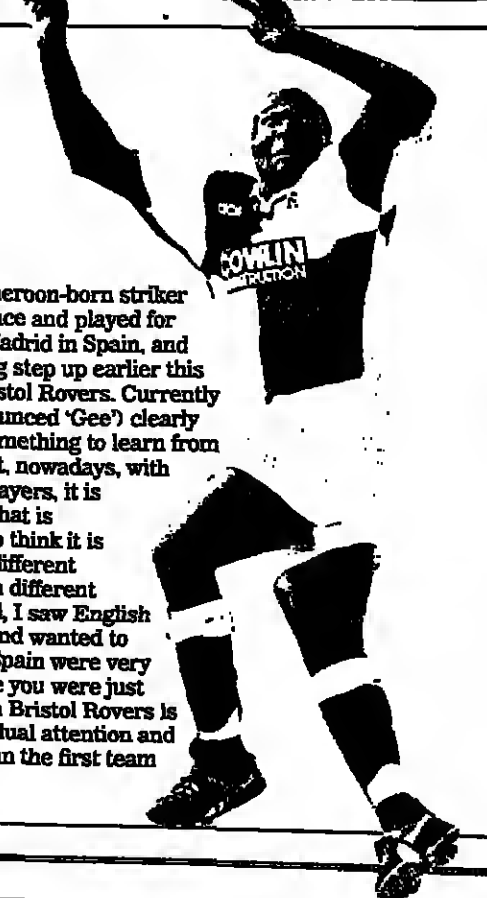
CREWE ALEXANDRA wrapping paper, at £1.50 per sheet, is a better buy than most similar products from other clubs. Not only does a sheet of the red stuff come in handy at the moment for Alex fans wanting to gift-wrap their three points, they are giving to each and every side they play, their £1.50 also gets them a gift tag too. This comes in perfect for matches against other clubs at the bottom of the table like Bristol City, Queens Park Rangers and Oxford United, where the message "See you in the Second Division" can be added as a final touch.

## THEY'RE NOT ALL DENNIS BERGKAMP

## Unsung foreign

## legionnaires No 15

GUY IPOUA: The 22-year-old Cameroon-born striker started his career at Nancy in France and played for Torino in Italy (on loan), Atletico Madrid in Spain, and then Alicante before making the big step up earlier this year (on a Bosman transfer) to Bristol Rovers. Currently on a one-year contract, Guy (pronounced "Gee") clearly feels minnows like Atletico have something to learn from giants like Rovers. "I just think that, nowadays, with so much competition we have as players, it is important that we travel and see what is happening in other countries. I also think it is important to travel, to get used to different cultures and it has helped me learn different languages. When I was 10 years old, I saw English football on TV and I really liked it and wanted to play here. The clubs I was with in Spain were very big – places like Atletico – but there you were just one of a lot of players and, although Bristol Rovers is a smaller club, you get more individual attention and the training is better." Is a regular in the first team and has scored once this season.



## True story of a game going to the Bulldogs

ONE OF the best sports feature films ever made was Bruce Beresford's *The Club*, about a bohemian Australian Rules player who cannot decide whether to devote himself to his sport or spend his days getting stoned. It featured some marvellous scenes centred on the ruthless internecine machinations, the veracity of which was authenticated by Michael Cordell's documentary in the *Storyville* series, *Year of the Dogs* (Channel 4, Saturday), the real-life tribulations of Footscray Bulldogs, a breed in imminent danger of being put down by enforced merger – a depressing scenario mirrored by their performances on the field.

The plays of David Williamson, who wrote the script for *The Club*, have been described as "life at the top of your lungs", and there was that kind of feel to Cordell's film, which succeeded despite the fact that the sporting fly-on-the-wall is as much of a cliché as yet another docusoap set in some hotel or shopping centre.

Alan, the coach, is under pressure and,

## CHRIS MAUME

## SPORT ON TV



when you hear his half-time team talk, you begin to understand why. He is as inspirational as Graham Kelly with the flu, or Graham Taylor without it, and he limps to a climax of "Boys, I can't do any more", which sounds like his own professional death knell. They lose by 87 points. "Too slow, too young, too stupid," one fan snarls at them as they leave the pitch.

Things get worse. They play North Melbourne and go down to a record score between the two sides – 132 points. The coach offers his resignation but the board does not

accept it. The players, though, hold a crisis meeting – "can you turn the camera off for a sec?" – their patience near exhaustion.

The club psychologist has a go at raising morale, going through the match programme pointing out the defeatist language. Nothing more than a spin doctor, though, he wants them to learn some buzzwords, like "professionalism", to use in their interviews. Meanwhile, the pressure mounts on the coach. One old fan defends him: "He's got an implacable record." As they are in the process of losing yet another game, Alan is frantically trying to get through to the bench on the phone but cannot make the connection. It is all so grimly symbolic.

Pat and Jenny Hodgson, a mother and daughter, and faithful to the last shout, have seen it all before but never quite this bad. Between games, when they are not at training, they look through old scrapbooks, or fill in the dreaded merger survey. Towards the end of the season, as the star players perform at a fund-raiser in various states

of undress and cross-dress, Pat and Jenny watch the rest of the lads train, sitting alone in the rain under the umbrellas, having refused to spend \$30 on a ticket. "I'm old-fashioned," says Pat. "I just love them as footballers out there on the field."

After a vote of no confidence from the players, it is all up for Alan, and this time his resignation is accepted. His assistant, Terry "Plough" Wallace, takes over, though the players do not seem too impressed, despite having got their way. They ask him: "What's going to change?"

At his first team talk he rants and raves, but though they rally after a first-quarter massacre, they lose by a point. Plough is livid. "Fantastic effort," he roars, "but what does a fantastic effort mean? Nothing! If I see one guy go out there getting a pat on the back for a good effort, I'll spew up! Because it's not acceptable!"

There are no happy endings. Despite a roaring performance in the last game of the season, they finish bottom. "The wheels fell

off our season," Plough says. "Heaven knows what happened. I don't know." He's only the coach. Shortly after a merger is averted, the new owners change the name to the Western Bulldogs, to widen their appeal. As I say, no happy endings.

I typed into *A Question of Sport* this week (BBC1, Wednesday) to see how Chris Eubank, that celebrated man from another planet – and, until the rise of Naseem Hamed, the No 1 provider of mocking copy for this column – has been getting on. (Though I always used to enjoy giving him a verbal kicking, I have to say that the only time I met him, as he was strolling down a Brighton street, he was utterly sweet and charming, with the best-kept skin I've ever seen.)

Perhaps it was being named Live TV's "Silly Punt of the Week", but a strange thing seems to have happened: Eubank has had a dawning of self-realisation. He has cottoned on (perhaps someone had the courage to tell him) that he has been a figure

of fun all along, that weirdness is his unique selling point, that he should just relax and take a rise out of himself.

So, for example, in the picture round, he thought Tiger Woods pulling his jumper over his head was Nick Faldo. Why? Because Faldo reminds him of Harrison Ford – their "hand rhythms" are similar – and consequently pulling his jumper over his head "is the kind of thing Nick Faldo would do."

Later, there was a Home and Away question asking which Olympic sport has Mistral, Losers and Tornadoes. "It's skiing," Eubank said, waving his hands around, "because somewhere along the way, mistral, Tornado..." Cue much baffled hilarity.

Eubank even laughed at his lip. Having been told the terms had nothing to do with skiing, he ventured, "It's some sort of snow sport." And then, articulating what everyone was thinking, he protested, "There are too many S's in this game." Chris Eubank, welcome to planet Earth.

JP 11/20/150







Football: Gianluca Vialli's purchase of Albert Ferrer for £2.2m may yet turn out to be the bargain of the season

# Less pressure makes Chappy happy

BY IAN STAFFORD

IF ALBERT FERRER had been told six months ago that he would be playing this season for Chelsea in the English Premier League, the little Spanish defender would have laughed at such a ridiculous thought.

He was Barcelona through and through. Spanish players do not play in England and he had a World Cup in France to look forward to, a World Cup in which, this time, Spain would do themselves some justice.

Yet here we are now in November and Ferrer, after yet another disappointing World Cup display by his country, can be found playing his trade with Luca Vialli's cosmopolitan Chelsea team, and doing rather well. To his surprise, Ferrer is enjoying every minute of his new life.

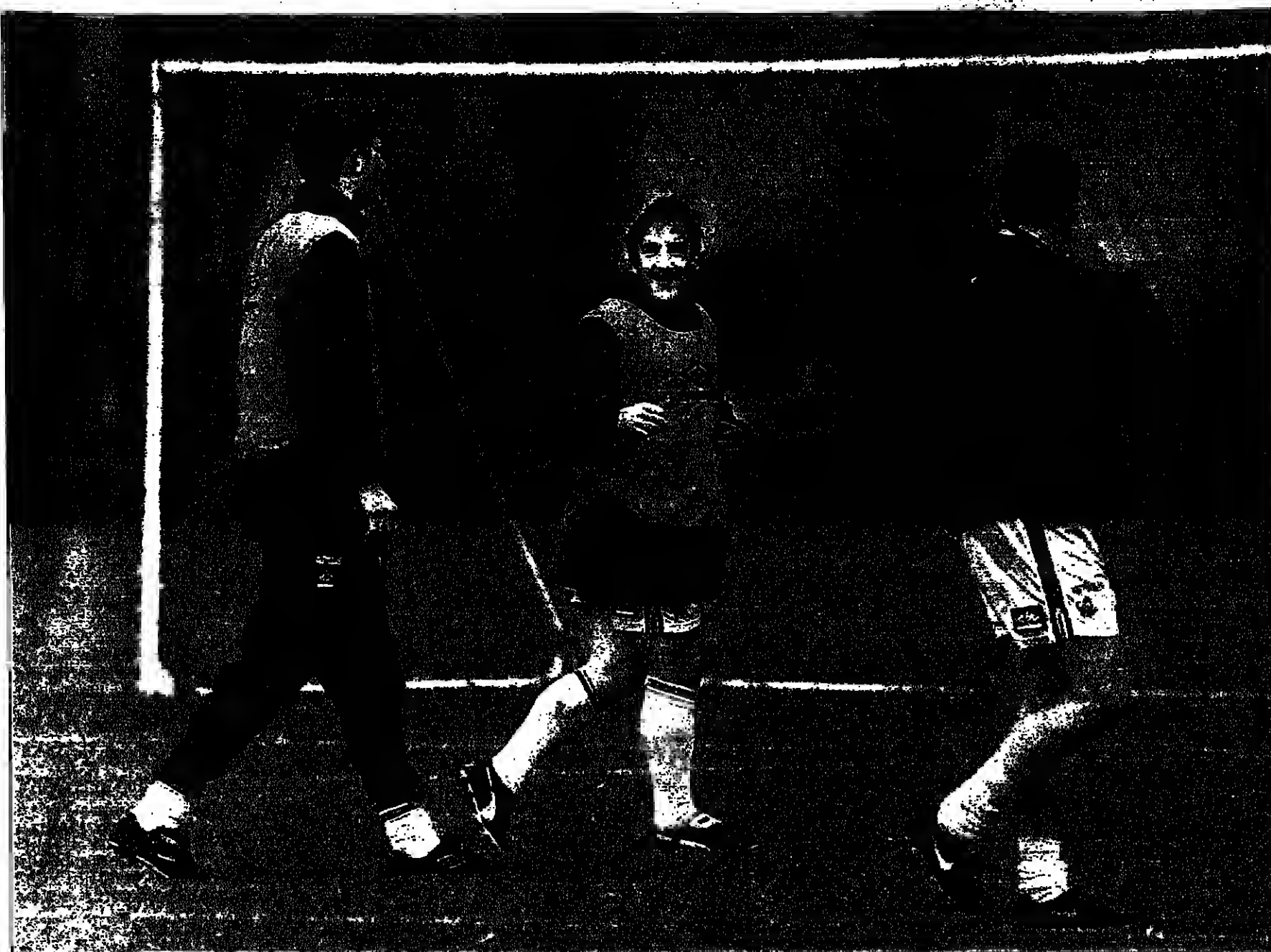
"Nobody knows who I am in England, and that's the way I like it," he said, as he sits in the restaurant of the Chelsea training ground and eyes up the pasta on offer. "Life is so different."

In what way? "Every game for Barcelona was pressure," he explained. "We were supposed to win the League championship every season, and the European Cup. If not, then we failed. If we lost one game, then it was a crisis. There would be 50 journalists at training every morning and, whenever I walked in the streets of the city, everybody knew me."

He sounded glad to be shot of Barcelona, but this is palpably not true. Ferrer supported Barça from virtually the moment he could first talk. He would follow his team religiously each week from high in the Nou Camp stadium. At 13 he signed for the Catalans as a schoolboy player, easing his way through the junior sides until becoming a permanent fixture for both Barcelona and the Spanish national team.

Coached by Johan Cruyff, and playing alongside the likes of Romario, Hristo Stoichkov and Rivaldo Koeman, Ferrer won 35 caps, together with a European and European Cup-Winners' Cup medal, as well as countless domestic honours. Then, last year, it all went sour as the new coach, Louis van Gaal, decided to exert his Dutch influence by importing five players from his own country.

"It was a terrible season for me," Ferrer recalled, his happy little face changing into a deep frown. "At the end Van Gaal asked to see me. De la Peña and Pizzi, all international players. He told us he wanted to bring in new players to replace us."



Albert Ferrer (centre), sharpening his skills in a Chelsea training session, is settled again after the shock departure from his beloved Barcelona

Peter Jay

Was our man surprised at this sudden news? "I couldn't believe it," Ferrer answered. "I'd been a Barcelona player for 15 years, a first-team player for eight years. I'd played in nearly all the games, and won a lot of trophies. Now he comes in and tells me I can't play any more because he prefers someone else."

He shook his head at the memory. I wondered how the man who had dreamed of wearing the blue and red

of Barcelona as a small boy had felt that night when he returned home to his wife. "I was very sad, and I was very worried," he said. "I could see no life after Barcelona."

But there was, and it came in the form of Chelsea FC. Vialli snapped him up for a mere £2.2m which, in these heady days, is already becoming one of the bargains of the season, and Ferrer has since played in nearly all of Chelsea's matches -

some achievement bearing in mind the rotation system at Stamford Bridge.

What made the 28-year-old plump for Chelsea, though? "Oh, it was not too difficult. I knew Chelsea had become one of the top clubs in Europe again, and I knew they had many world-class players. I think the most important thing for me, though, was that Gustavo Poyet was here, was happy, and was playing well."

The link between Poyet, the Uruguayan international midfielder, and Ferrer is not immediately obvious. "Gustavo speaks Spanish, and that makes a big difference to me. My English is not so good," I told him it is better than some English players speak. He laughed. "Maybe, but at first it was so bad. Gustavo was very kind to me when I first came to Chelsea."

Even so, it was a big move for a

Spanish player. After all, the Italian, French and German-strewn Premiership is hardly awash with Spaniards. "I think I am the only one," Ferrer confirmed. It begged the obvious question: where are the others?

"Players in Spain still believe the Spanish League is very strong. I don't know why, but Spanish players always prefer to play at home. My colleagues and friends were very surprised to see me going to

England. Now they are pleased. They hear that I am happy and playing well. I still speak to a lot of my former team-mates, friends like Sergi and Nadal. They are also thinking now that they can come to England. Others, I think, are not ready for such a move."

Ferrer, clearly, was. He reckoned it took him just a couple of matches to become familiar with Premiership football. "It's very different to Spanish football, that's for sure," he said. "In Spain there is normally a five or 10-minute period during a game where you can rest a little. Here it is non-stop for 90 minutes. The pace is so much faster."

Is this a problem? "No, no," he insisted. "I like it this way. I am a physical player, and it suits me. Also, I think I am becoming a better player, because it is making me have less time to think and make decisions."

Maybe his contribution to England's current form team will be noticed back at the Nou Camp? Ferrer shakes his head. "I don't think so," he says. "Van Gaal will not change his opinion of me. He is the type of man who is always right. Maybe, one day, I will return to Barcelona, in a non-playing role. But I am happy here, my wife and I like London. I have a five-year contract, and I will stay here until I am at least 33 years old."

With an apartment in London's swish Chelsea Harbour, and a burgeoning social life, Ferrer is happy to swap the Ramblas for the King's Road. "I have been to many shows," he told me. "My wife and I went with other players and their families to see Saturday Night Fever and Grease. And I also saw Beauty and the Beast."

"Beauty and the Beast," I corrected him. "It's Beauty and the Beast."

"Ah yes, sorry, sorry," the likeable Ferrer said. "You see, my English."

Still, it works both ways. His nickname at Chelsea is "Chappy". I asked him why. "In Spain I am known as 'Chapa'. It's the word for the top of the water bottle you push down." He slammed the palm of his hand down to show me what he means. "It is because I am small."

"Some of the boys here heard someone call me Chapa and they thought it was Chappy." He shrugged his shoulders, and let out a resigned sigh. "I think I should be Albert. It's better, yes?"

Maybe, but I just got the feeling that "Chappy" will stick with the little man who seems to be well on course to becoming a firm favourite at Stamford Bridge.

## Collymore on trial as Villa test self-belief

AS THE qualifiers begin to emerge from the Champions' League in Europe, a would-be champions' league is ready to sort the contenders from the pretenders on the domestic front. Between this weekend and Winter, as the politically correct council on Aston Villa's home patch have renamed the festive season, the six-pointers come thick and fast in the race for the Premiership title.

For Villa, leading by three points, today's short hop to Nottingham Forest is a test of their mettle after losing their unbeaten record to Liverpool. But it is also the prelude to a sequence which pits them against Manchester United, Chelsea and Arsenal - their three closest pursuers - in the space of nine days. Another setback could blow a huge hole in their self-belief.

Stan Collymore is likely to retain his place in Villa's attack against another of his old clubs, despite the outrage over his foul on the Liverpool defender Steve Harkness. The treatment he receives, from the crowd and from former colleagues with whom he was reputedly about as popular as Pierre Van Hooijdonk is now, will provide a test of temperament he can ill-afford to fail.

Collymore's presence will at least take the heat off Van

BY PHIL SHAW

Hooijdonk. For all the controversy surrounding the pair, they boast a solitary goal apiece in the League, against Don Dunlop's seven in three matches for Villa. But for a marginal offside decision and a fine penalty save, Dunlop would have had a hat-trick of hat-tricks, and Forest's fallibility - they last won in August - offers the prospect of further plunder.

Manchester United and Chelsea, who tangle twice next month, both face potentially awkward assignments. United, having come through their Catalan acquisition relatively unscathed, will be grateful for the extra day's rest before playing host to fifth-placed Leeds tomorrow.

Although there will be no one of Rivaldo's class in Leeds' line-up, a single defeat in 14 Premiership fixtures suggests a certain obduracy. David O'Leary is unbeaten in the League since being confirmed as manager, and his team will not lack confidence after beating Liverpool in their previous away game.

Leeds' record at Old Trafford is almost as bad as it was at Anfield; their only win in 12 visits came in 1981 and they have not scored in the last six. However, it should be instructive to compare the young players

O'Leary has championed, especially Jonathon Woodgate and Alan Smith, with Alex Ferguson's home-grown crop. Chelsea will underestimate Sheffield Wednesday at their peril today notwithstanding an 18-match run without defeat. Wednesday are the only club to have beaten both United and Arsenal and have drawn four of their last five at Stamford Bridge.

Yet a more businesslike streak is evident in Chelsea under Gianluca Vialli's management. They have already taken points on five grounds on which they lost last season, and the Italian will stress the need to be ruthless with a Wednesday side who have gained just four points away from home.

Arsenal's exalted position can not disguise worrying weaknesses as they prepare to receive Middlesbrough tomorrow. Not surprisingly, given Arsène Wenger's reluctance to buy a replacement for Ian Wright, the Donlie winners have scored fewer goals than anybody in the top half of the table. Indeed Boro's Hamilton Ricard has as many as Nicolas Anelka, Dennis Bergkamp and Marc Overmars put together.

Highbury still boasts the meanest defence, though the legendary back line has now been diminished by the injuries

sustained by Tony Adams and Nigel Winterburn in the bruising battle with Lens. Nearly 60 years have passed since Boro won at Arsenal, but circumstances may be conspiring to end their wait.

When Liverpool and Blackburn drew 0-0 at Merseside in January, Roy Evans and Roy Hodgson still harboured hopes of the championship. Recovering under the "new" management of Gérard Houllier and Tony Parkes, the clubs lie ninth and 20th respectively.

Two autumns ago, early in the third of Parkes' four spells as caretaker-manager, Blackburn began the climb from bottom place with a 3-0 rout of Liverpool. Unless he effects a similar transformation - a task made tougher today by Houllier's need to avoid a fourth consecutive home defeat - they risk being cut adrift.

Duncan Ferguson begins life as Alan Shearer's £7m partner or replacement (depending on who you believe) in Newcastle's attack against Wimbledon's strangely short defence. Ferguson feels he will be at home in a region famous for pigeon-fancying; Tyne-side has a fancy for a centre-forward who can soar like a bird. He may, nevertheless, need to home in on goal more often for the relationship to be mutually satisfying.

## Frugal Parma entertain Milan

PARMA, WHOSE outstanding defence has conceded just five goals in 10 games this season, play host to Milan tomorrow's live game on Channel 4. Despite losing 1-0 at Cagliari last Sunday and scoring just 11 times this term, Parma are fifth in Europe's toughest league and showed their class in midweek when comfortably holding Rangers to a 1-1 draw in the first leg of their third round Uefa Cup tie at Ibrox Park.

Milan, third in Serie A after the Brazilian Leonardo's 90th-

ITALIAN PREVIEW  
BY IAN DAVIES

minute winner against Lazio at San Siro last Sunday, have a long way to go to recapture the glory years when they were dominant in Europe. But, under Alberto Zaccheroni, the coach who joined them in the summer from Udinese (bringing Oliver Bierhoff, the prolific German striker with him), Milan look a force to be reckoned with.

Parma, whose squad in-

cludes the Italian international goalkeeper Gianluigi Buffon, the brilliant French defender Lilian Thuram and the Argentine striker Hernan Crespo, are at full strength, while Milan are missing only the injured German midfielder Christian Ziege.

Internazionale hit form with a vengeance when beating Real Madrid, the defending champions, 3-1 in the Champions' League on Wednesday. With Ronaldo, their talismanic Brazilian striker, back from injury, Inter were a different side.

Ivan Zamorano, the tireless 34-year-old Chilean striker, deflected in a Ronaldo shot to give Inter the lead and the veteran playmaker, Roberto Baggio, came on to seal a famous win with two late goals. Inter, sixth in Serie A, look sure to give struggling 17th-placed Salernitana a hard time.

Tomorrow night's game is the Roman derby between the injury-hit big spenders Lazio and second-placed Roma.

Other games tomorrow: Bari v Fiorentina, Bologna v Juventus, Empoli v Vicenza, Perugia v

total European club football - all the clubs, all the leagues, all the cups.

Gamespot 11/10  
Official PlayStation Magazine 9/10  
Play+ 9/10  
PlayStation Pro 9/10

UEFA CHAMPIONS LEAGUE

PlayStation

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مكتبة الامير







## SPORT

WALLABY BOWMAN'S BIG IMPACT P22 • FERRER FEELS AT HOME P30

Tennis: Rusedski wins the battle of Britons in Hanover but their encounter lacks fire as the No 1 loses the plot

## Henman saving his best for Moya

TIM HENMAN is due to play in the semi-finals of the ATP Tour Championship against Carlos Moya. The British No 1's game seemed to be on vacation yesterday. It is to be hoped that Henman's form returns refreshed today, otherwise a great British adventure and a quest for the £1m first prize may end in grave disappointment.

That was certainly the case here yesterday, when Henman was apparently unable to motivate himself for his concluding round-robin match against Greg Rusedski, the British No 2, who won 6-1, 6-4.

"I'm the first to admit I played badly," Henman said, "and I'm disappointed. I think a lot of people wanted to see us having a tight and hard-fought match. It wasn't quite the case today. My goal was achieved for the round-robin. In some respects, there wasn't so much in the game. But still my pride of performance should take care of that. Some of the shots I missed were hard to explain. Having said that, Greg did play very well."

"I'm not going to dwell on that one too long," he went on. "It's more important now to start thinking about my next match. I still go into tomorrow's match with Moya with a lot of confidence."

Rusedski was delighted with his performance. "I think I played at the level I played when I played Sampras in Paris," he said. "Everything was firing on all cylinders. I was mixing up my game really well. I don't think Tim served as well as he could have. I re-

ally took advantage of that with the four breaks of serve. I was really motivated to win."

Rusedski prevailed after 64 minutes, and but for a late surge by Henman, the match would have been shorter and more embarrassing. A capacity crowd of 14,000 in the Expo 2000 Tennis Dome were whistling and jeering when Henman suddenly picked up his game. This started with a running backhand service return down the line on the first point of the sixth game of the second set. As the crowd roared their approval, Henman ironically raised both arms in salute. It was the only point Henman won in the game as Rusedski cruised to lead 5-1. At that stage Rusedski had conceded only four points on his serve in the set, and only eight in the match.

The cheers for Henman continued when he held to love in the next game. He responded by turning a dreadfully one-sided affair into the semblance of a contest between two players with pretensions of spending the best part of their careers in the top 10.

When Rusedski first served for the match, he suddenly found that his usually reliable deliveries had gone off track - enough, that is, for Henman to win the first two points. The third was a gift, a double fault which offered Henman three break-points. Rusedski saved the first two with potent serving but fluked the third off the frame of his racket.

Henman created a fourth break point, only to lob marginally over the baseline. The crowd booed, then the linesman cried "out", partly through wishful thinking. Rusedski then reached his first match-point when Henman missed with a backhand. The crowd rejoiced when Henman hit a winning forehand half-volley down the line to prolong matters.

Henman had a fifth break-point, on the hour, and this time his service return was good enough to force Rusedski to hit a forehand over the baseline.



Greg Rusedski plays a backhand during a straight-sets win over his British rival Tim Henman in the ATP Tour Championship in Hanover yesterday. Allsport

Henman held to love in the next game. Rusedski had had warning enough, however, and managed to serve out to love on his second match-point.

Apart from anything else, pride was at stake, and yet Henman was unable to make any impression - except bad ones - in the opening set. He served so poorly that four double faults contributed to his falling 4-1 behind after only 14 minutes. Rusedski, who had been around since Sunday waiting for a game as the event's first substitute, only joined the

action on Thursday, when he beat Albert Costa, the second substitute, in straight sets. He had everything to play for yesterday but must have been as surprised as everyone at the ease with which he was able to dominate.

The opening set zipped by in 25 minutes, so fast that most spectators were dumbfounded. Two boys holding a Union Jack flag did, however, show their appreciation. By the end of the match, Rusedski's progress had reaped greater reward in terms of prize money and ranking points.

Moya, the Spanish world No 5, qualified for the semi-finals by defeating the Russian, Yevgeny Kafelnikov, in his concluding round-robin match in the Red Group, 7-5, 7-5.

Moya finished as runner-up in the group to Pete Sampras, who was confirmed as the world No 1 for a record sixth consecutive year when Marcelo Rios retired hurt on Thursday. Henman has won three of his four matches against Moya, although they are level, 1-1, on indoor carpet courts.

Sampras was close to tears on Thursday when Mark Miles, the ATP Tour's chief executive, gave a eulogy over a No 6-shaped cake. The emotional mood was lightened when a bottle of champagne was poured over Sampras's head, Formula One-style. Henman was asked to put Sampras's accomplishment into perspective. "It's tough for anyone else to comprehend," he said. "It's a phenomenal achievement."

ATP CHAMPIONSHIP (Hanover): C. Moya (Sp) bt Y Kafelnikov (Rus) 7-5, 7-5; G Rusedski (GB) bt T Henman (GB) 6-1, 6-4.

## Greenwood withdrawal upsets plans

CLIVE WOODWARD has been back to the drawing board so many times since he succeeded Jack Rowell as England coach 14 months ago that he makes the architectural wizards behind the Millennium Dome look like a bunch of cheap skate part-timers. Woodward was forced into yet another redesign yesterday when Will Greenwood, his single most potent attacking force, withdrew with a

RUGBY UNION  
BY CHRIS HEWITT

groin strain from this afternoon's Cook Cup match with Australia at Twickenham.

Phil de Glanville, the former England captain, wins his 31st cap in Greenwood's stead. The coach was tempted by the gamble of giving De Glanville's clubmate, Mike Catt, a first

Test start in the centre; most enlightened rugby thinkers consider it to be his natural station, despite his own preference for the outside-half position. However, a more conservative approach carried the day - a sign, perhaps, that Woodward was beginning to feel the heat.

De Glanville's last game as national captain was against the Wallabies in Sydney in July of last year. It was also the worst

game anyone could remember seeing him play.

"Phil comes into this game with all sorts of motivation behind him," said Woodward. "Not least of which is the fact that he is no longer an automatic choice at club level. I can't say I'm overjoyed that he has not played much rugby recently, but at least he comes in fresh."

Woodward's Wallaby counterpart, Rod Macqueen, was not

exactly full of joy either. Having been told that Twickenham was out of bounds for training, he arrived at the stadium yesterday to discover that England had enjoyed a full run-out on the hallowed turf. "It's not a big issue, but having been denied access I was surprised to find it open to the English," he said. "I'm not sure that was in the spirit of the game."

Macqueen will be even less chuffed if his side fails to improve on the 15-15 draw they secured in the corresponding fixture last year; the Wallabies have come on a distance since then - three straight wins over the All Blacks being the high point of their dramatic rise. Malt Burke, Ben Tume and Tim Horan may be at home but any side containing Jason Little, Daniel Herbert, Joe Roff, Steve Larkham and George Gregan can cope with the setback.

Yet England possess the means of giving Woodward his first, much-needed victory over southern hemisphere opposition. Lawrence Dallaglio's return as captain and back-row buccaneer should guarantee a fast and furious forward effort.

Together with Neil Back and Richard Hill, Dallaglio forms a breakaway unit that should expose the lack of footballing expertise among the Wallaby loose forwards. Tautai Kefu and Matt Cockbain are nobody's turkeys but, compared with their opposite numbers, they are blif merchants rather than craftsmen.

"Lawrence is absolutely fundamental to the way we want to play the game," agreed Woodward, who must have felt like emigrating after watching his Dallaglio-less team stumble through last week's tortuous World Cup qualifier against Italy. "I'd never before coached a side who went out and played like we did in Huddersfield. I don't intend to do so ever again."

It is not too fanciful to suggest that Dallaglio now means as much to England as does John Eales, without doubt the finest second row on the planet, to Australia. This time last year, Eales' results were nothing to write home about, since when he has barely ceased putting pen to paper. Dallaglio has made no predictions but no doubt he, too, is sharpening his pencil.

## ENGLAND v AUSTRALIA

at Twickenham				
M Perry	Bath	15	C Latham	Queensland
T Underwood	Newcastle	14	J Little	Queensland
P de Glanville	Bath	13	D Herbert	Queensland
J Guscott	Bath	12	N Grey	NSW
A Healey	Leicester	11	J Roff	ACT
P Grayson	Northampton	10	S Larkham	ACT
M Dawson	Northampton	9	G Gregan	ACT
J Leonard	Haringhams	8	P Healey	ACT
R Cockburn	Leicester	7	P Kearns	NSW
D Garforth	Leicester	6	A Blakes	NSW
M Johnson	Leicester	5	T Bowman	NSW
T Redder	Northampton	4	J Eales	Queensland
L Dallaglio	Wasps, capt	3	M Cockbain	Queensland
N Back	Leicester	2	D Williams	Queensland
R Hill	Saracens	1	T Kafa	Queensland

Replacements: 16 N. Seal (Northampton), 17 M. Cox (Bath), 18 D. Luger (Haringhams), 19 M. Cory (Leicester), 20 D. Greenwood (Saracens), 21 G. Rowntree (Leicester), 22 P. Greenwood (Sale).

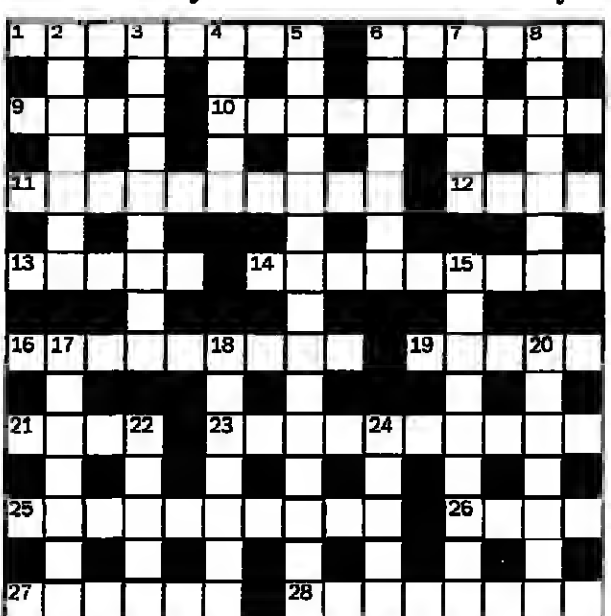
Replacements: 18 C. Whitcher (NSW), 17 M. Edwards (NSW), 18 M. Hardy (ACT), 19 M. O'Connell (NSW), 20 O. Phipps (ACT), 21 C. Blakes (NSW), 22 M. Foley (Queensland).

Referee: P. Horiss (NZ) Kick-off: 2.30pm (Sly Sports 2, 1.00pm)

## THE SATURDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3780 Saturday 28 November

By Phil



## ACROSS

- Where heartless Welsh cop excitedly grabs forearm of thieves? (6)
- Cut round advert for this show (6)
- Pedestrian finally tripped uphill? Not Phil! (4)
- Vegetable, sort associated with nut (6,4)
- 12 Metal that's treated - a form of vandalising ore? (10,4)
- Medicinal stuff the Queen's swallowed in total (5)
- Disparaging University College for going into commerce (5)
- Politician says a lot, never finishing (9)
- Act of deception in which student's naked? (5)
- 21 & 23 Entire ten drums playing - but not this! (4,10)
- Inventor keeps pacing round woman (10)
- One's always showing a surprised expression (1,3)
- Good selection of competitors from the privileged class (6)
- Having drink with a politician by chance (8)

## DOWN

- Chap carrying gold to delay transportation of cargo? (7)
- It's an event for staff attached to wine-cellar (4-5)
- Symbolic number's about right (3)
- Maritime (?) novel was said, with English argosies being wrecked (4,8,3)
- First of panes fitted into lattice window, as earnestly requested (?)
- Endless talk from teacher (5)
- Soldier to take too long loading round (7)
- Charge allowing entry of some old students excluding a writer in rags? (9)
- Expression of sympathy about a time in treatment (5)
- Nimble, catching fish with fine lines (7)
- Entertainment wrecked by ruffian (7)
- Remove flower from store?
- A selection of goods that may be new, in fashion (5)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardback copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: L. De Barra, Little Chalfont; J. Williams, Shrewsbury; D. Morgan, Hawkehurst; P. Brown, Canterbury; C. Hyde, Windsor.

Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution

PROBATIC MUFFLER  
EVIDENCE  
TEETH UNDERHAND  
RORRASS  
ARBOREUM VAMPO  
O E T A  
ELATE SOUTHEAST  
RAANIL  
MEDICINAL AWARD  
CAMBO FLAGSTAFF  
A T E B T S I  
DUTCHBARN OPTIC  
A H S E R E I  
MUSIKRAT DEMERIT

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JP 11/28/98

THE INDEPENDENT

28 November 1998

# WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • ARTS & BOOKS • COUNTRY & GARDEN • TRAVEL

**MY TOUGH  
WEEK: JANE  
COUCH'S DIARY**

FEATURES, PAGE 9

**WHY WE LOVE  
THE SOFA  
SITCOM**

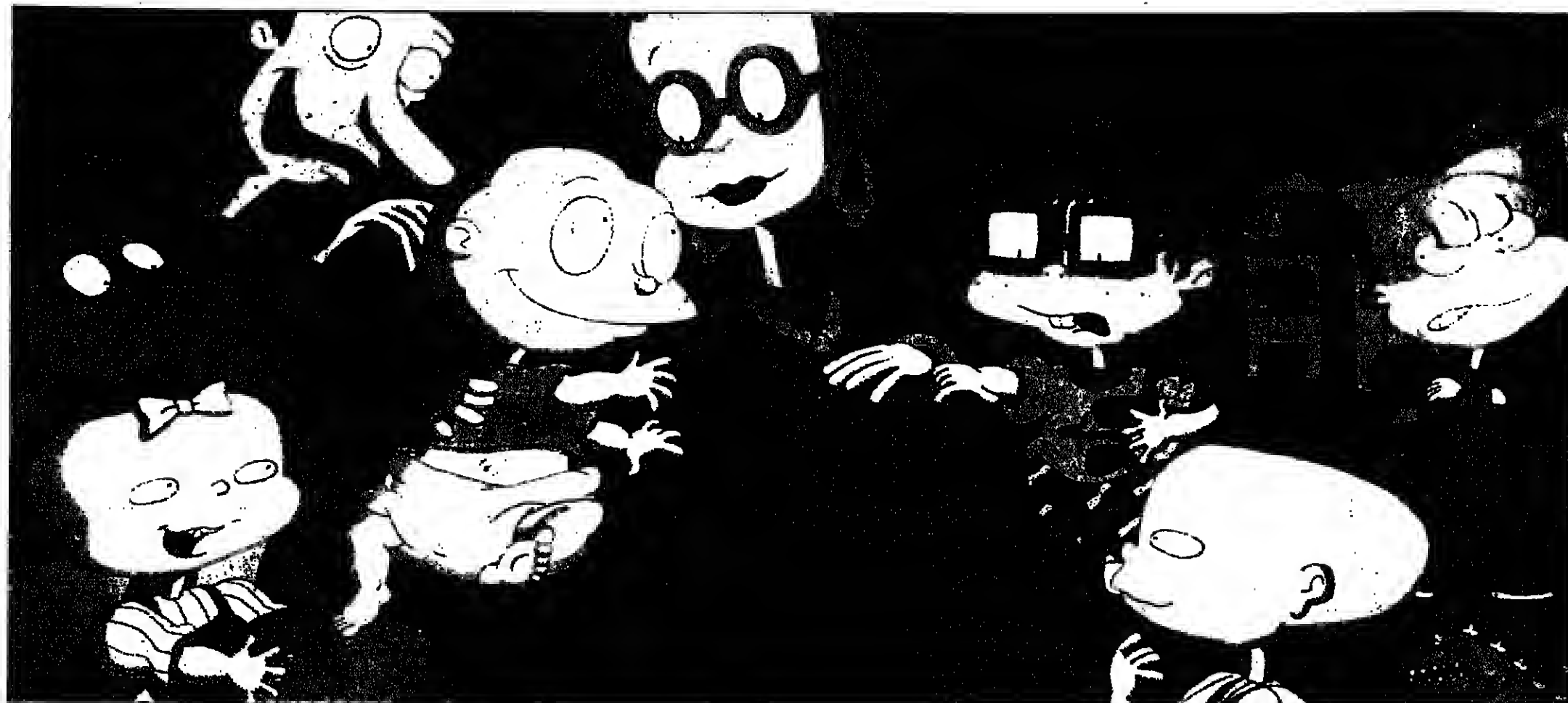
ARTS, PAGE 12

**THE BEST  
BOOKS OF  
THE YEAR**

BOOKS, PAGE 14

**THE MENACE  
OF THE  
PARAKEET**

COUNTRY, PAGE 19



## I've seen the future. And it burps

Rugrats are the cartoon babies who grew and grew. Now they're poised to take over the world. You have been warned

**A**melia is disappointed. It is Thanksgiving weekend and she's just been to see *The Rugrats Movie*, the film of the television cartoon series about talking babies, with her father and sister. "I thought it was going to be set in ancient Egypt," she complains. "That's *Prince of Egypt*, dummy," her sister Martha retorts. "That one hasn't even come out yet."

A couple of queues away outside the multiplex, Jason and his dad Mike said they had been planning to go and see *Rugrats* themselves until they realised that *Babe: Pig in the City* (the much-anticipated follow-up to the runaway farmyard smash of a couple of years ago) was opening on time, despite much-trumpeted reports of delays and last-minute editing changes.

Not that those two were the only choices on offer. In the squishy department there is *A Bug's Life*, Disney's pixel-animated follow-up to *Toy Story*, not to mention DreamWorks' slightly earlier release on much the same subject, *Antz*. For parents wishing to instill a bit of film culture into their offspring, *The Wizard of Oz* has obligingly returned to the big screen in a holiday season re-release. *Prince of Egypt*, an animated version of the Moses story, will hit cinemas early next month. And Christmas is slated to bring yet more goodies for younger audiences.

It's a confusing, crowded world out there, with the Hollywood studios laying out a tantalising array of wares for children and competing furiously for their custom. Or rather, competing for their and their parents' custom. It's no longer enough to have linear plotlines, or straightforward cuteness, or an extended Tom and Jerry-style chase sustaining 90-odd minutes of entertainment. No, to draw in the all-important parents, children's films these days need complex characters, in-jokes, knowing references to movies, books and television programmes and, preferably, a whiff of sexual innuendo as long as this can be

slipped in innocently enough. All of which might explain why *The Rugrats Movie* has snuck up from behind on its big-gun rivals and become the early smash hit of the season. The film barely got reviewed, and when it did, critics provided little more than a polite plot summary. *Variety*, the industry bible, forecast a discreet theatrical run, with the real market to follow in video. But, to everyone's surprise, audiences began snaking around the block, and the film cashed in an extraordinary \$27.3m on its opening weekend. Not bad for a cartoon about a bunch of babies.

What the film critics did not realise, but what every American parent knows all too well, is that *Rugrats* has become quietly ubiquitous over the past couple of years. Not only is it the number one cartoon show on US television, but it has branched out into merchandising in a big way. Phil and Lil, the one-year-old DeVille twins, turn up on toddler-sized juice boxes in supermarkets. Advertising supplements promoted

BY ANDREW GUMBEL

by the big children's stores feature *Rugrats* quizzes and *Rugrats* wristwatches.

There may not be an enormous amount of psychological complexity to the likes of Tommy Pickles, his neurotic friend Chuckie and the spiteful four-year-old villain of the piece, Angelica. But it is enough to keep the kids watching from frenetic vignette to frenetic vignette, and to pique adult interest too, at least for a few minutes at a time. *Rugrats* is a *Charlie Brown* for the video age, a portrait of engagingly dysfunctional youth (in this case extreme youth) that has been edited like an MTV video.

Indeed, *Rugrats* has been described as ideal viewing for short attention spans. The characters, the humour and the knowing references are all there, but such complexities probably elude most first-time viewers. Adults have a tendency to get bored and wander off after a few minutes, while the children remain glued. The hid-

den delights of the show are something that parents tend to absorb, almost by osmosis rather than through any real concentration, over an extended period of time.

That, in turn, explains why it took a good four or five years for the show to take off on US television, and why it has yet to make much impact in Britain, despite kicking around for a good while. Created by the former husband-and-wife animation team of Arlene Klasky and Gabor Csupo, who also helped conceive *The Simpsons*, *Rugrats* was actually pulled off the air after its first couple of seasons. It was only when the show was syndicated and subjected to endless reruns that it really hit its stride.

The *Rugrats* are not cute, or loveable, or schmaltzy in any way. Rather, they derive their charm by portraying infants in all their infuriating diversity. Tommy, Chuckie, Phil and Lil and the others have the sort of heads that look as though somebody dropped them. They have either next to no hair or, in Chuckie's case, an over-abundance of shocking red. They scratch their bottoms, wiggle their nappies, throw up, fart and wall just like toddlers anywhere. They pull each other's hair, throw food, fight over toys and lose no opportunity to whack each other around the head.

The premise of the show, though, is that they also talk (much like adults, although seeing the world from a child's point of view) as soon as their parents are out of earshot. Not only that, but they prove themselves to be no less immature in their own way as their disappointing parents. Their evident savvy adds extra poignancy to their relationship with the troublesome Angelica, who is forever creating trouble for them, for her workaholic parents and for herself. Her pet phrase, and indeed the signature phrase of the whole show, is a derisive "You dumb babies!"

To the extent that the show has generated any controversy, it has focused on Angelica. The creators say they felt they needed a bully figure, since dealing with bullies is what childhood is all about.

Continued on page 2

**SUTTER HOME**

CALIFORNIA  
ZINFANDEL

Perfect with  
lamb cutlets and  
red onion salsa.



**SUTTER HOME**

CALIFORNIA  
ZINFANDEL

Perfect without  
lamb cutlets and  
red onion salsa.



SUTTER HOME CALIFORNIA WINES.  
They don't need food to make sense.

### INSIDE

Letters	2	Arts	12-13	Travel	21-25
Leaders and comment	3-7	Books	14-17	Listings	26-27
Features	8-9	Gardening	18	This week's TV	27-30
Obituaries	10-11	Country	19	Today's TV	32



TOMORROW IN  
THE INDEPENDENT  
ON SUNDAY

## REAL LIFE



The fertility drug that  
can give you cancer  
PLUS  
Can your marriage  
survive adultery?

## REVIEW



Barry McGuigan  
the pop star  
PLUS  
Food & Drink special:  
the easy way to  
sort out Christmas

## CULTURE

MASTER GEORGIE  
A NOVEL

The best books of the  
year: John Mortimer,  
Richard E Grant, Marina  
Warner and others select  
their favourite reads

All this and more for

50p



Hong Kong in the Rain No 6: A couple brave the elements on top of Victoria Peak

Edward Webb

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post: Letters to the Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, London E14 5DL; please give a daytime telephone number. Fax: 0171 293 2056.  
E-mail: letters@independent.co.uk. E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

## Nuclear sanity

Sir: The new German government's desire for Nato to adopt a no nuclear first use (NFU) policy ("German nuclear proposal gets short shrift from US", 25 November) appears to be based more on resurrecting yesterday's slogans than a rational analysis of today's strategic environment.

True, the possible need to resort to nuclear weapons to prevent a Soviet/Russian conventional victory in Europe no longer makes sense, if it ever did. And it is precisely because Nato now enjoys massive superiority in non-nuclear forces that Russia has reversed its previous NFU policy.

So, first question, what do we gain from extending an assurance to a country that will not reciprocate? And why should Nato entirely rule out the threat of nuclear retaliation if a non-nuclear aggressor is considering subjecting us to germ warfare, especially if by so doing we increase the likelihood of him using biological weapons? Does anyone really believe that if a dictator armed with anthrax threatened London a nuclear NFU policy would mean anything or contribute to our security?

The nuclear weapon states have already pledged themselves never to use their nuclear weapons against non-nuclear states, so long as these states are in compliance with the non-proliferation treaty and are not attacking us in collaboration with a nuclear-armed foe. That still stands, but would hardly still apply if such states had just used chemical and biological weapons.

It is difficult, therefore, to see what a NFU policy would achieve in practical terms, other than to give unwanted encouragement to those contemplating the use of disease and poison to achieve their military ambitions.

Dr STEPHEN PULLINGER  
Department of Peace Studies  
University of Bradford

## Sick old man

Sir: Some people say that Pinochet should be released on compassionate grounds alone.

Everybody knows he is guilty of crimes against humanity. So these people have to find other ways to get him out of trouble. Lady Thatcher said that we should release him because he is a "frail, sick and old" man.

But he thought himself fit enough to appoint himself senator for life. And he thought himself fit enough to come to England for a meeting with British Aerospace and a visit to Madame Tussauds. He even thought himself fit enough for a cup of tea with Thatcher.

Some people say that extradition threatens Chilean democracy. A democracy where an 82-year-old "sick and frail" man, guilty of crimes against humanity, appoints himself senator for life and nobody has the power to do anything against that. Strange democracy!

There is no real democracy in Chile as long as Pinochet is free. He should be jailed for life on compassionate grounds alone.

MARTIN VAN ELMPT  
London SE8

Sir: At a time when the international community is talking of setting up an international war crimes tribunal to try Saddam Hussein, it would be the height of hypocrisy for Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, not to allow Augusto Pinochet to be tried in Spain for his crimes against humanity.

Why should one dictator escape justice just because he hasn't fallen out with the governments who kept him in power?

Dr DAVID SCOTT  
York

## Policing Ulster

Sir: Fergal Keane (Comment, 24 November) refers to the withdrawal by Donegal Celtic from their match against RUC.

The attempt to police a society of two communities

with an RUC force drawn from one community has predictably failed. Fergal Keane says imbalance in RUC membership is due to IRA intimidation of prospective members. He does not explain how this occurred in the years prior to 1971 when the IRA was dormant. The fact that all applicants to the RUC were required to swear a unionist oath is a more credible reason.

Fundamental reform of the Northern Irish police force is an essential element of the peace process. Chris Patten's review offers some hope that this might take place, but that hope is slight. The reform should have happened sixty years ago.

It is the right of the nationalist community to urge their local team to withdraw from a football match if that withdrawal can bring attention to the denial of fair policing. IRA violence in the past has rightly been condemned, but nationalist community are not to be attacked for peaceful protest against obvious wrong. Peaceful protest is to be encouraged as a guarantor of peace, and should be listened to, not attacked.

FRANK MURPHY  
Coulston, Surrey

## Scotland's news

Sir: The Governors of the BBC are currently considering a revamp of the *Str O'Clock News* in order to respond to the new political geography of the UK. They say they are "minded" to support a format which would still be produced and edited in London but which would reflect the fact that Scotland will have a new parliament next year and Wales and Northern Ireland new assemblies.

As presenters of news and current affairs programmes on BBC Scotland we would have to say that such a "solution" would not remove the existing anomalies nor adequately address the new political and broadcasting imperatives. At the moment much of what is transmitted in the national news at 6pm has little relevance in Scotland.

because the Scottish Office is responsible for policy areas like health, education, home affairs and the arts. This will be exacerbated by the arrival of a Scottish Parliament.

We also have a constant problem of duplication. Because the *Str O'Clock News* has Scotland correspondents covering the main Scottish story of the day, Scottish viewers see that item on the London-based news and frequently all over again on *Reporting Scotland*, which follows immediately. A Scottish Six, produced and edited in Scotland, would eradicate that problem.

Equally it is important that political stories after devolution are covered with a Scottish perspective.

A Scottish Six would not be a parochial poor relation. It would give viewers unrestricted access to international and national news from the BBC's unrivalled network of correspondents. But the running order and the style would reflect the priorities of its audience. The radio precedent is well established. *Good Morning Scotland* is broadcast at the same time as *Today*, using material from the latter where appropriate.

In setting up such a programme the BBC would not be running ahead of the political process as some Governors apparently fear, but merely complementing the fact of devolved government.

RUTH WISHART  
JOHN MACWHIRTER  
JOHN MILNE  
KENNY MCINTYRE  
COLIN BELL  
KEITH AITKEN  
DEREK BATEMAN  
ISOBEL FRASER  
BBC Scotland  
Glasgow

## Verbal assault

Sir: John Williams (Letter, 25 November) only touches the tip of the iceberg when he writes of the "51st state" syndrome. Only this week my partner and I were intrigued but confused by a number of radio programmes on a variety of channels, all British.

The first discussed the relative merits of east and west coast holiday destinations. Apparently Bridlington and Blackpool have been replaced by large cities called Miami and San Francisco. This was followed by Britain's favourite DJ (sic) Chris Evans telling us that a wonderful book he had just read covered many topics "from A to Zee" and talking of the "lootnents" who ran his radio show.

Finally, on our local radio station, we were disappointed but not surprised to hear of a "football" shaped hot-air balloon designed to fly at high altitude. Eventually we deduced that it was nothing of the sort. It was rugby ball-shaped.

As someone who works in magazines I am all in favour of the development of the English language in order to make it a comprehensible, simple and understandable tool. I do not believe, however, that this involves wholesale acceptance of another nation's fashionable terminology when it means that British media are rendered virtually meaningless to British listeners.

MICHAEL O'HARE  
London HA6

## For the birds

Sir: It would be unwise to follow the example of St Francis in considering all wild bird populations as equal and equally good in compiling Mr Prescott's newly unveiled quality-of-life index (News, 24 November).

For the average urban dweller the degradation wrought by growing populations of pigeons and herring gulls indicates serious loss of environmental quality. Compared with that immediate concern, the knowledge that there are more skylarks in the countryside is likely to amount to scant consolation.

It should be a wondrous challenge for government statisticians to calculate how many countryside skylark benefits units it will take to cancel out a unit of urban

pigeon costs before concluding that there has been a net improvement in the wild bird sector of the new happiness index. Meanwhile, a concerted effort by local councils to poison pigeons in the parks could send the index soaring.

Wild bird indicator watching should be a real cool new source of pleasure.  
CAROLINE DOUGART  
CAROLINE DOUGART  
London SW3

## IN BRIEF

Sir: The recent troubles with the Jubilee Line extension have underlined the folly of siting the Millennium Dome on an inaccessible peninsula in a remote corner of the country, when a ready-made site with excellent transport links was already available at the nation's most central location at the National Exhibition Centre. Is it too much to hope that our rulers will consider the interests of the majority when planning the next national project?  
SAM BOOTE  
Nottingham

Sir: In a letter to the editor (24 November), 19 bishops write 89 lines and not once mention the power of prayer.  
HOLLY MURPHY  
Taunton, Somerset

Sir: William Hague appears to have finally found an identity: protector of hereditary peers and brutal dictators. Perhaps he should stick with anonymity.  
TIM CROSSLAND  
Ramsey, Hampshire

Sir: It is a great pity that the essentially undemocratic nature of a closed list system for electing MEPs should be obscured by the reform of the even more undemocratic House of Lords.

In a closed list system we could not elect a Martin Bell MEP. Why should even the faint chance of electing independent members be blotted out?  
MICHAEL COOPER  
Hedgerley,  
Buckinghamshire

Continued from page 1  
But debate has simmered over the years, both within the creative team and the public at large, whether Angelica's meanness is really appropriate for an audience scarcely any older than the animated characters. Early on in the series, she ran away from home, attempted to pin blame for outrageous acts on her cousin Tommy and his friends, and sued her parents for forcing her to eat broccoli.

## I've seen the future. And it burps

These might seem like reasonable plotlines for a children's cartoon, but in the US the offspring of the baby boomer generation has been subject to unprecedented scrutiny and psychobabble when it comes to appropriate behaviour, language and role models. *Rugrats* has attempted to tread the same

fine line being drawn up in pre-schools and kindergartens. Should children's behaviour be categorised as good or bad? (No, says the prevailing wisdom.) The *Rugrats* never do anything domestic irresponsible, like sliding downstairs on the back of a vacuum cleaner; say instead, they have a lot of adventures in forests, office buildings and shops. Angelica's dastardly side never escapes punishment and her character has a token ounce of sweetness.



This kind of kid-glove approach to children's programming dates back to the 1960s, when the network works came under pressure to tone down the violence typical of the old Warner Brothers cartoons. Eventually, the number of times a cartoon character could be pounded into the ground was restricted to a couple of instances per episode.

With the flourishing of a hipper brand of children's cartoon in the 1990s, starting with *The Simpsons*, the attempts to keep the airwaves sweet and reasonable have become more subtle but no less influential. The idea of developing shows like *Rugrats* was to tap into eccentric animation and writing talent, then try to find a way to keep the

excesses and exuberances under control - making the show thrilling and harmless at the same time.

The new movie is a good case in point. The plot of this 90-minute caper revolves around the birth of Tommy's baby brother, Dyl Pickles. Angelica stirs up Tommy's jealousy at the new arrival and causes him and his friends to vow to take Dyl back to the baby shop for a refund. In a series of complicated twists, the whole gang of toddlers winds up with the baby in the middle of a mountain forest. Angelica comes after them in the belief that they have kidnapped her doll, Cynthia, and ends up protecting them from a wolf. Parents and grandparents argue about who is responsible for the missing children and rush along in pursuit.

Again, the plot twists are accompanied by a politically correct message. Parents, don't lose track of what your children are up to. Don't fall asleep like Grandpa Lou, only to find the little ones gone when you wake up. Children, don't do anything foolhardy if you get lost. And so on, in right-on fashion. For this reason, *Rugrats* comes across as a bit bloodless, a bit too safe, a bit boring. The soundtrack and swift editing keep it noisy and distracting, but what it needs is a dark, slightly perverse side that is unafraid to take child audiences down the same sort of perilous avenues explored in the Grimm fairy tales.

In America it has caught on because it captures a certain spirit of the age in a country where seemingly everyone is having children and then worrying about the world they are being brought up in. No doubt publicity, product placement and savvy marketing might provoke a *Rugrats* infestation in Britain to coincide with the movie's release. It remains to be seen, though, whether it has the power to speak to a generation of parents and children, or whether it will just come across as another dumb American cartoon show.

JP 11/20/98







He said that, if successful, compensation figures could reach millions of pounds. "These are very serious cases.

But a subsequent meeting of 37 scientists, brought together by the Medical Research Council, concluded there was no reason to change current vaccination practice. Two months later, *The Lancet* reported that researchers from Helsinki University had traced children who received the vaccine over a period of 14 years, between 1982 and 1996, but had found no cases of autism or any similar syndrome.



Lynne McTaggart, author of *What Doctors Don't Tell You*, said she hoped the debate would be "a fair fight". "We want to look at whether vaccines are safe and effective," she said. "We want to hear the evidence from both sides of the debate."

**BY JASON BENNETTO**  
Crime Correspondent

Civil liberty campaigners yesterday criticised some of the proposals and warned they would be open to abuse.

But Liz Parratt, campaign manager of Liberty, the civil rights group, said: "Any measure based on the logic of 'we know he's guilty but can't prove it' should ring alarm bells."

The consultation document, *Review of Football-Related Legislation*, says: "This mea-

face opposition and could be delayed before the European Championships in 2000.

She has no-one to  
turn to but you.  
Don't let her down.

\_\_\_\_\_

هكذا من الامم



# Wake up, have biscuit, pass water and go

WILL THE radical reshaping of the NHS proposed in the Queen's Speech mean new sofas in my doctor's waiting room? It's beginning to look a bit dingy, though it couldn't be more than five years since it was last done up. That was when the five partners in my general practice stopped being boring, old-fashioned doctors and became exciting new medical fund-holders responsible for their own budgets and entitled to decide for themselves how their limited finances could be of best use to their patients. By the way, are we still patients or have we - like railway passengers - become customers?

Any way, being a civilised sort of chap, our GPs decided that what we patients needed first of all was somewhere decent to sit while waiting for our appointments. As they were in charge of their own resources the practice moved to a leafy new house.

My first appointment in the new house was entirely spent discussing the new decor. Yes, my doctor agreed as he leaned back in his stylish, matt black, revolving leather armchair, the stripped pine floors did set off the antique Turkish Kelim beautifully and it had been the family counsellor's idea to utilise the wall space like a gallery.

What I had not appreciated was that GP fund-holders - powerful as their financial independence makes them in matters concerning stripped pine and Kelim - are powerless when it comes to minor details such as hospital waiting lists, hospital procedure and hospital practice. As I get older and potentially iller, I am asked by friends why

served me very well. Not so my favourite aunt Muriel who never suffered a day's illness in her life until the electronically adjustable upholstered chair that her family bought her last Christmas suddenly went berserk. It shot two feet into the air of its own accord and threw Aunt Muriel to the ground where she sustained multiple injuries, including a broken collar bone, when the chair fell on top of her. She was taken to hospital where, to her horror, she found herself in a mixed ward. Useless to protest that she had never seen a man in pyjamas in her life. Single sex wards are uneconomical, advised the staff nurse. Besides, this was the way forward. It was modern. Poor hitherto indomitable Aunt Muriel. The electronically adjustable chair only broke her

bones. Two weeks in hospital flanked on either side by men in pyjamas emitting indescribably disgusting noises by all accounts every night broke her spirit.

Last time I went to see my doctor, we spent a little less time discussing the new exhibition (Ethiopian scenes, shell on raffia) and talked about my problem. Nothing serious, he assured me, I'd have to go to hospital for day surgery. There'd be a general anaesthetic but it was very simple. Naturally there was a waiting list which he could do nothing about. A week before the appointed day, a nurse rang from the hospital to give me what she called a pre-assessment - the usual questions about ailments, allergies and abnormalities. At 8am sharp last Monday morning, a serious young



**SUE ARNOLD**  
*Aunt Muriel never suffered a day's illness until the electronic chair suddenly went berserk*

I do not subscribe to a private medical insurance plan. "Because I believe in the NHS," I snap, and in fairness, it has always

## THE SATURDAY PROFILE OSKAR LAFONTAINE, GERMAN FINANCE MINISTER

# Europe's most dangerous man?

THERE IS a little man in Germany who looks very much like Napoleon, bangs on about "harmonisation" all things European from cucumbers to taxes, and in political outlook harks back to the idyllic pre-Thatcher days of socialism. If he did not exist, he would have to be invented by British Euro-sceptics. But Oskar Lafontaine, Finance Minister of Germany and so much else, is flesh and blood. He may well be the embodiment of the Gallic-Teutonic monster the Murdoch press has been warning us about all these years.

He discovered politics at a relatively late stage of his life, joining the Social Democratic party at the age of 23, but quickly made up for lost time. A brilliant orator, Mr Lafontaine dazzled audiences with his charm and wit, and eventually caught the eye of Willy Brandt, arguably the Social Democrats' greatest Chancellor.

The combination of his own rising popularity, and help from head office in Bonn, propelled Mr Lafontaine quickly up the ca-

### LIFE STORY

**Origins:** Age: 55. Working class parents, father died on the front. **Education:** From age nine at the Catholic boarding school of Prüm. Studied physics at universities of Saarbrücken and Bonn. **Vital statistics:** Married three times, currently to economist Christa Müller. Children: Frederic, aged 16; Carl Maurice, 19 months. **Lifestyle:** The proud owner of a house in Chianti country, which boasts a wine cellar with an impressive range of Burgundy. **Scandals:** Forced to pay back DM110,000 he received when he "retired" from job of Saarbrücken mayor. Implicated in the "Red Light District" affair, when he was found to have cultivated dubious contacts with members of the local underworld. **Images:** Bonaparte of the Saar, Schröder's red shadow, and a garden gnome (right). **Prizes:** "Golden Microphone" awarded by the German Society of Political Rhetoric. **Coveted jobs:** President of the European Commission (alleged). Pope (admitted).



reer ladder. In 1974, at the age of 31, he was elected deputy mayor of Saarbrücken, capital of his home region. He was mayor two years later, and a year after that he became leader of the SPD in Saarland.

The chances of a local politician from one of the least significant Länder of Germany being noticed were minimal. Yet, in 1982, Mr Lafontaine achieved national fame when he made a stand against the deployment of US nuclear weapons on German soil. Then still only mayor, he took part in sit-ins, opposing the policies of the Social Democrat Chancellor of the day, Helmut Schmidt.

The party was splitting down the middle, and Mr Lafontaine was lining up the wing led by Brandt, who was then SPD chairman. Even by the sectarian standards of the day, Mr Lafontaine was something

of an extremist. He advocated not only nuclear disarmament, but also the removal of Allied troops from the soil of West Germany, and Germany's withdrawal from Nato's military structure.

Despite his growing notoriety nationwide, on his home turf Mr Lafontaine was unstoppable. In 1985, he scored an electoral triumph in Saarland, sweeping the SPD into power for the first time with an absolute majority. He inherited a rust-belt saddled with massive debts, and proceeded to restructure the bankrupt steel mills and coal mines. Already, at this time, it was becoming clear that Mr Lafontaine would not easily be pigeon-holed into traditional socialist slots. His answer to the problems of a region crying out for modernisation was unconventional for the times. Always on the look-out for a big idea, the new Prime Minister of Saarland struck upon "eco-socialism", a creed that eschews growth and, naturally, nuclear power, in favour of environmental concerns.

His government borrowed and borrowed, pumping vast resources into cleaning up industry. The mines and the steel mills were kept, but their chimneys were no longer belching. Jobs were preserved, too, owing to heavy public investment. The greatest legacy of Oskar Lafontaine's 13 years in charge of Saarland is a bankrupt foundry which now makes a profit as a theme park. Or the fact that unemployment stands where it stood in 1985, whereas in most of western Germany, it has doubled in that time. Or the regional government's debt burden: nearly twice what it was 13 years ago.

In a candid moment, Mr Lafontaine might now concede that not everything went according to plan in Saarbrücken. He had counted on more help from the private sector, but companies looking for green field sites were often enticed by more favourable tax regimes across the border in Lorraine or Luxembourg.

There are two ways to look at this situation: either the German system or the neighbours were at fault. In Mr Lafontaine's eyes, it is the foreign tax regime that is wrong. Many of Saarland's, and Germany's, economic problems could be solved if other countries could be prevented from practising "beggar-your-neighbour" policies. In other words: harmonise taxes across the EU, and wages too, because they are also unfair.

But we are rushing ahead. For parallel to his administrative career in Saarland, Mr Lafontaine was making his mark on national politics. In 1987, after another SPD defeat, Mr Lafontaine was elected deputy leader under Hans-Jochen Vogel and took charge of a committee which drafted the party's first new national programme in 30 years. The programme's key element, in response to the rising threat from the Greens, was eco-socialism.

Mr Lafontaine could have had the party chairmanship, but he declined, opting instead for a run against Helmut Kohl in the



Lafontaine: 'It must remain our goal to overcome the nation state in Europe'

1990 elections as the SPD's Chancellor candidate. Characteristically, he was very sure of himself. The polls put him way ahead of Mr Kohl, and Mr Lafontaine had added up the cost of German re-unification, and had discovered that the Chancellor had done his sums wrong. He was also certain that the (West) German people were not very enthusiastic about the project.

Both were miscalculations. Mr Kohl had, it was to emerge later, underestimated the true price tag, but Germans, especially the new voters in the east, had been put off by Mr Lafontaine's unpatriotic and divisive rhetoric. While on the campaign trail, Mr Lafontaine also fell victim to an assassination attempt, when a deranged woman bearing two bouquets of flowers stabbed him in the neck.

He is lucky to be alive now, and even today, the Finance Minister looks extremely nervous in crowds. He made a full recovery, but his *amnis horribilis* was sealed with the SPD's worst electoral result since 1957. The old certainties gone, Mr Lafontaine beat a retreat to Saarland and fell into a deep depression.

He weathered two corruption scandals at home, divorced and married for the third time, and three years ago, he bounced back. His moment came at an SPD conference

in Mannheim, convened as the party stood at its lowest in the polls following a year of infighting. Rudolf Scharping, the SPD chairman, asked for "clarity" in his position. Mr Lafontaine stood up and delivered the best speech of his life to thunderous applause. Next morning, he put his name forward and won in an instant ballot.

The question of who would stand against Mr Kohl was deliberately left open. For once, Mr Lafontaine was not so sure of his own chances, but seemed deeply impressed by the vote-pulling power of Gerhard Schröder. No formal agreement was ever struck, but the two men, a bit like Tony Blair and Gordon Brown, reached an informal understanding that if Mr Schröder were to prove himself as the candidate with the best chance, Mr Lafontaine would not oppose him.

Mr Schröder delivered the votes earlier this year in his home turf in Lower Saxony. Mr Lafontaine, meanwhile, settled the nerves of the party's ranks. In September, the "nightmare ticket" of Mr Lafontaine at the helm of the party, and Mr Schröder as its candidate for Chancellor, brought the Social Democrats back into power after 16 years in the wilderness.

While Mr Lafontaine was busy reshaping his party, he was also fine-tuning his

views with the help of his latest wife, Christa Müller, an economist who used to work for the Social Democrats. Now the search for a new dogma is over. In the age of globalisation, Mr Lafontaine thinks the "global casino" of the currency markets poses the greatest threat to social equilibrium. The euro is thus a Good Thing, provided its exchange rate can be harmonised with the dollar and the yen.

Wages and taxes, meanwhile, should be brought in line in the rest of Europe, and industry boosted, Saarland-style, by the injection of vast public funds. The central banks would keep the cost of state borrowing low by reducing interest rates.

There is no evidence to suggest that Chancellor Schröder believes in any of this. But Mr Lafontaine is chairman of the party, and as Willy Brandt has shown with the help of his Saarland protégé, the party can destroy the Chancellor. The Finance Minister has already built up a formidable power base within the government, and no policy area seems beyond his ambitious grasp. At home, his tax policies are heading for spectacular failure, but Mr Lafontaine is convinced he is right and everyone else wrong. He will not budge, at least until the next big idea comes along.

IMRE KARACS

## ACCIDENTAL HEROES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

### 16: JERRY SEINFELD, COMEDIAN

OUR LIVES are so pointless: working, shopping, dating, taking clothes to the dry cleaners. Not everyone's life, obviously. There are people who have ships to build, operas to write, races to run, wives and husbands to murder. Their views, and actions, you will find represented in other sections of this newspaper, and also on television and radio.

Jerry Seinfeld, on the other hand, has taken it upon himself - in this decade of unprecedented wealth and comfort - to articulate the concerns of the unremarkable majority whose idea of a major contemporary issue is the difficulty of finding your car in a shopping-mall car park. An entire episode of Seinfeld's sit-com dealt with this problem; the solution being that instead of parking levels being num-

bered or colour-coded, they should be called things like "Your mother's a whore", or "My father's an abusive alcoholic" as an *aide-memoire*.

Seinfeld is a kind of poet of the pointless. His sit-com is quite deliberately about nothing. In early episodes in 1990, a stand-up comedian called Jerry Seinfeld was seen trying to persuade TV executives to commission a show about nothing - a neat little post-modern idea since the series, to the eternal credit of American television, was clearly already in production.

Seinfeld has been criticised, predictably, for dealing exclusively with the perceived problems of a pampered few, for ignoring the world outside that of relatively rich Manhattanites. You might as well take a

pop at the novels of Jane Austen for ignoring the Industrial Revolution.

And if the parallel between Seinfeld and Austen seems a little far-fetched, compare the two worlds: enclosed, unhealthily concerned with wealth, possessions, and with strict codes of etiquette. Austen, it is true, tended to do less material about cordless telephones, but Seinfeld's take on the problems of dating, for instance - "What is a date but a job

interview that lasts all night?" - is not a million miles from the exquisite agonising of Austen's characters.

Seinfeld, the final episode of which was shown in the US on 14 May 1998, may be the most successful series in American television history. In a multi-channel world catering for a variety of specialist interests, the show created something media experts thought no longer possible, a shared television experience. Half of Amer-

ica settled down for the final Seinfeld, as if it was the moon landing.

But was it personal vision that created the series, or was Seinfeld merely fortunate in somehow tapping into a popular mood? The former is almost certainly the case. The show might have appeared as casual as Jerry's jeans and sneakers, but 10 years of planning went into it.

In 1980, Seinfeld had been plucked from the stand-up circuit to write for *Benson*, a popular sit-com, at a salary of \$4,000 (£2,500) a week. He did not last long, and for the next 10 years resisted further blandishments to write "someone else's crummy jokes", waiting for the opportunity to bring a rare commodity to American TV comedy - a little truth.

He'd do something on body odour

for instance - "I have the underarm deodorant with the cologne smell. Why do you want the smell there? I think once a woman's got her nose in your armpit, the seduction's pretty much over" - but he is not playing to the crowd. The anxieties in Seinfeld are the anxieties of Seinfeld.

According to friends, Jerry is not significantly different from the rather picky character we see on screen. Little wonder, then, that he no longer felt able to do the show.

It must be exhausting to present yourself weekly on screen in a largely unsympathetic light. The last comedian to do it was Tony Hancock, and it probably contributed to his death, which is one of the many reasons why Seinfeld's chosen comic route is really rather heroic.





## THE WEEKLY MUSE

BY MARTIN NEWELL



The dark days down to Christmas drag  
The stubborn lime leaves from the bough,  
By black canals the soggy hours  
Hang heavy on the towpaths now.

In ermine whites and Santa reds  
With sawn-off beehives stuck on heads  
(You wonder where they go at nights)  
The Lords may lose their ancient rights,  
And Silver-Sticks-In-Waiting too –  
Then how will he and Black Rod do  
Attending unemployment queues  
And going to Restart interviews?

Forget that sad old Playboy list  
Of female icons. One they missed –  
The girl your Indie poet loves –  
Jane Couch, the goddess of the gloves.  
Yes, that's the type of girl for me,  
She's handsome, strong and sinewy:  
A sexy look, a great left hook,  
I wouldn't care if she can't cook.  
A lovers' dispute I suppose  
May well lead to a broken nose  
But I could wear the thing with pride  
The Fleetwood tigress by my side.  
Her picture's on my garret wall...  
I tremble and await her call.

Just take the cash and throw it in –  
Programme 5: Short wash/quick spin.  
Those stubborn stains and musty smells  
On money made by drug cartels  
Are banished almost overnight  
And profits come up dazzling white.  
The City Law Firm Launderette:  
"We haven't lost an item yet."

The "headline indicators" are  
We drink too much, we Brits, by far  
And on the Happiness Index  
Drink's several points ahead of sex.  
The sickness, fights and blood that's split,  
Accompanied by dreadful guilt,  
And then of course, my throbbing head...  
I'll have to take up drink instead.

In spite of what the planners say  
Delays could blight the Year 2K.  
So be prepared when you leave home  
To swim the last bit to the Dome.  
The Jubilee Line schedule fails  
And strikes may drive it off the rails.  
So out of solidarity  
I work to rule in sympathy.  
For safety reasons, on this rhyme  
Therefore, I can't complete on

## THE WEASEL

The glacial snap of Stockholm in November is offset by jugs of fiery acquavit and contemplating the city's bizarre maritime past

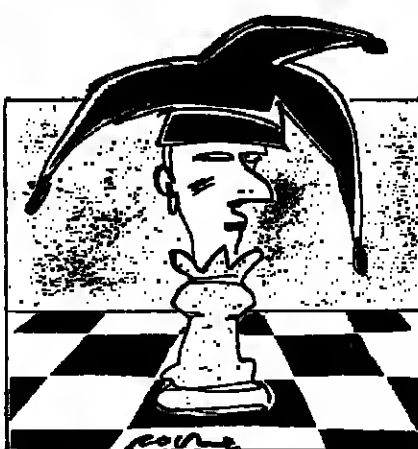
DON'T ASK why, but I found myself in Stockholm for a couple of days last week. Though a surprisingly beautiful city, I'd hesitate before recommending an out-of-season break – not so much because the temperature was a bracing -6°C, but because the eye-wateringly extortionate British Airways fare was the wrong side of five hundred quid. Still, with someone else footing the bill, I commenced explorations with a light heart.

Stockholm must be one of the few capitals to have dangerous-looking rapids hurtling through its heart. Near the parliament building, half a dozen anglers dangled lines in the black torrent. Even for a nation as fish-obsessed as the Swedes, this appeared absurdly optimistic – but then, at the feet of one fisherman, I saw a calligraphic smear of blood in the powdery snow leading to a two-and-a-half-foot salmon. Though I missed the department store where Greta Garbo once sold hats, I was reminded of another distinctive contribution of Swedish cinema in Stockholm's Medieval Museum. Built around the sole surviving fragment of city wall (rarely can grouting have been so celebrated), this institution contains several replica medieval houses (apparently, dried cod played a big part in interior decor back then) and an ancient wooden boat extracted from the mud of the Baltic (as we shall see, such items are by no means rare in Stockholm's museums). In a cabinet, a couple of 14th-century skulls grained horribly. One was punctured by a bullet-hole in the middle of the forehead,

the other had a neat square hole clipped by a crossbow bolt. Underlining the transience of life, a medieval mural featured the figure of Death playing chess with a peasant. So that's where Ingmar Bergman (and in due course Monty Python, Woody Allen, French & Saunders etc) got it from. I was so cheered at finding the original of the great Swedish joke that, despite the slush, I walked off with a spring in my stride.

MY NEXT stop was the National Museum, the Swedish equivalent of the V&A, where the annual Excellent Swedish Design exhibition drew an appreciative crowd of spectators. Judging by the Sixties-style cabinets and chairs which predominated among the 40-odd winners, anyone who has hung on to their G-plan furniture will soon be back at the cutting edge of fashion. Amid the long-stemmed aquavit glasses, hefty frying pans and grained wooden spoons, there were just two items from Sweden's most popular export after Abba. Sadly for Ikea fans, they won't be able to get their hands on one of these prize-winners, though it was judged "absolutely the right design for conserving Ikea's culture". It was a manual for the firm's Swedish employees, modelled on a child's exercise book. But perhaps the other item will have pride of place in many British homes soon. It was a cardboard box commended for "admirable information graphics and pedagogical colour scheme".

ASIDE FROM the belief that all Swedish women are blonde goddesses (they look pretty much like the British version), the most commonly held misapprehension about Sweden is that pubs are impossibly expensive. Is that to forget that pubs are now impossibly expensive in Britain too. In fact, if you choose the right place, Swedish drink is somewhat cheaper. In the Pelikan,



a pleasantly old-fashioned beer-hall recommended in the *Rough Guide*, an ice-cooled flask containing four measures of aquavit was a touch over £3.

Like many other patrons, I accompanied this combustible beverage with a local speciality called *pytt i panna* – a sort of corned-beef hash topped with a fried egg and accompanied by beetroot. As a result of this calorific re-fuelling, the glacial night felt positively Caribbean when I emerged.

SAUNTERING THROUGH the cobbled streets (mercifully traffic-free) of Stockholm's old town on the following afternoon, I popped into the cathedral. This was a model of Swedish restraint, aside from a flamboyant baroque statue of a camp-looking dragon being given a seeing-to by the notorious vermiform St George. Nearby, trumpet-toting angels raised giant-sized crowns over a pair of royal pews which resembled padded cells. It's very handy for Sweden's bicycling royalty since the palace is just round the corner. No ratings surround this fairly modest structure so I ambled into a central courtyard where, in the murk, there seemed to be just one other tourist staring into mid-air. Suddenly, he stomped towards me and thrust an automatic rifle in my face, then turned and clattered back to his original post.

A 10-MINUTE ferry journey to yet another island takes you to a specially built museum containing the *Vasa*. This preposterously vast warship sank in 1628 after a maiden voyage lasting just twice as long as my ferry journey. Raised from the mud in 1961, it is hard to heat as an example of hubris carved in wood. Because shipworms cannot survive in the brackish Baltic, the detail of the vessel is in far better nick than the *Mary Rose*, which an undiscriminating eye might mistake for a lumberheap. But even non-mariners can instantly see there is something radically wonky about the

*Vasa*. With every inch covered in coats of arms and grotesque carvings, the stern resembles a nightmarish wooden skyscraper. It goes up and up and up. The main culprit for this botch seems to have been Gustavus Adolphus, who demanded an additional gun-deck. Then, as now, a prince could not be naysayed for ridiculous architectural notions. The first time a puff of wind filled the sails, the vessel went down "sails, flags and all", with its skeleton crew of 50. No one was ever blamed.

Possessions recovered from this juggernaut reveal that the Swedish obsession with design is nothing new. The beautifully turned wooden mortar, the fashionably ethnic terracotta cooking pots, the miniature backgammon set, the pewter plates, even the two pewter chamber pots, all look as if they could have been sold yesterday. This is literally true since copies are available at the museum shop. Cooking pots will set you back £25; pewter plates £125. No chamber pots, sadly. But the souvenir which took my eye was a half-size version of one of the *Vasa's* cannons for £8,000. "Yes, certainly it fires," the shop manager assured me. "You can buy cannon balls for 130 kroner (£10)."

I was tempted to bring one of these back to Weasel Villas, but I suppose British Airways would have kicked up a fuss about bringing weapons on board. Instead, as part of my long-running campaign to induce a love of fish in the carnivorous Mrs Weasel, I took back three sides of gravadlax. Inexplicably, she was a bit sniffy about this romantic souvenir of Scandinavia. No taste, some people.

## SPIRIT OF THE AGE

PAUL VALLELY

## Can our rights be universal?

"WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident," So said the founding fathers of the United States in their declaration of independence. Those were the days. In this age of uncertainty, what is there left which is self-evident to us? This is the epoch of post-modernism, when the quest for a universal narrative is over, and each of us must tell a different story. More than that, our relativist consensus judges each of them to be of equal validity. Tolerance of one another is as much as we can hope for.

But perhaps there is something more. Earlier this week a group of scholars from the three Abrahamic religions got together to consider the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which celebrates its 50th anniversary next month. They were concerned to highlight the fact that in all three traditions – Jewish, Christian and Muslim – there is a clear basis of support for the declaration. In the process, a more interesting question arose. Are all self-evident truths merely statements of faith – or can they be arrived at by reason? There were those, like Ian Markham, a Christian professor of "theology and public life", who insisted that secular human rights are merely religious statements in disguise. The American fathers went on to explain that their idea of what was self-evident was drawn from the belief that "all men... are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights". In the same way, Markham insisted, modern secularist statements

are drawn from a culture whose assumptions are inherently theistic. Religion, as the Jewish scholar Edward Kessler told the seminar, is at the root of human rights.

Hollow laughs all round, then, from those who suffered at the hands of the Inquisition or its modern-day equivalents: the Taliban, the zealots of Zionism or the Christians who murder doctors engaged in abortion. Those like Markham are unperturbed. Yes, throughout history, people have violated human rights in the name of religion – but in doing so they betrayed the tradition they purported to uphold.

The irony is that the secular West has made the language of rights central to its social discourse, while undermining any possible justification of such language. "If ultimately humans are nothing more than complex bundles of atoms emerging from a blind and irrational process and facing extinction when we die," Markham told the meeting of the Interfaith Foundation, "then it is difficult to see how we can affirm the inherent dignity of people."

This is not a picture those in the tradition of John Locke, Thomas Paine or the French Revolution theorists would accept. Yet it was an Enlightenment thinker, Jeremy Bentham, who insisted there are "no such things as natural rights, no such things as rights anterior to the establishment of government, no such things as natural rights [as] opposed to legal [ones]. Natural rights [are]... nonsense upon stilts."

If that is true, rights are purely empirical and probably local to each culture. So how – in a post-modern world – can we justify any claim that is universal and objective? Saying that the law ought to be linked with the moral codes of the community is not much help; the Nazis had significant support from the German national community for the killing of Jews, homosexuals and gypsies.

In the end, said Dr Elizabeth Vallance of the Interfaith Foundation's committee, you cannot justify basic principles; you just choose them. I was unconvinced, for we don't choose starting from a blank sheet. We are born into a culture; we learn its morality; we inherit frameworks within which to exercise our reason. And, if our culture's old formula, which embedded rights in law and responsibilities in religion, has broken down with the growth of secularisation, where does that leave us?

Yet there was a challenge even to the basis of this exchange. The Human Rights Declaration is billed as "universal", said the Muslim academic Dr Zaki Badawi; but the US baseball championship is described as a World Series, though only Americans play in it. For many, "universal" is just a cloak for the values of the affluent West. For the homeless or starving, freedom of speech or assembly mean little. And, though the Muslim feminist Dr Sula Taj-Farouki conceded that Muslim countries are among the worst abusers



The victim of an attack by Christian zealots on a US abortion clinic

of human rights, Islam's communalism and strong sense of social responsibility could also be a check on the abuses that flow from individualism.

It was wrong, said another Islamic scholar, that no Hindu, Muslim or Sikh was involved in drawing up the 1948 declaration. Yet if Muslims feel affronted by that, it does not automatically invalidate what the declaration says. After all, gravity isn't Western just because it was Newton who discovered it. So why do Muslims embrace Western science so easily and yet not other aspects of modernity?

Modernity is a double-edged sword, said the academic Dr Ifkhar Malik. It boasts of tolerance, yet minorities were better tolerated in Moorish Spain and the Ottoman Empire than in modern

Europe. Modernity brought us the Holocaust, ethnic cleansing and a particularly brutish kind of nationalism. And are the Western signatories to the Declaration any less hypocritical? Since signing, the French have killed 1.5 million Algerians, and the Americans countless Vietnamese. And yet modernity has brought us together, said Rabbi Jonathan Magonet, "but for modernity, we wouldn't even be talking to each other."

Religions, as Dietrich Bonhoeffer said, have a lot to learn from secular society. But religions – which are collective by nature where the human rights declaration is individualistic – clearly have something to say about the roots of secularism. The seminar ended, but the debate continues.

## DAYS LIKE THESE

4 DECEMBER 1904

RAINER MARIA RILKE  
"pictured" writes to  
Lou Andreas Salome  
from Denmark:

"We drove down a long  
avenue of old lime trees,  
the sleigh swung round and  
there was the forecourt,  
flanked by the two wings of  
the building. But yonder,  
where four steps climbed  
wearily and tolls out of  
the snow up to the terrace,  
and where the terrace,  
bounded by a balustrade  
decorated with stone urns,  
made as though to lead into  
the house, there was  
nothing, nothing but a few  
shrubs in snow; and sky, a  
grey, tremulous sky; from  
which falling flakes  
detached themselves into  
the dusk. You had to tell  
yourself: No, there is no  
house there. Nevertheless,  
you still felt it was there,  
somehow you sensed that  
the air behind this terrace  
had not yet become one with  
the rest of the air; that it was  
still divided up into  
corridors and rooms, and  
that it formed a hall in the



middle, a high, empty,  
deserted, twilight hall."

2 DECEMBER 1901

SOFIA TOLSTOY,  
wife of the novelist,  
writes in her diary:

"Now that physical infirmity  
has forced Lev Nikolaevich  
to abandon physical relations  
with his wife 'this was not so  
long ago', instead of that  
peaceful affectionate  
friendship which I have  
longed for in vain all my life,  
there remains nothing but  
complete emptiness.  
Morning and evening he  
greets me and leaves me  
with a cold and formal kiss.  
He calmly accepts my

anxieties about him as his  
due and tends to regard the  
world about him with utter  
indifference. There are now  
only two things that excite,  
interest and torment him in  
the material and intellectual  
realms – death and his work."

3 DECEMBER 1838

FREDERIC CHOPIN  
writes from Palma to his  
friend Julian Fontana  
in Paris:

"I've been as sick as a dog...  
I had caught cold in spite of  
the 18 degrees centigrade,  
the roses, the orange trees,  
the palms and the fig trees.  
Three doctors – the most  
celebrated on this island –  
examined me. One sniffed at  
my spittle, another tapped to  
find out where I spat it from,  
the third felt me, listening to  
how I spat. The first said I  
was going to die, the second  
that I was dying, the third  
that I was dead already... I  
had great difficulty in  
escaping their bleedings,  
vesicatories and peck-sheets,  
but, thanks be to providence,  
I am myself again."

IAN IRVINE

## Plea for a Jewish homeland

CLASSIC  
PODIUM

From a speech in the  
House of Lords by the  
former prime minister,  
Arthur Balfour,  
calling for the Jews to be  
given their own territory  
(21 JUNE 1922)

MY NOBLE friend told us in his  
speech, and I believe him  
absolutely, that he has no pre-  
judice against the Jews. I think  
I may say that I have no prejudice  
in their favour. But their position and their  
history, their connection with world  
religion and with world politics, is  
unique. There is no parallel to it, in  
any branch of human history.

Here you have a small race originally inhabiting a small country – I think of about the size of Wales or Belgium, at any rate of comparable size to those two – at no time in its history wielding anything that can be described as material power, sometimes crushed in between great Oriental monarchies, its inhabitants deported, then scattered, then driven out of the country altogether into every part of the world, and yet maintaining a continuity of religious and racial tradition of which we have no parallel elsewhere.

That, itself, is sufficiently remarkable, but consider – it is not a pleasant consideration, but it is one that we cannot forget – how they have been treated during long centuries, during centuries which, in some parts of the world, extend to the minute and the hour in which I am speaking; consider how they have been subjected to tyranny and persecution; consider whether the whole culture of Europe,

the whole religious organisation of Europe, has not from time to time proved itself guilty of great crimes against this race.

I quite understand that some members of the race may have given – doubtless did give – occasion for much ill will, and I do not know how it could be otherwise, treated as they were; but if you are going to lay stress

on that, do not forget what part they have played in the intellectual, the artistic, the philosophic and scientific development of the world. I say nothing of the economic side of their energies, for on that Christian attention has always been concentrated.

I ask your Lordships to consider the other side of their activities. Nobody who knows what he is talking about will deny that they have at least – and I am putting it more moderately than I could – rowed their weight in the boat of scientific, intellectual and artistic progress, and they are doing so to this day. You will find them in every University in every centre of learning; and at the very moment when they were being persecuted, when some of them, at all events, were being persecuted by the Church, their philosophers were developing thoughts which the great doctors of the Church embodied in their religious system.

And yet, is there anyone here who feels content with the position of the Jews? They have been able, by this extraordinary tenacity of their race, to maintain this continuity, and they have maintained it without having any Jewish Home.

What has been the result? The result is that they have been described as parasites on every civilisation in whose affairs they have mixed themselves – very useful parasites at times, I venture to say. But however that may

be, do not your Lordships think that if Christendom – not oblivious to all the wrong it has done – can give to this race a chance, without injury to others, of showing whether it can organise a culture in a home where it will be secure from oppression; that it is not well to say, if we can do it, then we will do it.

I could defend this scheme of the Palestine Mandate from the most material economic view, and from that point of view it is capable of defence. I have endeavoured to defend it from the point of view of the existing population, and I have shown that their prosperity also is intimately bound up with the success of Zionism.

Surely, it is in order that we may send a message to every land where the Jewish race has been scattered, a message which will tell them that Christendom is not oblivious to their faith, is not unmindful of the service they have rendered to the great religions of the world, and that we desire to the best of our ability to give them that opportunity of developing, in peace and quietness under British rule, those great gifts which hitherto they have been compelled from the very nature of the case only to bring to fruition in countries which know not their language, and belong not to their race.

That is the ideal which I desire to see accomplished.



THE SATURDAY ESSAY

# Who wants to spend their life in a theme park?



JOHN HANNIGAN

These are 'fantasy cities' - tourism, entertainment and shopping all bundled together in a themed environment



Family life in Celebration, Florida, the new 'idyllic' town built by Disney

Philippe Psaila/Katz

IF ALL goes according to plan, sometime early in the next century a consortium of companies, led by Canada's Reichmann family (date of the Canary Wharf project in London's East End), will open the doors to "Destination Technodome". The \$450m indoor entertainment and sports complex will be built on the site of a former air-force base on the northern edge of Toronto. The facilities will include a year-round, 150m ski hill, a white-water rafting course, mountain-climbing walls, a Hollywood-inspired theme park and a 30-screen multiplex cinema. And that is in addition to a fabricated tropical rain-forest and a replica of Bourbon Street in New Orleans.

Destination Technodome is one of a new breed of entertainment centres intended to anchor the "fantasy cities" of the future, where tourism, entertainment and retail development are to be bundled together in a "themed" environment. Multimillion-dollar theme complexes are now being planned in Brussels, Barcelona, and Germany. In Florida, Disney has gone one step further and recreated an entire village designed, managed and protected by Disney, never to feel the threat of crime or a speck of dust. The projects in Britain are much smaller in scale, so far but at least three British companies - Rank, Virgin and Tussauds - are involved internationally. With the troubles in Asia, American corporations are now expected to turn their attention even more to Europe.

These urban projects are being marketed as the saviours of declining downtown cores and of stagnant suburban shopping centres. In places where the infrastructure is present and the demand is there, such as Florida and Las Vegas, they may be commercially successful. Elsewhere, as in Flint, Michigan, they have failed financially and dragged much-needed investment into non-productive dreams. Critics, such as the US writer Paul Goldberger, argue that this new urbanism of leisure will further encourage the privatisation of public places and the erosion of neighbourhood identities. Goldberger labels developments such as Destination Technodome "urbanoid environments". Like the post-bred clones in the science-fiction movie, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, they seem to be genuine, but something is not quite right. What is missing is a sense of the serendipity, diversity and humanity of traditional street life.

The template for these quasi-cities is the Walt Disney version of the theme park, which has forever changed our image of what urban life should be. To appeal to its mainly white, middle-class suburban market, Disney crafted a simulated vision of the world which was both idealised and stripped bare of any significant risk, conflict or controversy. Whether in California, Tokyo or Florida, Disneyland visitors need not worry about tripping over garbage, being accused by panhandlers and "squeegee kids", or being mugged in the middle of the day. Instead, city life means sampling "old time" fudge or listening to a brass band in the town square.

Similarly, exotic foreign locales are rendered accessible and safe: no language or currency problems, stomach upsets or political instability. This "sanitised razamatazz", as the *New York Times* architecture writer, Herbert Muschamp, calls it, can easily triumph over the real thing. Each year, during the March school break, several families from my wife's home town in rural Canada faithfully

make a pilgrimage to the Disney resorts in Florida. After returning last winter, one of the dads observed (without irony): "I don't need to go to the South Pacific any more. I've already seen Tahiti at the Polynesian Village."

In adapting the Disney blueprint to the contemporary "theme park city", architects, developers and planners have borrowed and refined two key Disney strategies. To package the new entertainment destinations, they have embraced an architectural style which is designed to create an aura of fantasy, delight and wellbeing among onlookers.

Whereas shopfronts along traditional high streets are often diverse, and compete with one another visually, the retail establishments in fantasy cities are uniform and harmonious, suggesting a consensus and contentment. But reassuring as it may be, Disney-inspired architecture is also blatantly commercial - a fusion of consumerism, entertainment and popular culture.

At "The Showcase Mall" in Las Vegas - a non-gambling entertainment complex on the famous "Strip" - the "World of Coca-Cola" is fronted by the world's biggest Coke bottles, 100 feet high. Engineered to capitalise on the worldwide recognition of its brand name, the World of Coca-Cola contains a series of interactive exhibits which celebrate Coke bottles, flasks and memories, as well as a retail store which sells Coke-themed products. Urban culture here translates into the "Coca-Cola Salute to Folk Art", which displays the work of artists from 14 nations who have designed oversized Coke-bottle sculptures using an array of styles. Inside, the architectural highlight is the "Fantastic Fountain", featuring 866 Coke bottles which uncork a laser-like flow during a choreographed sound-and-light show.

Another significant component of the Disney model is its elaborate but largely invisible surveillance and control system. Thomas Voner, an architect who has consulted widely with the US State Department on security matters, cites the Disney theme parks as one of the best contemporary examples of what he terms "large-scale urban control zones". At Disney World in Florida, visitors' movements are discreetly but firmly directed by a combination of recorded voices, robots in human form and employees. To ensure that guests are directed away from or towards specific locations, Disney uses a combination of

technology (monorails and other transportation systems) and physical barriers such as pools, fountains and flower gardens. An action as innocent as taking off your shoes will bring an instant intervention and reprimand. Efficient as it may be, this control system also acts to ensure that guests exclusively follow an itinerary laid out by the park's designers.

Fantasy cities have adopted this same "Panopticon" model. In designing Boston's Faneuil Hall, the prototypical "festival marketplace", developer James Rouse sent his project manager straight to Disney World to learn the most effective methods of maintenance and security. At the World Edmontown Mall, the first shopping centre in the world to devote a major portion of its space to entertainment, security guards sit behind a glass wall in Central Dispatch, monitoring banks of closed-circuit televisions and computers which reach into every corner of the mall.

In Manhattan, the Disney company has led a drive to sanitise Times Square, formerly one of America's sleaziest ports. Now, uniformed, radio-equipped public-safety officers employed by the Times Square Business Improvement District make twice-daily visits to the 45 locations of a computerised watch system to check citizen reports of public misbehaviour. The same no-nonsense approach is spreading to other areas of public life. In Los Angeles, transit authorities have introduced "bum-proof" benches which make sleeping impossible. And, as I found out first-hand in a library in Toronto's entertainment district, even a brief attempt at napping can earn a threat of ejection from the building's security staff.

The "Disneyfication" of our cities reflects a larger societal trend toward the "commodification" and "passportisation" of experience. Today, people buy and collect "leisure experiences" the same way they do consumer goods. And like the purchase of Ralph Lauren sweaters or Gaggia espresso machines, our choices are designed to increase our holdings of "cultural capital" - resources which can be used to give us an advantage in our dealings with others.

"Been there, done that" has become the slogan of the 1990s and the logo-imprinted souvenirs from a Hard Rock Café or a Planet Hollywood restaurant act as "passports", proclaiming not only that you have been somewhere interesting but that you have consumed a highly rated experience. What is significant is not so much the role

of consumption in helping to assert status and identity but the fact that consumption is increasingly programmed by giant entertainment corporations.

In the Disney theme parks, happy endings are guaranteed. But Cinderella may find it tougher sledding in the fantasy cities of the early 21st century. It seems unlikely that the economic benefits from large-scale megaprojects like festival marketplaces, designer sports arenas and high-technology entertainment centres will automatically spill over into the economically depressed neighbourhoods which frequently surround them.

Cleveland, Ohio, was once an industrial powerhouse before its decline in the 1960s. Today, in the US, it is celebrated as the exemplar of resurgent urban development. With a restored entertainment district (Playhouse Square), a newly minted sports complex (Gateway Center) and the "Rock and Roll Hall of Fame", Cleveland is the American "comeback city" of the 1990s. Yet these glittering tourist destinations have made little economic difference to the adjacent inner city where 40 per cent of Clevelanders remain trapped beneath the poverty line.

Tourists and middle-class day-trippers flock to these glass and plastic entertainment complexes where they feel reasonably safe, though few venture beyond to patronise local bars, restaurants and small shops. Atlantic City, New Jersey is a case in point. Since 1978, the year casinos were first introduced to the city, 100 of the city's 250 restaurants have closed and its population has declined by more than a tenth. Property values have declined and there has been little demand for new inner-city housing, manufacturing or warehouse space. Soon, a section of the one remaining stable, middle-class black neighbourhood in the city will be levelled to build a tunnel linking the Atlantic City Expressway to a new \$1.5bn casino.

Not only are these fantasy entertainment zones expensive to build - Paramount's "Star Trek: The Experience" complex at the Las Vegas Hilton rings in at \$70m - they also have a short consumer shelf-life. This means they can be undertaken only by a clutch of deep-pocketed global entertainment companies, like Disney, Universal, Sony, Warner Bros, Paramount and Rank, who own enormous film libraries and gold-plated portfolios of recognisable cartoon and movie characters. Consequently, the line-up of

attractions at most themed destinations is highly uniform with little local content. In these new leisure spaces, citizenship becomes equated with brand-name consumption, and the dream of a lively and creative public culture is crowded out by pre-packaged corporate entertainment.

Even boddays such as Christmas and Halloween are being co-opted by commercial "theming". In a recent news release, Madison Square Garden in New York City announced that the clothing company, Tommy Hilfiger, had agreed to sponsor "Madison Scare Garden", a Halloween attraction which runs for 10 days every October. Designed to become a New York institution, much like the Christmas Spectacular at the Radio City Music Hall, there are plans to take the show across the country and into Canada.

Nor are the effects of this themed entertainment juggernaut restricted to North America. Until the recent economic meltdown in Asia, American commercial culture was flourishing in Japan, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines and other nations in the Asia-Pacific region. Tokyo Disneyland, with an annual attendance of over 17 million, is the most popular theme park on earth. There is a Nike store in Shanghai, Hard Rock Cafés in Bangkok, Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore and Taipei. And "Believe It or Not!" attractions in Korea, Thailand and Hong Kong. Universal Studios has begun construction of a \$1.6bn entertainment park near Osaka, Japan, which will have areas themed to various American places (Hollywood, New York, San Francisco) and motion pictures (*Jaws*, *Jurassic Park*).

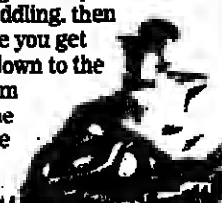
Australia, too, has embraced the entertainment model of urban development. The latest example is the \$66m Sega World entertainment centre housed in a distinctive glass-coned building on the eastern side of Darling Harbour in Sydney. As the Japanese scholar, Mitsuhiro Yoshimoto, has shrewdly observed, in the postmodern age, America has become another brand name - just like Chanel and Armani. The danger is that this seductive new world of themed and branded entertainment will be one where any sense of common purpose or true citizenship is swamped by "made-in-America" fantasies.

The author is professor of sociology at the University of Toronto. An earlier version of this article appeared in *New Internationalist*.

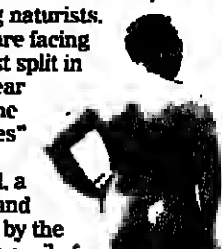
## BAROMETER

SEAN O'GRADY

**Cuddle of the Week**  
FORGET RIO. If you want to meet a big hermaphrodite couple cuddling, then make sure you get yourself down to the Millennium Dome. The Body Zone will feature this 90ft pair. You'll enter by the elbow of the more male of the two (thus proving that the organisers do know their arse from their elbow) and leave by the foot. You'll hear a heart pounding and a stomach gurgling (after all, one of the sponsors is McDonald's). You'll also have a brain scan. If you've got one, you're not allowed in. And nothing about what Monty Python fans will know as "the naughty bits"? Nothing so vulgar.



**Spilt of the Week**  
NAUGHTY BITS are no problem for our 50,000 sun-loving naturists. But they are facing the biggest split in their 75 year history. The "moderates" are traditional, a little shy, and organised by the Central Council of British Naturism. But the militant tendency - the out-and-out nudists - have embraced a radical agenda. They want to bare all on public beaches. Their ringleader is Mark Nisbet, who runs *Starkers* magazine from a shed in Bournemouth and wants rights: "Starkers is an agitational device to stick a spanner in the works." Just so long as he doesn't miss.



**Primates of the Week**  
THE PG TIPS chimps. The stars still drink tea and make impolite conversation, in retirement at Twyckross Zoo. Now they have television. Viewing is serene, but they become agitated by crime shows with violence. And they are sent to bed when *Planet of the Apes* comes on. Don't want them getting ideas, do we?

**Threat of the Week**  
THE TELLTUBBIES are - yes, let's say it - unashamedly nudist and hermaphrodite characters. But there are rumours that four new characters called Tweenies are being groomed by the BBC to take over Jake, Fizz, Milo and Bella are going to resemble real children: 260 episodes commissioned. Treachery.

**Equation of the Week**  
THE OPTIMAL period (L) for dunking a biscuit in your tea  $L = (\gamma \times D \times t) / (4 \times \eta)$  Where  $\gamma$  = surface tension;  $\eta$  = viscosity; D is a diameter of the biccie holea and t is how long it takes the tea to run into the biscuit.

**Image of the Week**  
AS FAR from naked as you can get, HM Queen in Parliament, reading out Blair's soundbites about modernisation. Wonder if she's ever considered "acting natural"?



## COLD CALL

SALLY CHATTERTON RINGS  
AUBERON WAUGH

"SIR JACK Pitman began a throxy crescendo which ended in a spizzz-zz do bellow. He let out a string of ploppy farts, came joltingly in Lucy's joined hands, and shut spectacularly in his nappy."

This is exactly the kind of paragraph Auberon Waugh, mastermind of The Bad Sex Awards and editor of the *Literary Review*, is trying to get rid of: bad, redundant or embarrassing descriptions of sex scenes. Either that or he specialises in the mortification of authors. The piece above was written by Sebastian Faulks, who failed to turn up to this year's prize-giving.

Six years ago, I'd been reviewing novels for about 16 years and had noticed how many were spoilt by chunks of unnecessary sex that the author thought the publisher expected to help sell the novel.

For something that's not particularly prestigious to win, it certainly seems to be a great success with the media darlings. Actually, it's got out of hand. I think it has become the most important literary event of the year and I would imagine the reason for that is that novelists are starting to drop bad sex now.

Well, I think they get quite nervous. Wretched Faulks didn't even turn up. He's the first one who hasn't. But the runner up, Alan Titchmarsh, did.

Surely you could forgive Titchmarsh his literary failings - he's a gardener after all. Rm. He's a terribly nice man. Very funny. He made a really good speech and said: "Where I come from in the North, sex is what the toffs put

their coal in." His bad sex was charming. Carlos Fuentes's stuff was just bloody boring.

Do you think the way these people write about sex reflects their sex lives? And their general clumsiness and awkwardness. Yes. Stephen Fry said the great thing about British sex is its awkwardness and embarrassment. It's an English thing.

We're not graceful lovers then? We've got that reputation, I'm afraid.

Do English men live up to this reputation? Well, I don't know. Obviously I'm not prepared to talk about myself. And I don't expect you to talk about your impressions.

Well, it was certainly bad enough to have been put on the shortlist.

Is it possible to write good sex? I think if you're going to, it's got to be a proper erotic novel.

Hardcore eroticism rather than just a gratuitous sexual insert? Exactly. And the essence of sex, it may sound affected to say so, but Jane Austen is quite sexy because there's an erotic tension there.



Creator of the Bad Sex Award

How did the event come about? The award was an idea I'd had about

Do you think nominated authors take it terribly personally?



The art of conversation is lost and men are to blame, says Theodore Zeldin, the Oxford don who gives good chat. By Jack O'Sullivan

# Why it's good to talk

On Sunday, Theodore Zeldin will be at home, hoping for a conversation. So anxious is he to chat that he has posted notices around Oxford inviting complete strangers, disappointed by small talk, to drop by. It sounds like *Monty Python's "Five Minute Argument"*, in which a man walks into an office and pays for a verbal dust-up. Indeed, sipping tea with this gentle Oxford don, I imagine him adopting that sketch's opening lines: "Whad-doy want? You snotty-faced heap of parrot-droppings?" It would certainly break the ice.

But that is not quite what Dr Zeldin has in mind. He is a very serious person, a fellow of St Antony's College who was once described as an "historian of people's hearts". But he is best known as author of *An Intimate History of Humanity*, a powerful manifesto arguing that we have only just started to explore the true depth and complexity of human interaction.

His new book, subtitled "How Talk Can Change Your Life", picks up where the last one left off. Conversation is, he says, the tool to explore those uncharted depths. It is the route to a Renaissance, a way in which individuals can help each other to find new freedoms and escape the tyranny of historical determinism.

To help us in the task, he has included many of his abstract paintings, with titles such as *Conversation With Someone Who Ate Barbed-Wire for Breakfast*. Additionally, the book comes with 36 questions at the back, such as "What is the antidote for conversations that make us feel small?" and "How old do you have to be to converse?" He wants to stimulate us into talking endlessly about conversation, a recommendation based on the principle that lovers enrich their love by ceaselessly discussing it.

So what kind of conversationalists does Zeldin want us to become?

Certainly not wits or rhetoricians. He has little respect for the so-called great conversationalists of old. His book records an amusing exchange between the poets William Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers, after they have listened to Coleridge for two hours without being given a chance to say a word. Emerging from the stream of rhetoric, the two men are initially fulsome in their praise for Coleridge. "What a wonderful man," says Wordsworth. Only after some time, with Wordsworth nodding, does Rogers admit: "I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other."

For Zeldin, the great talkers of the past "too often avoided subjects which went too deep or were too personal. They cheated. Instead of saying what they thought, they repeated fashionable formulae or found epigrammatic ways of saying things they did not believe."

He argues, instead, for what he calls "New Conversation", one in which people are open, trusting, listening, relieved by verbal exchanges from their sense of isolation and the feeling that they are surrounded by conflict.

"I should like some of us to start conversations to dispel that darkness," he says, "to give ourselves courage, to open ourselves to strangers, and most practically, to remake our working world, so that we are no longer isolated by our jargon or professional boredom."

Dr Zeldin's goal is admirable and certainly in keeping with the fashion for confession. But I am surprised, having not met him before, to hear so little humour. He sits talking, listening, smiling benignly, his tea going cold, for nearly two hours, but not a single joke passes his lips. He is 65 years of age, yet his intense manner, bouffant hair and precise language reminds me of the child prodigy he once was, a precocious individual whose first school report stated: "He bestrides the school like a colossus."

So I ask Zeldin about humour,

telling him about my own father, who is considered something of a conversationalist, peppering his language with anecdotes and jokes. "He sounds medieval," suggests Zeldin. "They tended to spice their conversation with proverbs. But it's a simplification of conversation, based ultimately on memory rather than thought, though it can be practised with great skill." He tells me about Baghdad "which was the centre of the world in about the year 1000. Conversation there involved a lot of quotation of classical texts. The great difference between then and now is that originality is demanded."

So should humour in conversation be admired? Zeldin equivocates, but his suspicion is clear. "There are many different types. There is compassionate humour - Dickens practised it. Then there is fantasy humour such as Lewis Carroll practised. But there is also bitter humour, whose purpose is as much to hurt as to please. Think of Voltaire, for example. And there is humour aimed at avoiding straight speech. People hide behind it."

All of which brings him to why the English really are not good at conversation. "The English reputation for humour," he says, "is a way by which people avoid revealing themselves and have superficial relationships, so that you can engage in banter without making yourself vulnerable."

Likewise, when we get onto the subject of which countries excel at conversation, I begin to realise why he thinks folk in Oxford may be feeling exasperated and so drop by his house on Sunday.

"The French," he says, "have made conversation their claim to civilisation." He points to the great salons of the 18th century as providing a history to this aspiration. But Britain is different. "The British have turned their sense of humour into a national virtue. It is odd, because through much of history, humour has been considered cheap, and laughter something for the



Theodore Zeldin: 'French radio once made a programme about me in which the conversation lasted for three hours' John Voss

lower orders. But British aristocrats didn't care a damn about what people thought of them, so they made humour acceptable.

"The consequence is that the British media is full of comics and banter, whereas in the French media, you have rather more respect for conversation. French radio once

survived his public-school education. Admiration for otherness also emerges as we tackle the subject of men. They are repeatedly identified in his book as anachronistic and problematic. It is men, through their attachment to bawdiness, slapstick, shop-talk and academic disputation, who slowed down progress toward what he calls "New Conversation".

For Zeldin, the standard-bearers of this modern form of communication are women. And the "New Conversation", based on equality, consideration and breadth of subject, is a means to secure the rightful place of women in society.

I ask whether there is any particular skill that men, rather than women, bring to conversation? For once, Dr Zeldin is silenced. And then he replies: "I don't think there is anything a man can do that a woman cannot do." It is not an adequate answer. This is a subject upon which serious scientists of relationships are making innovative observations.

But I cannot help feeling that Theodore Zeldin knows more about women than men. *An Intimate History of Humanity* is full of sympathetic vignettes about women, and his greatest praise is always reserved for his wife, Deirdre Wilson, a fellow distinguished academic whose life's work has been a new theory of communication.

Leaving Theodore Zeldin after an enjoyable conversation, I am left with an image of that very bright child, not quite comfortable in the male, English establishment world into which he was placed, and so in search of otherness. It is what seems to give him such passions for other cultures, and what has turned him into the bearer of a refreshing, subversive message in the often arid intellectual world of Oxford.

'Conversation - How Talk Can Change Your Life', by Theodore Zeldin, is published by The Harrell Press, price £6.99

*'The English sense of humour is something people use to avoid revealing themselves and leads to superficial relationships'*

made a programme about me in which the conversation lasted for three hours on a Sunday afternoon. No British radio station would dream of doing that."

Zeldin is, as ever, the polymath, the internationalist, the academic gadfly, and he proceeds to dip into other cultures and their attitudes to

nationalities, his love of conversation seems to echo and reveal a love of otherness. During our chat, he has little good to say about Britain. Ironically, as has often been remarked, he seems to speak with a slight foreign accent. He denies its existence, but perhaps it is a vestige of his Russian parentage that has

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outgoing, and has a good sense of

humour. Please call me on 0171 293 2222

LIFE'S TOO SHORT

Sincere, 38, 5'7", enjoys the arts,

reading, and has a good sense of

humour. Please call me on 0171 293 2222

WILSON MAN

Sincere, 38, 5'7", enjoys the arts,

reading, and has a good sense of

### Women seeking Men

ALL OF ALL TRADES

Exotic female, 38, seeks a man, 30-40,

who is fun, outgoing, and has a

good sense of humour. Please call

me on 0171 293 2222

PERFECT FEMALE

Pretty, sexy, professional, intelligent

woman, 30-40, seeks a man, 30-40,

who is fun, outgoing, and has a

good sense of humour. Please call

me on 0171 293 2222

SAGITTARIAN BIKER WANTED

Sagittarius, 38, seeks a woman, 30-40,

who is fun, outgoing, and has a

good sense of humour. Please call

me on 0171 293 2222

CAN YOU HELP?

Good-looking man, 38, 5'7", black

hair, seeks a woman, 30-40, who is

fun, outgoing, and has a good

sense of humour. Please call me

on 0171 293 2222

KENT MAN, 38

Tidy, professional, seeks a woman,

30-40, who is fun, outgoing, and

has a good sense of humour. Please

call me on 0171 293 2222

ATTRACTIVE SUCCESSFUL

Witty, fun, professional, 38, seeks

a woman, 30-40, who is fun,

outgoing, and has a good sense of

humour. Please call me on 0171 293 2222

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# My fight for a place in history

## MY WEEK

FIVE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF WORLD WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION JANE COUCH, BRITAIN'S FIRST LICENSED FEMALE BOXER WHO, LAST WEDNESDAY, KNOCKED OUT SIMONE LUKIC OF FRANKFURT IN JUST OVER A MINUTE

### Sunday

Started training with Tex, my manager, in the morning at about 9.30am at Spano Farm in Bristol. Trained for just over an hour, mainly circuit training, sit-ups and press-ups. Today was the last day of training after 16 weeks of intensive work. I always need about two to three days' rest for mental preparation before a fight.

I've been training twice a day very hard and it's a spartan kind of life, you don't get to do much socialising. I just shut myself off from the rest of the world to concentrate.

In the afternoon I had to open a gym in a local hotel in Bristol. Went back to the gym again for my final training session at about 7pm, sharpening up my shadow-boxing to get my mind ready for the fight.

Need to rest in the evening to get my sharpness and energy back. By this stage I can't wait to get it over with. Watched a film and went to bed at 9pm. I feel ready to fight and can't wait until Wednesday.

### Monday

Stayed in bed until 10am trying to get my energy back. Had a TV interview at 11am; I find doing a lot of press really takes it out of you. Spent the afternoon doing more radio and TV interviews; my phone was ringing non-stop. As the day approaches, press interest increases and so does the pressure. You feel like the eyes of the world are on you.

Went home to pack and get ready to fly to Manchester for a BBC show. Had some dinner before I left. I don't really worry about my weight because I'm always bang on 10 stone. I like my food and try to eat a lot of carbohydrates, bread, fish

and fruit. I need a high intake of carbohydrates for energy. My body is rebuilding energy so I have to put in enough to work with.

Got to Manchester at about 3.30pm and the show went really well. There were loads of young girls who had started boxing or wanted to get into the sport. A lot of them feel that the world is against them and they get told that women shouldn't box. I told them that they shouldn't think that they are different just because they want to box. Got away from the studio at about 8pm and went back to the hotel. I was feeling a bit tired and thinking about the weigh-in the next day.

### Tuesday

Got a flight back to London in the morning. Went straight to a hotel in Streatham where I dropped off my stuff, got changed and walked to the weigh-in. Then I got the shock of my life: there were about 200 people in there. The media attention is mentally tiring although I'm getting used to it now. I suppose history is being made, though. There are more people here than at a Mike Tyson fight. I guess the attention comes with the territory.

In the evening, I started to think about tomorrow. You do get butterflies but I've been there before so I know I'll be all right.

### Wednesday

Woke up at 10.30am; had some fruit and water. I don't eat that much on the day of a fight because my nerves are shot away. After breakfast I went off to do the lunchtime news with Julia Summerfield for ITN. She was really nice and supportive; it's good to do something to pass the

time before the fight. After that I went back to the hotel and put my feet up. My nerves are getting pretty bad. Got to Caesars Palace at 6.55pm and there was a huge queue of people outside; signed some autographs before I went in. The crowds were excellent.

During a fight, I try not to think about my opponent. When I saw her, though, I was a bit worried about her height: she looked tall and fit.

Went to my dressing room to get changed. The referee came in to give me the instructions, then I put on my shorts and my chest guard. Did some shadow-boxing, hitting pads for the next 15 minutes.

When I go out to the ring I don't look at the crowds, just the ring. Everyone is screaming and shouting while I'm thinking, "Come on, hurry up." I'm a bit tense in the first round, the crowd is going mental.

When I know I've won I feel on top of the world; I feel high on adrenaline. After that everyone's crowding round wanting to interview me. My friends and family are there to congratulate me.

By 11pm we had to get security to get us out by the fire exit. Went back to the hotel and stayed up until 6am in the morning drinking with my family and friends.

### Thursday

Woke up at 8am and felt like I was dying. Got on a train back to Blackpool with my mum and friends. My mobile is ringing non-stop throughout the journey. Arrived home at about 5pm and went straight to bed.

INTERVIEW BY  
DAISY PRICE



Jane Couch: 'As the day gets closer so does the interest. You feel like the eyes of the world are on you' Peter Macdiarmid

# Oh, how I miss the good old British aisles

For a nation where shopping is religion, US supermarkets are still in the dark ages. But ex-pat prayers have been answered:

Sainsbury's is to launch in America. By Mary Dejevsky



Supermarket weep: shoppers scan the half-empty shelves of a New York grocery store AP

DRIVING to the office this week, along roads which were empty due to Thanksgiving, I caught one of the most cheering news reports I had heard for a long time. Sainsbury's - your real, genuine, British Sainsbury's - was buying the Star Markets chain of foodshops in New England. This was joyous news indeed. It suggested that despite selling its misfired stake in the Giant supermarket chain and despite speculation to the contrary, Sainsbury's was hanging on in the United States.

But why, you ask, should the small expansion of a British supermarket be so welcome in the land where shopping has been elevated to a culture? Surely, American supermarkets are the cheapest, most efficient and best stocked in the developed world? Well, you may once have been right. But now, if there is one aspect of life in which America trails Europe, and one thing for which we British and European expatriates pine, it is our supermarkets.

And even if Sainsbury's is concentrating its efforts on a manageable corner of this country and never reaches New York or Washington, we can but hope that its influence spreads. America's third supermarket chain, like Wal-Mart, Safeway and Food Lion, could benefit from some new ideas.

To clarify: when we ex-pats long for a Sainsbury's or Tesco or Auchan or Carrefour, we are not after Typhoo Tea and Marmite, or their native equivalent. What is wrong with America's supermarkets is not what they do not sell, but what they do sell, and how they go about it.

Although the stores are invariably vast, as vast in many cases as a French hypermarché, the aisles are narrow and endlessly cluttered with all manner of showbiz displays and promotions. It takes just two trolleys in one aisle to make a traffic jam. The design of the stores is chaotic. Large hanging placards above aisles give only the barest information of what is shelved beneath. And anyway, American supermarkets seem to be in a perpetual refurbishment (tax deductible), while remaining strangely old-fashioned when the builders have gone. Despite the army of assistants wielding mops and brooms all day, they always look less than clean.

Then there are the goods. You'd imagine, this being America, that

there would be an exciting cornucopia to choose from. But a close look reveals a disappointing uniformity. Each supermarket has the same brands of pre-packaged everything - meats, pizzas, mayonnaise, baked goods, teas - as every other supermarket. There is no real difference between a Safeway and a Giant in terms of choice.

Nor is that choice as wide as it appears. The majority of shelf-space is occupied by sweet products - cakes, puddings, "candy", soft drinks. The range of savoury and fresh goods is relatively tiny.

Within the brands, there are minute variations that require a close examination of almost unreadable labels. Useful details like sell-by dates are obscured by the

ubiquitous "lo-fat", "no-fat" claims (but no corresponding admission of the jacked-up sugar and calorie content). And, of course, none of the labels contains information that would in any way damage the all-powerful food lobbies: nothing about hormones in meat, genetically modified vegetables, or added water.

As for fruit and vegetables, the range and quality in many American supermarkets is disgraceful. Some of the stuff on display would be branded mouldy in Britain and taken off the shelves. Washed and bagged potatoes are not the supermarket staple they are in Europe. Here, you have to scrub them yourself. Whatever the recent criticism of food prices at British supermarkets, it is a myth that American food is cheap.

American junk food is cheap; the rest is not. My grocery bills at Safeway (equivalent to a mainstream British supermarket) are around 30 per cent higher than they would be at Sainsbury's or Tesco. That is because the amount of fruit, vegetables and savouries in my trolley - standard American fare, I hasten to add, not recherché imported produce - is higher than many Americans would buy. Fruit and vegetables are not cheap, nor is orange juice, nor meat.

If you buy giant packs of cereal, sliced bread, peanut butter and mayonnaise, factory-produced cheese, hamburgers and soft drinks, you can eat cheaply. But beware: the size of the packaging compared to the contents is misleading. Fruit and vegetables are taste-

less, because they have been harvested and packed for long-distance distribution before they were ripe. And what look like giant pieces of meat, fruit and vegetables often cook down to a fraction of their size. You have to buy bigger quantities in the US to obtain the portions you would get in Britain.

The doubts about quality and the tastelessness of much mass-produced American food have propelled many higher-income Americans to try the new clutch of smaller, specialised supermarkets that sell ecologically sound produce (and charge correspondingly higher prices). The result is that there are increasingly two classes of Americans: those who can afford good food and those who cannot.

Perhaps the biggest advantage of the British supermarket, however, is the choice of convenience foods. The convenience food industry in the United States is at a primitive stage of development. There are canned and frozen meals, TV dinners and the like, but portions are paltry, the taste is negligible, and the actual contents often indiscernible.

It is small wonder, then, that so many Americans resort to fast food or take-outs. The lower cost of labour in the US, which often makes take-out food cheaper than anything you could cook yourself, may be one reason why prepared food lags so far behind British (or even Canadian) standards. Even the fast food for salad bars, which produce a handsome profit for supermarkets because of concern about hygiene.

For all these reasons any British supermarket should theoretically be able to find a niche in the US. But the history of British retailers' attempts to enter or expand in the US has not been glorious. American consultants offer several explanations: the companies are too small, the distribution chain is too long, tastes are different. They say the British choose their sites poorly and do not understand the American shoppers' need to believe (through discounting) that they are getting a bargain.

Perhaps now is the time for a British breakthrough. But American shoppers - the richer ones - seem ready to pay more for better produce and a more congenial experience in the supermarket. Perhaps the Sainsbury's American venture will succeed. Every visit to an American supermarket makes me hope so.

# Gym'll fix it

WE MUST have been married for five years or so before Ginny mentioned in passing that she'd once danced with Bobby Charlton. This was circa 1970, when he was about the most famous Englishman in the world. That's something to tell our sons.

The best I can manage is having seen George Best playing football live - just once, and in the company of about 40,000 other people. But Ginny was there, with only a handful of others, boogieing the night away under a glitter-ball with Bobby, whom I fondly imagine flicking that long lick of hair back into place across his shiny pate every time his struttings shifted it out of position. (It's probably a good thing that Ginny does not make the same boast of Best. I don't think George ever bothered to dance with girls...)

Most of the time, it must be said, Ginny and I have broadly similar tastes and interests, which is pretty useful to any two people who intend to live together for any length of time. But we diverge when it comes to sport. There is only one sporting moment which grabs Ginny's attention, and it comes when some male exemplar bursts into tears in public - Gazza springs to mind, and Kim Hughes, a cricketer who wept buckets when he was sacked as captain of Australia. What attracts her is seeing the hard, aggressive masculinity projected by sporting icons dissolve in those salty tears; tough men are instantly reduced to little boys.

The sporting divide exists even when we attempt to do sport together. One of the advantages of a freelance lifestyle is that, on a Monday morning, we can set off together for the gym. But once there, Ginny heads into an aerobics class with 30 other women, while I am dispatched to the weights room to pump iron with the boys. I have tried to persuade Ginny that a gentle trot in the park would do just as much good, but she's not convinced: besides, she feels self-conscious about running in public.

But what could make you more self-conscious, I counter, than dressing up in a swimsuit and leggings and bouncing around to music in a bright-lit room, with every bulge

## PARK LIFE



BRUCE MILLAR

reflected in the floor-to-ceiling mirrors? I know from snippets of conversation that emerge that the participants do all monitor each other in detail - but perhaps this is the point.

For Ginny, running around the park feels like doing sport. Going to aerobics, on the other hand, feels like a bunch of fourth-formers bopping around to Top of the Pops, without the distraction of boys. It's a social experience: Ginny has a whole alternative network of gym friends and emerges from the class with a soap-opera of incident and gossip to recount.

This week, the fourth-formers are in open rebellion. The new instructor insists on treating them like infants, dividing the room in two and forcing each half to chorus "Boo, boo!" "Woot, woot!" in turn, and then "whooooe!" together in time to the music.

Were men actually barred from this class, I asked. No, Ginny said, the occasional brave soul turns up. "But they never come back," she added with a sinister chuckle.

Ginny and I did once attend an aerobics class together. In the early Eighties, at the end of a trip across America, we found ourselves in Los Angeles, where aerobics had just become fashionable. We attended a class with 100 of the hippest Angelinos, disco music blaring, the instructor ordering "Squeeze those bums". I couldn't walk comfortably for a week afterwards, and have never been to an aerobics session since.

But it is not that memory which keeps me out of the aerobics gym at the Balham Leisure Centre. It is pure, unalloyed fear of the fourth-form girls. And what would happen if I burst into tears?



# Peter Rees Roberts

THE ARTIST Peter Rees Roberts was known in particular for his mural works and for his career as a freelance national press artist in the 1950s.

He studied drawing and illustration at Wimbledon School of Art from 1939 to 1941. After being medically rejected for war service, he began to study mural painting under Professor Ernest Tristram at the Royal College of Art, which had transferred to Ambleside for the duration of the war. His paintings from the Ambleside years continued the tradition of earlier Royal College mural painting students such as Evelyn Dunbar and Cyril Mahoney.

Like Dunbar, Rees Roberts painted scenes of workers in rural industries, his 1942 tempera panels of *The Bobbin Mill at Ambleside* being his most ambitious and successful work at the RCA. Stanley Spencer was a strong mural painting influence at the time, but Rees Roberts said that he

was more affected by the Mexican artist Diego Rivera. His large painting of a gasworks, also from his time at Ambleside, is a stylised composition of men and machinery that has echoes of films such as *Metropolis* or Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*.

While at Ambleside, Rees Roberts met Ursula McCannell, another Royal College student. Shortly before this, Ursula had made a stone head of a handsome man with strong aquiline features – rather prophetically it could almost be a portrait of him. Rees Roberts in turn painted a tempera panel of Ursula in the style of Raphael, a particularly beautiful portrait that marked his feelings for her.

Ursula was the daughter of the painter Otway McCannell, and had been encouraged to paint by her father from an early age – she was the youngest exhibitor at the Royal Academy, in 1940. She had travelled to Spain with her father in 1936, and attracted much press attention when at the age of 15 she exhibited paintings inspired by the Spanish Civil War at the Redfern Gallery in 1938. Her father became principal of the Farnham School of Art in 1928, a post he held until the mid-1940s.

Rees Roberts left the Royal College in 1944, and he and Ursula married the following year. After a holiday at Mousehole in Cornwall, they settled in Farnham near Ursula's parents and Peter taught for a while alongside Otway at the Farnham School of Art.

After the war, Rees Roberts exhibited at several London galleries including the Modern Art Gallery, the Leger, the Redfern and the New English Art Club. He began to paint more in oils and his pictures, often



The right panel of *The Bobbin Mill at Ambleside II* (1942), tempera on board

of Cornish fishermen, became darker and more in tune with the neo-romantic mood of the time. His 1945 self-portrait, *The Painter in Mousehole*, has a brooding intensity that is reminiscent of the heroic men in Ursula McCannell's early paintings of the Spanish Civil War.

The 1948 Picasso exhibition in London made a strong impact on Rees Roberts and his style moved closer to that of his contemporaries the Roberts, Colquhoun and MacBryde. These Cubist-inspired, densely abstracted figurative paintings of the late 1940s gradually became simpler, with an increasingly brighter palette. This process was hastened by his visits to France with Ursula in the early 1950s.

Through the 1950s and early 1960s Rees Roberts exhibited at the Royal Academy and regularly with the London Group, despite the pressure of working as an advertising artist to make a living. He and Ursula had a young family, and he supported them by his work as a very successful illustrator for the national press, represented by the International Artists' agency and by Thompson Artists. His numerous clients included Marlborough Cigarettes, Daks, KLM Airlines, the National Coal Board, Pringle Knitwear, Clark's Shoes, Allied Breweries and the Cunard Line. In the late 1940s and early 1950s he also worked as a fashion illustrator for the *Neus*

there regularly. In recent years they showed mainly in the gallery of Carlos Lozano, a friend and associate of Salvador Dalí.

Rees Roberts developed a following among visitors to Cadogan for his wickedly humorous small paintings of characters and scenes observed in France and Spain; he en-

joyed the incongruous and quirky, and although he was modest about these pictures they proved very popular. His last series of paintings were provocatively anti-clerical, featuring Rubenesque naked women disporting themselves among black-clad priests and bishops.

In 1964 he stopped working as an advertising artist and began to teach at Farnham School of Art again. He also taught at Brighton College of Art and continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy. He painted the first of what was to become a long series of mural commissions and also created nine large exterior wall sculp-

Norwegian Viking and Cunard lines. He completed murals for Williams & Glyn's Bank in the City, for Lloyds banks in Cambridge and Farnham, and for hospitals in Ealing and Guildford. He also exhibited at the New Ashgate Gallery in Farnham and the Century Gallery in Henley. Until earlier this year he taught art in adult education classes in Farnham.

Peter Rees Roberts had three sons: Tristan, a painter and architect; Marcus, a lecturer, painter and printmaker; and Lucien, a painter and designer. In 1989 the entire family exhibited together at the England & Co gallery in London. The exhibition, "Three Generations", included works by Ursula's father Otway and was a tribute to the multiple talents of the McCannell/Rees Roberts dynasty.

JANE ENGLAND

Peter William Rees Roberts, artist; born Mitcham, Surrey 23 August 1923; married 1945 Ursula McCannell (three sons); died Ewshot, Hampshire 22 October 1993.



Rees Roberts drawn by his wife

Shortly before meeting Peter Rees Roberts, Ursula McCannell had made a stone head of a handsome man with strong aquiline features – rather prophetically it could almost be a portrait of him; they married a few years later

Chronicle and designed covers for *Queen* magazine.

In 1959 Peter and Ursula first visited Cadogan in Spain, and in 1963 bought a house there from the Spanish painter Juan José Tharrats. Cadogan was to become a second home, and from 1960 they exhibited

joyed the incongruous and quirky, and although he was modest about these pictures they proved very popular. His last series of paintings were provocatively anti-clerical, featuring Rubenesque naked women disporting themselves among black-clad priests and bishops.

tures for the Army Catering Corps Training Centre in Aldershot.

In 1970, the year after he stopped teaching at Brighton, he and Ursula bought a farmhouse at Baltimore in Ireland. During the 1970s and 1980s he executed murals for several shipping companies including the

## Professor Niklas Luhmann

NIKLAS LUHMANN was one of the most influential academics in the field of cybernetics and systems theory. This is a rare case when one considers his early life.

Born in northern Germany, in Lüneburg, in 1927, he was the son of a brewery owner. His childhood and youth were spent in the schools of the Third Reich. At 15, in 1944, he was called up to serve as an auxiliary manning anti-aircraft guns. For him, the end of the war meant several months as an American prisoner of war – a dispiriting experience as he was beaten up and his watch was stolen. He then embarked upon what looked like an orthodox middle-class career the study of law.

He chose to do this in the old university town of Freiburg im Breisgau, from 1946 to 1949, in what was then the French Zone. He returned to Lüneburg in 1954 having entered the public service. A year later he joined the Lower Saxony Ministry of Culture, where he remained until 1962. During this period he was formulating his ideas.

An important breakthrough for him was his chance to take a sabbatical year, in 1960, at Harvard with Talcott Parsons. This experience led to the publication of his first book, *Funktionen und Folgen formaler Organisation* ("Functions and Consequences of Formal Organisation") in 1964. Between 1962 and 1963 Luhmann served as Research Fellow at the School of Administrative Sciences, Speyer, where he wrote *Grundrechte als Institution* ("Basic Rights as an Institution").

His books brought him to the attention of Professor Helmuth Schelsky, then perhaps the most respected German sociologist, who invited him to take over as departmental head at the Social Research Unit at Dortmund. In 1966 Luhmann was awarded his doctorate at the University of Münster by Professors Schelsky and Dieter Claessens, his books forming part of the dissertation.

At a time when German universities were facing student unrest and all structures and hierarchy were being called into question, Luhmann was appointed professor of sociology at the newly founded University of Bielefeld. More publications followed in rapid succession such as *Funktion der Religion* ("The Function of Religion", 1977), *Trust and Power* (in English, 1979), *Politische Theorie im Wohlfahrtsstaat* ("Political Theory in the Welfare State", 1981) and *The Differentiation of Society* (in English, 1982).

In 1984 Luhmann published what is regarded as his main work, *Soziale Systeme* ("Social Systems"). In this he summarised his theory that societies were living organisms defined by the way people communicated within them.

Luhmann had wide international contacts and his work was discussed in several languages. He was a visiting professor at a number of foreign universities including the New School of Social Research, New York, in 1975, and Northwestern University, Chicago, in the 1980s

he became keenly aware of ecological problems, which is reflected in *Ökologische Kommunikation* (1986).

In his final major work, *Die Realität der Massenmedien* ("The Reality of the Mass Media", 1986), he returned to a key theme. He was a critic of the mass media in that he believed they had to attempt to gain and keep the attention of their audience. This attention does not require truth but merely events or themes, "that due to their value as sensation are able to gain attention. The mass media, as they become global, foster the decline of national broadcasting with a viewing public fixed geographically and politically, and this leads to the fragmentation of society."

For Luhmann reality is a rumour ("Die Wirklichkeit ist ein Gerücht").



Reality is a rumour

Most of what we believe we know is that which we have been told by the media. It is based on trust in authorities, witnesses and experts. In a world of the growing division of labour we are less and less able to know reality through having seen it ourselves at first hand. We become more and more dependent on the mass media to inform us. Our picture of the world is made up increasingly of rumours that are presented to us by the mass media rather than from one person to another. This is true even though we are aware that the media do not deliver the unadulterated truth to us in our homes.

The same is true of advertising, which attempts to manipulate the viewer. The viewer is of course aware of this manipulation. But that alters nothing. More and more advertising is about "mobilising the attention" rather than selling a particular product. That is the reason why increasingly advertisements only reveal near the end who is advertising what.

Luhmann himself had a great need to communicate and he indulged himself in over 250 essays as well as 40 books.

DAVID CHILDS

Niklas Luhmann, born Lüneburg, Germany 8 December 1927; Professor of Sociology, University of Bielefeld 1968-98; married 1960 Ursula von Wiltter (died 1971); two sons, one daughter; died Oerlinghausen, Germany 11 November 1998.

## Liliana Brisby



An earthy sense of humour

LILIANA BRISBY combined a deep respect and affection for the traditions and standards of her adopted country, England, with the dedication and drive of the best of the cold warriors cut off from lost homes behind the Iron Curtain.

She was born Liliana Daneva in Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1932, into an eminent family closely involved with the history of Bulgaria following its emergence from Ottoman rule towards the end of the 19th century. She was the great-granddaughter of the first Prime Minister of Bulgaria following the Congress of Berlin in 1878 and her maternal grandfather, a noted benefactor in Bulgaria, was part of the three-man delegation which toured Europe in 1886 to find a king acceptable to the great powers, successfully choosing Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha who ruled for 31 years.

Her paternal grandfather held the posts of Prime Minister and Foreign Minister before the First World War, her father was a diplomat and her mother a renowned concert pianist and beauty. Liliana inherited a strong sense of purpose and duty from her family, charmingly tempered by good looks and an earthy sense of humour.

She completed her studies at Lausanne University during the Second World War, publishing a work of history on Russo-Bulgarian relations in 1945. In Lausanne she met her English husband, Michael Brisby, a civil engineer, marrying and moving to England in 1946. After a short period as a concert pianist, she began her

career as an Eastern Europe specialist when she joined the BBC World Service broadcasting to the Communist bloc during the 1950s.

From the World Service, she joined the Foreign Office's Information Research Department (IRD) where she worked until joining the Royal Institute of International Affairs in 1971. Here she edited its monthly journal, *The World Today*, from 1975 until her retirement in 1983. As a specialist on Bulgaria, she contributed sections on the country to the *Annual Register of World Events* in the 1970s and in 1983 published *The Truth That Killed*, which was her translation of the edited broadcasts of the Bulgarian dissident author Georgi Markov, murdered in London with a poisoned umbrella in 1978. Markov's broad-

casts on Radio Free Europe exposing the comic absurdity and corruption of the dictatorship of Todor Zhivkov are widely assumed to have led to his assassination.

In her books, articles and occasional book reviews for *The Spectator*, Brisby always displayed accuracy, moral principle and a fine command of language. Despite her good looks and very feminine character she was not easily flattered and shocked the late Robert Maxwell by manfully resisting the campaign of phone calls and roses with which he sought, unsuccessfully, to persuade her to write the hagiography of Todor Zhivkov for a book he was publishing profiling Eastern European leaders.

After the collapse of Communism, Liliana Brisby was thrilled to return to her native Bulgaria for the first time since leaving before the Second World War, entertaining both old friends and new contacts with her energy and humour. She never wallowed in the sentimentality of the returning émigré and she delighted local journalists in the Balkan mountain town of Troyan when they asked her what single thing had made the most vivid impression on her in Bulgaria after an absence of 50 years. She replied that it was undoubtedly the medieval state of the lavatories.

ALEXANDRA MCBURNEY

Rada Liliana Daneva, writer and broadcaster; born Sofia 2 February 1933; married 1946 Michael Brisby (died 1965); two sons, one daughter; died London 30 October 1998.

## St John Terrell

ST JOHN Terrell was a master showman who, every Christmas Day for 25 years, donned a tricorn and cape to re-enact George Washington's famous 1776 crossing of the Delaware river, and who made it his business to clear Richard III's blackened name.

Over the course of his career Terrell left his mark on American culture, establishing a playhouse in New Hope, Pennsylvania, in 1939 and, in 1949, a music circus in Lambertville, New Jersey, a summer theatre-in-the-round under a striped tent that became a model for similar summertime festivities across the United States and which continued to operate until 1970.

It was to attract attention to his music circus that Terrell conceived his Delaware crossing stunt in 1952.

It proved so popular and effective that he sustained the routine for 25 years, long after the circus had closed. In 1978, he passed the role to a longtime crewman, Jack Kelly (Grace Kelly's brother), and it even-

fact that Washington actually stood at the prow of the canoe, as Terrell did in his re-enactment. However he was well versed in the creation of fantasy. Aged 16, he ran away to join the circus where he performed a

fire-eating routine, and soon afterwards became the first voice for the hero of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, a popular radio show of the 1930s.

His taste for a flamboyant lifestyle caused him to abandon studying for a degree at Columbia University in order to pursue a career in the theatre and he became a familiar figure in off-Broadway productions.

But it was his campaign to discredit Shakespeare's portrayal of Richard III as a hunchbacked murderous villain that gained him greater fame. Shakespeare names Sir James Tyrrell, acting on the orders of the King, as the murderer of the young princes in the Tower of London. Tyrrell was one of Terrell's ancestors, and so, taking the matter personally, he undertook a campaign to clear the king's name.

Whatever the truth, Terrell used his expertise as a carnival showman to attract attention to the case. In

1983, on the 500th anniversary of Richard's accession, he arranged for a memorial Mass to be held in the king's honour at St Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan. Afterwards, he held a medieval lunch at a gentlemen's club.

Two years later, on the 500th anniversary of Richard's death on Bosworth Field, Terrell repeated the gesture, this time moving the feast to a famous Manhattan delicatessen, Sardi's, for a medieval lunch featuring wooden spoons, pewter dishes and a menu of quail, suckling pig, ale and meat.

EDWARD HELMORE

St John Terrell, actor; born Chicago, Illinois 1917; twice married (one son, two daughters); died Trenton, New York 9 October 1998.



Terrell chats with a fan at his 'music circus', 1952

AP



## Brian Seymour

IN THE third chapter of the late Beryl Reid's autobiography, *So Much Love*, the actress recalls how, on the cusp of the Second World War, she fell madly in love for the first time. She was 18 years old and starring in a show called *Blue Skies*. The object of her affections was the brilliant pianist Brian Seymour, a decade her senior. She wrote, "I loved him so much that a year later I was prepared to sit up until two in the morning to listen to him doing a broadcast of that beautiful sentimental number 'Deep Purple' for the BBC."

Seymour was born in Bath in 1910, the son of a butcher; he allowed the opportunity to inherit the family firm to pass him by. He was educated at the City of Bath Grammar School, where he achieved renown as a dazzling boy pianist, often skipping lessons to play with a dance band at the city's Assembly Rooms. Three months after taking up his first serious job in a local music shop he was asked to leave because he spent more time entertaining customers at the keyboard than in selling them instruments.

Seymour's piano teacher instilled in him an upright posture. She covered the keys of the piano with a cloth, forcing him to play by touch. He particularly disliked watching pianists who played in a crab-like manner, hunched over the keyboard.

The 1920s and 1930s took him all over Europe with revues and dance bands. Meanwhile invitations came in for appearances in America. These were declined on the grounds that he simply didn't like the country. Stars he appeared with included Gracie Fields, Dorothy Ward, Randolph Sutton and Anna May Wong.

The show *Blue Skies* was typical of the work in which Seymour was involved. It toured the Home Counties and Lancashire before the Second World War took him into the Royal Artillery where he established a concert party.

Beryl Reid visited him during that time and recalled in her book how she thrilled the officers so much that, despite being a humble lance-bombardier, he was invited into their mess for drinks and to be generally fussed over. Seymour in turn caused consternation by inviting his fellow troops into the officers' mess for dinner, dishing out the helpings himself saying, "Is that enough, darling?" while at the same time giving each some more. Halfway through the line he had served up all the food, leaving none for the remaining soldiers.

With the war in Europe over, Seymour accepted an invitation to play the Bach

Brandenburg Concertos with the Hamburg Symphony Orchestra. It was his one serious foray into the strictly classical repertoire and not an experience he cared to repeat. Instead he turned his attentions to the world of revue and dance hall, appearing with Cyril Fletcher in *The Maggie*, which toured throughout Europe. He also appeared with Larry Grayson, then known as Billy Breen, and recorded a couple of LPs with Randolph Sutton. Earlier 78s from the 1930s with the singer Donald Peers are now considered valuable collectors' items.

A stint on Blackpool Pier - every pier worth its salt had a resident summer pianist - led to Seymour's 16 years conducting *Ted Dwyer's Follies*, a long-running show which entertained visitors to Skegness Pier Theatre each summer until 1968. It ran from Whitsun until the last Saturday in September with five programme changes during the season. In it, Seymour danced a little, sang a little, swung his cane a little, and generally appeared in choruses and sketches to the delight and amusement of residents and tourists alike.

One of his last tours before retiring in 1974 was *Thanks for the Memory*, which brought back music hall stars

*At Skegness Pier Theatre, Seymour danced a little, sang a little, and swung his cane a little, to the delight and amusement of residents and tourists alike*

from yesteryear including Ella Shields, the original Burlington Bertie. Seymour subsequently entertained drinkers at the Compton Arms, at Highbury Corner, in north London, which was managed by his friend Frank Beasley, before the pair of them slipped comfortably into retirement in Bath.

The mutual affection between Seymour and Beryl Reid - which receives far more prominence in her book than her feelings for either of her two hus-



"Is that enough, darling?"

Bath Chronicle

bands - remained until her death in 1996. The two continued to correspond and when Seymour retired, Reid visited him many times, describing with some relish how his apartment in Bath's Georgian quarter was "covered with photographs of me when I was in my teens".

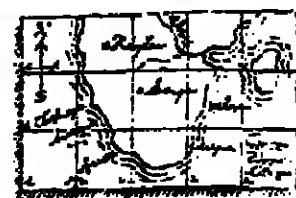
After his retirement, he never touched the keyboard again although, along with mountains of memorabilia, programmes and photographs, he kept

the same piano he had learnt on three-quarters of a century earlier, despite it taking up half his kitchen.

Brian Seymour is survived by Beasley, his friend for 54 years, whose gain was Beryl Reid's loss.

TIM BULLAMORE

Brian Seymour-Jones (Brian Seymour), showman and pianist: born Bath, 24 March 1910; died Bath 28 November 1998.



## GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES

CHRISTOPHER ONDAATJE

## The source of the Nile, I presume?

AT THE beginning of the 19th century, Europeans knew very little about Africa. In a remarkably short time, missionaries arrived. Then came explorers, who mapped rivers and mountains, and catalogued flora and fauna. These explorations paved the way for increasing European domination, until, 100 years later, the enormous continent was ruled by European powers.

By the end of the 20th century, Africa seems again a great unknown - a continent gripped by political turmoil, wrestling with huge economic and environmental challenges, and struggling to define itself and emerge from the long shadow cast by colonialism. The intricate origins of the Nile, the greatest of Africa's rivers, still intrigue us, invite study and compel awe.

The Nile is the longest river in the world: 6,695km long. From ancient times the fact that it flows through a desert, and that it floods annually, fascinated people. Where does all this water come from? Claudius Ptolemy, who lived in Alexandria in the second century AD, collected travellers' tales from which he constructed maps showing the whole of the known world. He correctly stated that the Nile flowed out of two or three great reservoirs located in a great ice-capped mountain range on the equator in the heart of Africa - the Mountains of

the Moon. But confirming his data was no simple matter.

The Royal Geographical Society sent Richard Burton to investigate. But Burton never saw the source of the Nile. John Speke, on a side trip north from the town of Tabora, claimed to have seen a huge inland sea which he concluded must be the Nile's source and convinced the society that it should sponsor him to explore this lake and its connection to the Nile. He convinced James Grant to accompany him. Speke "discovered" the Victoria Nile and Ripon Falls, and had heard of yet another great lake which had something to do with the headwaters of the Nile. The round trip took two years, but they became the first Europeans to see Lake Albert.

In England during those two years, the disagreement between Burton and Speke about the source of the Nile had flared into a controversy. The afternoon before the two were to debate the matter in public, Speke died in a shooting accident. The RGS selected the most famous explorer of the day, Dr David Livingstone, to resolve the controversy and sponsored his third trip to Africa. Shortly after Livingstone started inland, he lost touch with the British authorities in Zanzibar and was rumoured to have died. James Gordon Bennett Jr, the owner of *The Herald* newspaper, chose one of his reporters, Henry Mor-

ton Stanley, to find Livingstone. Stanley tracked down Livingstone, who had learned very little about the Nile's source in five years of effort and had shifted his attention from exploration to ways of combating slavery. The two quickly became friends and in a month they did more in terms of the Nile question than the doctor had managed to do on his own - they proved that the Ruzizi River flowed into the north end of Lake Tanganyika. Thus, the only possible connection between this lake and the Nile was the Lualaba River.

Stanley could not stay longer, but left Livingstone what supplies he could and sent more to him from Zanzibar. When he heard of Livingstone's death the next year, Stanley gained the support of two newspapers for an expedition to finish Livingstone's work. He circumnavigated Lake Victoria, he saw Lake Edward and he sailed down the Lualaba and proved that it was a tributary of the Congo River, not the Nile, by following it to its mouth on the Atlantic coast.

These were not the only Victorian explorers, but they were the ones whose work ultimately resulted in the mystery of the Nile's source being clearly articulated and eventually solved.

Christopher Ondaatje is the author of *Journey to the Source of the Nile* (HarperCollins, £20)

## GAZETTE

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES &amp; DEATHS

## DEATHS

INMAN: Deirdre, formerly Bland, nee Hart-Devis, died peacefully at home on 23 November. Greatly beloved mother of Susan, Annabel and Lucy. Funeral at Southwark Church, Lewes, on Friday 4 December at 11.30am. Flowers to Cooper & Son, 222 High Street, Lewes, BN1 2DD. 01273 475587.

MAULE: Jeremy Frank, on 25 November, aged 46. Son of Frank and the late Dorothy Maule, and stepson of Christine Maule. Fellow and Lecturer in English, Trinity College, Cambridge. Funeral 3 December, 3pm in Trinity College Chapel. All welcome. Enquiries and donations in his memory to the Fellows' Secretary, Trinity College. Memorial service planned for the new year.

## CHANGING OF THE GUARD

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. No 7 Company Grenadier Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Scots Guards.

TOMORROW: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at £2.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (Notices, Functions, Forthcoming marriages, Marriages), which must be submitted in writing, are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. Always include a daytime telephone number.

## BIRTHDAYS

TODAY: Mr Kriss Akabusi, Olympic athlete, 46; Professor Giovanni Aquilino, linguist, 75; Miss Fiona Armstrong, television presenter, 42; Sir Gordon Beveridge, president and former Vice-Chancellor, Queen's University of Belfast, 66; Vice-Admiral Sir David Brown, naval consultant, 71; Mr Geoffrey Clarke, artist and sculptor, 74; Miss Cecilia Colledge, former champion skater, 78; Sir David Croom-Johnston, former Lord Justice of Appeal, 84; Mr Alistair Darling MP, Secretary of State for Social Security, 45; Mr Terence Frisby, actor and playwright, 66; The Right Rev Michael Hare Duke, former bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane, 75; Miss Hope Lange, actress, 67; Mr Peter Leaver QC, Chief Executive, Football Association Premier League, 54; Professor Claude Lévi-Strauss, social anthropologist, 90; Lord Macdonald, 1st Marquess of Macdonald, 51; Mr Gordon Marsden MP, 45; General Sir David Mostyn, 70; Miss Deriva Murphy, writer, 67; Mr Randy Newman, singer and songwriter, 58; Sir Idris Pearce, surveyor, 65; Professor Sir Lewis Robertson, industrialist and administrator, 76; Mr Stephen Roche, cyclist, 39; The Right Rev Patrick Rodger, Assistant Bishop, Edinburgh, 78; General Sir Robert Ross, former Commandant General, Royal Marines, 59; Sir Brian Smedley, High Court judge, 64; Mr Randolph Stow, novelist and poet, 63; Sir Raymond Whitney MP, 68.

TOMORROW: Professor Sir Ivor Batchelor, psychiatrist, 82; M Jacques Chirac, President of France, 66; Sir Derek Day, former High Commissioner in Canada, 71; Mr Ryan Giggs, footballer, 25; Professor Sir Michael Howard, historian, 70; Mr

Derek Jameson, radio presenter and former editor, 68; Professor Frank Kermode, literary critic, 79; Mr James McCulloch, ambassador to Iceland, 58; Mr John Mayall, rhythm and blues musician, 63; Mr Geoffrey Moorhouse, writer, 67; Sir Alan Moses, High Court judge, 53; Dame Shirley Porter, former Lord Mayor of Westminster, 68; Professor David Rhind, director-general and chief executive, Ordnance Survey, 55; Mr David Rintoul, actor, 49; Mr Toby Robertson, theatrical director, 70; Mr David Rogers, chief executive, Amstrad, 52; Dame Janet Smith QC, High Court judge, 58; Sir David Steel, former chairman, the Wellcome Trust, 82; Sir Dennis Weatherstone, former chairman and chief executive, J.P. Morgan & Co, New York, 68; Mr Alan Lee Williams, director, Atlantic Council, 68; Miss Louise Winter, operatic mezzo-soprano, 38.

## ANNIVERSARIES

TODAY: Births: Jean-Baptiste Lully (Giovanni Battista Lulli), composer, 1632; William Blake, poet and painter, 1757; Friedrich Engels, socialist, 1820; Anton Grigoryevich Rubinstein, pianist and composer, 1829; John Wesley Hyatt, inventor of celluloid, 1837; Nancy Mitford, writer, 1904; Alberto (Fincher) Moravia, writer, 1907.

Deaths: Edward Planta-gene, 18th Earl of Warwick, beheaded 1499; Matsuo Basho, poet, 1694; Washington Irving, writer, 1859; Mary Fairfax Somerville, mathematician, 1872; "Lord" George Sanger, circus proprietor, murdered 1911; Dwight Filley Davis, sponsor of the Davis cup for tennis, 1948; Enid Mary Blyton, children's writer, 1968.

On this day: the Royal Society was founded, 1660;

London University was granted its charter, 1826; Sir John Lubbock, 1st Baron of Avebury, 1865; the first air raid on London occurred, 1916; the Battle of Britain Museum at Hendon was opened, 1978; the West German chancellor, Helmut Kohl, proposed a plan for the confederation of East and West Germany, 1989.

Today is the Feast Day of St Catherine Labouré, St James of the March, St Joseph Pignatelli, St Simon Metaphrastes and St Stephen the Younger.

TOMORROW: Births: Margaret, Queen of Scotland, 1489; John Harvard, founder of Harvard University, baptised 1607; Louise May Alcott, writer, 1832; Gertrude Jekyll, landscape architect, 1843; Busby Berkeley (William Berkeley Knoss), film director and choreographer, 1895.

Deaths: Giovanni Bellini (Giambellini), painter, 1516; Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal and Lord Chancellor, 1530; Hans Holbein the Younger, painter, 1533; George Edward Robey (Wade), actor and comedian, 1954; Graham Hill, racing driver, killed in an air crash 1975; Natalie Wood (Natasha Gurdin), actress, 1981; Irene Handl, actress, 1987; Ralph Rex Bellamy, actor, 1991.

On this day: the massacre of Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians occurred at Sand Creek, Colorado, by troops under Colonel Chivington, 1864; Nicholas, King of Montenegro was deposed and the kingdom united with Serbia under King Peter, 1918; Admiral Richard Byrd made the first flight over the South Pole, 1929; Yugoslavia was proclaimed a Federal People's Republic, 1945; the United Nations proposed a plan for the partition of Palestine, 1947; Parliament

passed a Bill making the IRA an illegal organisation, 1974.

Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Brendan of Birr, St Radbod, St Saturninus or Sernin of Toulouse and St Saturninus, martyr.

## LECTURES

TODAY: National Gallery: Mari Grif-fith, "Mythical Beasts (iv): Tithon, An Allegory of Prudence", 12 noon. Victoria and Albert Museum: Matthew Cock, "Some 19th-century Photographs", 2pm. Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "The Darkened World: mysterious night-pieces", 1pm; Turner Prize Artists' Talks - Sam Taylor-Wood talks about her work, 4pm (telephone 0171-887 8604 for tickets).

British Museum: Della Pemberton, "Mahayana and the Bodhisattva Ideal", 11.30am; Della Pemberton, "Images of Buddhism: Avalokitesvara, Tara, Guanyin", 1.30pm. National Portrait Gallery: Readings directed by Valerie Doulton, "Songs of Innocence", "The Book of Thee", "Songs of Experience", 1pm.

TOMORROW: Victoria and Albert Museum: Valerie Holman, "Rodin", 2pm. Tate Gallery: Turner Prize Artists' Talks - Tacita Dean talks about her work, 4pm (telephone 0171-887 8604 for tickets).

National Portrait Gallery: Readings directed by Valerie Doulton, "Songs of Innocence", "Visions of the Daughters of Albion", "Songs of Experience", 3pm.

## APPOINTMENTS

Mr Michael John Burton QC, to be a Justice of the High Court, assigned to the Queen's Bench Division.

## This index of comforts can never be enough

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by John Prescott on Monday of a "quality-of-life barometer" provoked a light storm of comment and criticism. That the welfare of the nation is to be gauged by measures other than GDP, inflation and employment was generally welcomed - after all, money does not necessarily translate into happiness, as the National Lottery seems to be demonstrating, to everyone's secret delight.

But the 13 "headline indicators" the Government had chosen were too few for some. Why not plot poverty, drug abuse or violent crime? What about natural beauty or rural tranquillity, complained the Council for the Protection of Rural England. In *The Independent* Alan Treneman regretted that there was to be no register of dog turds (surely a gross domestic product in anyone's book).

Part of the purpose of the exercise must be to inform our understanding of the complexity of the issues that confront the Government. Every measure it takes is a compromise, a trade-off between competing benefits. These various indicators will help it to show that its policies are maximising the common good. Nonetheless, though they recognise that quality of life is something distinct from standard of living, every one of them (with the possible exception of the index of skylarks) seems still to estimate our well-being in material or physical terms. Surely there are other factors.

The secret of happiness is not just - or, some would say, not even - being comfortable but being content; yet the bias of our consumer society runs strongly the other way. The more we possess, the more we want. Our cups may be running over, but the water we're drinking is salty.

So much that is reckoned to enhance our lives seems in fact only to burden them more. Take, for example, technological advance. Just as new roads serve only to generate more traffic, so the effect of built-in obsolescence and the promise of constant innovation is only to

breed dissatisfaction. Which our advertising industry, using every available surface and airwave, does its world-beating best to encourage.

There is, of course, no obvious way to gauge the nation's contentment; but that does not mean that it is not a crucial consideration which should influence public policy. The same is true of good relationships. Does our society cultivate them or obstruct them? Of late, the triumph of middle-class values seems to have made privacy and independence a national obsession. More and more people are choosing to live on their own.

## FAITH &amp; REASON

HUW SPANNER

*Even those who have offered alternatives to John Prescott's quality-of-life barometer have confined themselves to material issues. But what lies outside the crumple-zone?*

Marriage is only for the traditionalists, and all our relationships are provisional.

Our public spaces are carved apart by increasingly busy roads, on which people drive alone, isolated from each other by their crumple zones and climate-control systems and hi-fi SurroundSound. Meanwhile, the imminent explosion of digital television is set to make the common currency of popular culture increasingly rare. One day, all of us will be living in niches.

A third sine qua non of the good life is a sense of achievement. The problem with Mr Prescott's index of employment is that it continues to rate paid work above unpaid, and fails to distinguish between

that which is worthwhile and satisfying and that which is not. But we should not pretend that it is a greater social good to be employed making armaments for export than to be "unemployed" making a home. Of course, a job is a job is a job if you're desperate, but work that saves or enhances a life is better by far than work that highlights one, or ends it. Is it possible, one wonders, to measure the feeling of a day well spent?

Potentially the highest fly in the ointment of affluence is a bad conscience. Now that the trickle-down theory has been tested and discredited, it is difficult to enjoy a rising standard of living without also suffering a surge of guilt. Anyone who doesn't bury their head in the *Daily Mail* must be aware that the poor are poor in part because the fairly well-off are fairly well-off. Meanwhile, the aid agencies and environmental pressure groups beg us to be less selfish in our consumption of oil, or the earth's resources. Once, perhaps, our hearts would have swelled with pride to see the Ministry of Defence test-firing its first cruise missile; today, we are more likely to get that million-dollar feeling when the Treasury cancels Nicaragua's debt.

Of course, the problem with any putative index of the national conscience would be how to read it. After all, the people who are most aware of their own shortcomings are usually not the inveterate sinners but the saints. Perhaps the Government could concentrate in its first term on maximising our feelings of guilt by making us aware of our responsibilities, and could then win a second term with a promise to relieve our consciences with some real reform. "New Labour, New Leaf" might be the slogan.

But then, of course, believers would want to add that in the final analysis (or the Last Judgement, as it is technically known) the quality of our lives is not measured by us, or by our government, but by God. And that is a rather sobering thought.

Huw Spanner is publisher of *Third Way* magazine



The controller of BBC1 has decided to chuck out the chintz. Peter Salmon wants to make British sitcoms funny, but he ignores the nation's favourite item of furniture at his peril. By Thomas Sutcliffe

# Save the suburban sofa

**S**o, the sofa is to become an endangered species on British television. Earlier this week Peter Salmon, the controller of BBC1, announced that open season had been declared on the living-room-suite style of cosy domestic comedy. Such programmes were to be ushered from the screen and not particularly gently either, if we are to judge from the relish with which he boasted that he was "the net-curtain comedy killer, the man who took out a contract on suburban sofas and knitted pullovers". One can only hope that his hired assassins have good powers of discrimination and think carefully before they pull the trigger, because one of the best new comedy series for many seasons would have been unthinkable without this upholstered villain, this scapegoat with washable covers.

It's true that the sofa in question was faintly battered and almost certainly harboured atrocities in its deeper crevices. Along with that unidentifiable scum which even the best-kept sofas secrete, you would have found Crunchie wrappers, old mascara bottles, a disposable cigarette lighter, and, more than likely, a baker's tariff, since one of the sofa's occupants had spent most of the first episode attempting to memorise the prices for various cakes and slices. Not Hyacinth Bouquet's sofa then, every cleft of which would have been vacuumed to a state of pristine inspectability.

This sofa, ash-smudged and dandruffed with hiscuit crumbs, was virtually a non-speaking cast member in *The Royle Family*, Caroline Aherne's brilliant evocation of Northern family life - a series which limited itself to living room and kitchen with a kind of agoraphobic daring.

It is almost certainly exempt from the general cull - and not just because it inhabits the wildlife reserve of BBC2, where it is beyond the range of Mr Salmon's guns. More importantly still, the programme's sofa is a working-class piece of furniture and it is social attitudes rather than subject matter that Salmon has in his sights. He didn't use the words middle-class - or was not reported to have done in any of the newspaper articles which covered the announcement - but that abused shorthand for the stolid and undemanding lay behind much of what he said. There are demographic hazards in such an attitude, as several old-school comedy writers pointed out. After all, not a few of the viewers for BBC1's programmes sit on a sofa as they watch and some of them even wear knitted pullovers to compound the sin. If Mr Salmon doubts the clout



Main picture: 'The Royle Family'; then from left: 'Terry and June', 'Next of Kin' and 'Keeping up Appearances'

of this group of licence-payers, he can flick through any copy of the *Radio Times* as a reminder - along with the car ads and Franklin Mint collector's plates he will almost certainly find an advert for removable soft covers - precisely the kind of sensibility he has identified.

Of course this audience may not be as militant in defence of its pleasures as the actual writers who make a living out of them. Millions of people watched *Next of Kin*,

a dire Penelope Keith vehicle which was one of the early trophies in Mr Salmon's display cabinet, but it is difficult to believe that even one of them will march on Television Centre to demand its reinstatement. What it was was not very funny - inasmuch as Mr Salmon was using his phrase as a shorthand for a yielding, down-stuffed kind of programme - and it is difficult to object to his general principle, which might be more accurately

paraphrased as "fewer unfunny comedies".

The problem, as the example of *The Royle Family* shows, is that quality in the sitcom simply can't be defined by ruling out a certain type of subject matter. Ban clerical comedy because you were frightened by Derek Nimmo as a young media student and you've effectively killed *The Vicar of Dibley* before birth, a self-consciously old-fashioned kind of sitcom which

nevertheless managed to give the dog collar a new kind of edge.

And being more precise doesn't really help. Mr Salmon said he wanted to get away from "whimsy" but how else would you describe the surreal inconsequentiality of *Father Ted*, the series which, for my money, included the funniest sitcom joke ever broadcast on television - the one in which Father Ted attempted to instruct Dougal in the mysteries of perspective. The scene was a tiny,

rain-hammered caravan, with Ted and Dougal cramped on either side of a tiny table.

"No, Dougal", said Ted waving a small plastic cow at his mentally-challenged colleague, "this cow is small, that cow is far away."

There was then a perfectly timed pause before Dougal shook his head regretfully. "Sorry Ted, would you run through that one more time?"

Does that sublime moment demonstrate "bite", exactly? I suppose you might take it as mordant if you were an Irish clergyman, but even then you would be pushing it. The danger of ruling out whole areas of subject matter - and by implication the audiences who live like that - is that you cramp the potential of writers you haven't even met yet. A sanctioned prejudice against the domestic and the middle-class is equally dangerous - because it fails to see how much excellent comedy has emerged from those notionally unpromising locations. What are the young, urban professionals of *Friends* if they are not middle class?

More crucially, one of the finest sitcoms in recent years, a massive international success, is based on the home life of an ordinary family of middle-class Americans from the very middle of middle America.

This situation is hardly novel. It has been exploited countless times before, from *I Love Lucy* to *The Cosby Show*, and yet *The Simpsons* has every quality Peter Salmon is looking for in seeking to refresh the image of BBC1 comedy. (It needs to be remembered that this is an image problem: the recent governors' strictures and much press coverage relate less to current reality than to past experience - *Terry and June*, cited in many papers as an example of shows that will suffer, hasn't been on screen for years).

*The Simpsons* is witty, inventive and sharp. It even came close to knocking *Father Ted* off the number one spot in my own personal pantheon; Homer is at home recovering from an injury and is visited by solicitous colleagues.

"They had a hell of a time replacing you," he is reassured, at which point we cut to an image of his empty work station in the nuclear power plant, where the all important lever is being held in place by a brick on a string.

Every episode of *The Simpsons* also begins with a running joke that should make Peter Salmon think harder about the terms in which he expresses his ambitions - a short sequence in which the entire family races to sit down together to watch the television. What they head for is a suburban sofa, and it is one that television comedy would be considerably poorer without.

## ARTS DIARY

DAVID LISTER

IT MAY come as no surprise to his female admirers to learn that Des Lynam, the *Much Of The Day* presenter, has poetry in his soul. But should it have stayed in his soul? I leave you to judge. On a CD, released today, of Des reading poetry by Kipling, Betjeman and others, is one of his own - a protest poem to boot. Written in 1982 at the time of the Falklands War, his poem is entitled *Silly Isles: Politicians without their guile Army Hawks without a smile Did send our men 8,000 mile To claim some rocks. The final verse: But when those excoets are fired When men are dead and others tired Those sad grey rocks won't half have cost a lot.* One bookmaker has made Lynam a 66-1 outsider to beat the Spice Girls and top the charts at Christmas. Perhaps they'll both lose to Alan Hansen reading *Wuthering Heights*.

BENEATH THOSE anarchic Monty Python people lurk sensitive souls. Python Terry Jones has written to the London listings magazine *Time Out* complaining about their review which appeared over a year ago (1) of the movie version he directed of *Wind In The Willows*. "What really upset me about your review," his letter goes on, "was not your reviewer's opinion but the fact that he intimated the film did not work for children, based on the reaction of his own child..." May I make two points to Terry Jones? 1. It is an accepted rule of film criticism that all generalisations about children's tastes should be based on the grunted response of the child occupying the seat next to you. And 2. If you're going to argue with a review then best to do it within 12 months.

GRAHAM MARCHANT and Graham Devin, both senior officials at the Arts Council, are to leave to go into consultancy. Will they take advantage of the new counselling and therapy service now being offered by the Council, on taxpayers' money, to all its staff? Or is Arts Council sickness now beyond counselling? Staff are urged to consult Core Care, a professional counselling organisation. They are told: "Please do not consume alcohol or drugs before you attend your session as this can interfere with the counselling process." Come, come. These people are in the process of administering the annual round of grants. As every arts company will testify, they always take to drink and drugs at the Council before applying their minds to that.

## It's fun, and it's even legal (almost)



A Victorian lady's beauty routine. First, have yourself painted by Sargent. That's it.

John Singer Sargent. An exhibition of portraits, landscapes, watercolours and drawings. Tate Gallery, Millbank 15 October 1998-17 January 1999. Nearest underground: Pimlico. Minds open from 10 am. Information 0171-887 8008. www.tate.org.uk Adults: £8 Concessions: £4. Free to Friends. Advance tickets £7.60/£5 from First Call 0171-420 0055.

Sponsored by MORGAN STANLEY DEAN WITTER

## POP

SNOOP DOGG  
SUBSTANIA  
LONDON

Doggystyle, one of the biggest-selling rap albums.

The trouble was that Snoop Dogg and other leading exponents never exhibited much by way of irony, no matter what their apologists claimed. "Keepin' it real", the obsessive maxim of gangsta rap, led ultimately to the fatal shootings of Tupac Shakur and the Notorious B.I.G. Even Snoop Dogg himself was up on a murder charge in 1995, which he escaped. So, when someone let off the blank, it had a

pathetic logic. Snoop initially took to the stage provocatively in a balaclava and, between volatile reminders that this was "a gangsta party", exhorted us to wave our guns in the air. This being Ladbroke Grove, not Compton, a raised caddy had to do. You had to smile and, to his credit, Snoop did.

Hearteningly, there was little acknowledgement from a relaxed Dogg that the Wu-Tang Clan and its various offshoots have long since usurped his rap throne. Sporting elegant pigtales and supported by a couple of good-natured fellow rappers, a virtuoso DJ and a phalanx of "security", the Dogg was straight out of his trap with "Murder Was The Case". He

never looked back. Much has been made of the absence of production genius Dr Dre on Dogg's last album, *Da Game Is To Be Sold, Not To Be Told*, but live tracks like "Gin & Juice II" and "Still A G-Thing" show the rapper's sassy delivery to great effect. These recalled what the man himself dubbed "Classic Dogg", the era which he seemed more than happy to evoke. He was a mesmerising performer, rearing himself up to his full height to conduct the audience through his vintage G-funk. "Who Am I (What's My Name)?" and "Snoops Upside Your Head". Every dog has its day, and this one got to have it all over again.

MIKE HIGGINS

## THE WEEK IN RADIO

ROBERT HANKS

IT WOULD be easy to scoff at the idea of putting modern art on radio - "Best place for it," some would say. And it is true that art today demands to be explained and not simply looked at, so that radio suits it quite well. But that doesn't account for the success of *Private View* (Monday-Friday, Radio 3). A couple of years ago, Nicholas Ward Jackson's series of encounters with artists won a well-earned Sony Award for an episode in which he almost didn't encounter Douglas Gordon (who went on to win the Turner Prize the same year). That was something of a one-off. Gordon was deliberately and

provocatively elusive, playing Ward Jackson along with a series of enigmatic and even downright threatening answerphone messages, before allowing himself to be tracked down. It was the atmosphere that the programme took from the messages which made this arresting. But the real strength of *Private View* is Ward Jackson's own attention to what he is being told, his seriousness and evident enthusiasm, and the trust and seriousness he inspires in his interlocutors. This week's pack of five started with a remarkable meeting with Gilbert and George at their studio in Spitalfields. The idea was that he would

talk to them about their *New Testament Pictures*, about to be exhibited in Italy - photographic montages of G&G at play among the blood, urine, sperm and other bodily excreta. But they were soon pressing on him new photographs: of themselves as zombies, a series of images of chewing-gum on the street (a nuisance, "but we saw a very touching beauty in the fact that each one was chewed by some darling person once"), and landscapes in dried-out piss stains.

On the *Today* programme, where the rare discussions of art either start or quickly descend to the level of "Yeah, but you

wouldn't want one on your mantelpiece, would you?", this would have been a cue for suppressed giggles. For me, G&G have always sat uncomfortably close to kitsch; and their self-spoofing tendency, the suppressed giggle that seems to lie behind their public pronouncements, adds to my uneasiness. With Ward Jackson, they began to sound like considered and considerable artists - their insistence on the primacy of emotion, their persistent engagement with materials that need to be handled with rubber gloves and a bottle of disinfectant a defiance of the limits placed on us by flesh. It was a deeply serious programme;

also, though I know I haven't made it sound that way, funny.

There was more defiance of the flesh in *Aids and Me* (Radio 4, Wednesday), Nigel Wrench's feature about living with the disease over the last three years. Wrench's own unscripted descriptions of landmarks - the day he was diagnosed HIV-positive and had to cancel an interview with Edward Heath; the bout of pneumonia that marked the onset of *Aids* proper - were admirably businesslike, uncomplicated, quietly optimistic; by far the most affecting account of the disease I've heard, and an excellent piece of programme-making.

JP 11/150







## BOOKS OF THE

Bowie and Sinatra, Picasso and Matisse, Napoleon and Hitler, the Marquis de Sade and ... Kenneth Starr?  
Independent writers and guest contributors choose the books that have given them most pleasure in 1998

**Geoff Dyer**

**Novelist and critic**  
Before reading *Sir Vidia's Shadow* (Hamish Hamilton), I was not a fan of Paul Theroux, but this instantly notorious memoir of his friendship with VS Naipaul was a wonderfully belated introduction to his talent. Theroux's portrait of a writer – and, on the basis of this testimony, a thoroughly loathsome human being – is as vivid as any ever written. This loathsomeness has come to contaminate Naipaul's own writing, but perhaps the highest compliment we can pay Theroux is that the Vidia of these pages is as powerfully realised as a character in the latter's best fiction. I've long been an admirer of Lorrie Moore; her *Birds of America* (Faber) is an exquisite collection of stories by a writer at the peak of her form.

**Rick Stein**

**Restaurateur**  
Ever since I read *Beautiful Swimmers: watermen, crabs and Chesapeake Bay* by William W Warner (Little, Brown, US), I've had a thirst for books which make the business of fishing more than just a passing interest. Sebastian Junger's *The Perfect Storm* (Fourth Estate) also did that, but none more successfully than *Cod: a biography of the fish that changed the world* by Mark Kurlansky (Cape). The incredible importance of cod in the economic development of North America, coupled with the startling fact that the Basques were already fishing the Grand Banks when Columbus "discovered America", makes for intriguing reading. Covering the general demise of fish stocks, the book is disturbing and moving. I read a review of *Namedropper* by Emma Forrest (Arrow) while on the way to London for a fish meeting. I set myself the task of reading it from the point of view of how someone of 51 could be interested in the angst of an 18-year-old character and a 21-year-old author, but the book is a complete delight. It shows to me that growing older doesn't mean a thing.

**Carole Angier**

**Biographer and critic**  
This has been such a good year for biography that I cannot name all my choices. At the top, though, comes Hilary Spurling's *The Unknown Matisse* (Chatto), a book which will defy the dictum that books cannot change the world. Together with its future second volume, it will change 20th-century art history, and therefore 20th-century history. Two other splendid combinations of biographer and subject are Richard Holmes's second volume, *Coleridge: darker visions* (HarperCollins), well worth the wait, and Michael Ignatieff's *Isaiah Berlin* (Chatto). And for sheer beauty, as well as melancholy, WG Sebald's meditation on art, history and isolation, *The Rings of Saturn* (Harvill).



Bill Clinton

**Charlotte Cory**

**Novelist**  
1998 was the year I went interactive, so my first "book" choice is *Ceremony of Innocence*, a CD-ROM extravaganza based on the mysterious correspondence of Griffin and Sabine by Nick Bantock. The funniest book by far this year has been *Ctinion: The Starr Report* (Orion). Those of us who trade in fictions could never compete.

Nor will pizza ever taste the same again! Far more intriguing sex and scandal is to be found in Graham Rawle's *Diary of an Amateur Photographer* (Picador), a whacky collage of a book about a nerdy glamour photographer. A beautiful book of photographs, *Irish Houses and Gardens* by Sean O'Reilly (Aurum Press), taken from the archives of *Country Life*, had me crossing the Irish Sea a few weeks ago. It's a mesmerising record of faded grandeur. Finally, I have re-read all 91 of Somerset Maugham's stories and concluded that he was a complete genius. His stories about colonial life in the Far East are especially haunting.

**Emma Hagestadt**

**Critic**  
A good year for transatlantic stalwarts. Annie Proulx's Christmas stocking-sized novella *Breakback Mountain* (Fourth Estate) is a near-perfect hymn to life on the open range. Carol Shields's *Larry's Party* (Fourth Estate) winningly explored the interior of life of the menopausal male.



Coleridge

*The Last Resort* (Chatto), Alison Lurie's first novel for 10 years, is a wonderfully waspish account of how a couple of ageing academics abandon their fir-green dressing gowns for a winter break in Florida's Key West. British novelists can take a spikier view of relationships. Particularly entertaining paperback reads included Liz Jensen's *Ark Baby* (Bloomsbury) – ape man meets Northumbrian slappers – and Lesley Glaister's pucky novel of fathers and daughters (and other lovers), *Easy Peasy* (Bloomsbury). As respite from wanees Bridgetts, singletons got real in Mavis Cheek's *Getting Back Brahm's* (Faber) and Stella Duffy's *Singling Out the Couples* (Sceptre).

**Ruth Padel**

**Poet**  
Poetry's rollercoaster year (see *Birthday Letters* and the Laureate's death) has continued to the blackly bitter end. OUP brought out one of the year's best new collections in the very week its management betrayed Oxford's own history, demonstrating academe's increasing isolation from creativity, and extinguished one of the best poetry lists in the country. In *My Life Asleep*, Jo Shapcott, one of the jewels in OUP's disgraced crown, mixes meditations on identity with mischievous lyrics in weird voices, and love poems based on Rilke's "Roses". Shapcott's "roses", an erotic bunch of lyrically strong-minded vaginas, talk back to men: I wish they'd have a go at OUP's treacherous Finance Committee. In his wonderful *Selected Poems*, Michael Longley, a diamond in Cape's poetry crown, gathers 30 years of poems about love, nature, war and death. His unique lyric voice is always alert to the wary life of the past in the present (Homer's Troy in war-shattered Belfast), and shy animal life in the meadowsweet of a darkened Northern field.

**Roger Clarke**

**Critic**  
Philip Hensher's *Pleased* (Chatto) did just that: a sublimely structured and sophisticated novel set in 1988 Berlin in which Hensher cleverly con-

flates the drug culture of the Summer of Love and the imminent demise of Checkpoint Charlie. Ian McEwan with a sense of humour – yikes, there's no stopping this man. I also felt Douglas Coupland's *Girlfriend in a Coma* (Flamingo) was finally far more the work of a novelist than of a pop-culture critic. It shows a new maturity in the grizzled Gen-Xer John Waters' Director's Cut (Scala) proved to be a fabulous treat, a photo-montage from the director of *Pink Flamingos*, full of visual quirks, gags and chucklesome electronic hysteria.

**John Sutherland**

**Professor of English, UCL**  
There are so many books published in the Nineties that good books get buried under the bad. The mathematics are simple: 2,000 titles (on average) are published every week, with around 50 reviewed in a paper such as *The Independent*. For me, the three best books of the year are: (1) *The Baltimore Case* by Daniel J Kevles (Norton). This is not, as may seem, a work of American urban history. David Baltimore was the Nobel Prize-winning biologist caught in a Kafkaesque process in which he was (falsely) accused of the most heinous of modern crimes – sexism. His career was practically ruined. Adrian Johns's *The Nature of the Book* (Chicago) is, in my view, the most lucid and persuasive account of the new kind of knowledge produced by print in its genesis period, the 16th and 17th centuries. A work to rank alongside McLuhan. Alison Winter's *Mesmerized: mind and authority in Victorian Britain* (Chicago) respectfully examines mesmerism as science, not pseudo-science or the bastardised Uri Geller performances associated with the term. A landmark in the history of science scholarship.

**Orlando Figes**

**Historian**  
A good year for military history. Antony Beevor's *Stalingrad* (Viking) is well researched and very readable. Richard Overy's *Russia's War* (Allen Lane) is a more than useful complement. Niall Ferguson's *The Pity of War* (Allen Lane) is a very clever piece of revisionist scholarship on the First World War, even if it only half persuades. I also much admired Mark



Frank Sinatra

Mazower's *Dark Continent* (Allen Lane), a series of essays on 20th-century Europe that enlighten and disturb. For thrills, I recommend Robert Harris's *Archangel* (Hutchinson).

**Lisa Appignanesi**

**Novelist and critic**  
Daniel Menaker's novel *The Treatment* (Faber) gave me great pleasure. Not only is it a wise, witty and beautifully crafted coming-of-age book, but it features the best and most outrageous shrink in the post-Freudian canon. Marina Warner's *No Go the Bogeyman* (Chatto) is a rich feast of a volume. No one knows more about the myths, tales and large dollops of art and popular culture which go into the shaping of our imagination. She subtly teases out the uses we make of fear in a salutary study for our terror-stricken and horror-mongering turn of the millennium. Finally, the love and knowledge Malcolm Bowie demonstrates in *Proust Among the*

*Stars* (HarperCollins) makes this the book for existing and would-be buffs.

**Laurie Taylor**

**Sociologist and broadcaster**  
It is a devastating comment upon the insular nature of contemporary sociology that there have been so few critical analy-



Susan Hill

ses of the effect upon our personal and social lives of the new information age and its changing patterns of work. But just when you thought that there was no effective antidote to the unholy up-beat alliance of management theorists and technological determinists, along comes Richard Sennett's magnificent examination of the downside of this brave new world of flexibility and risk. *The Corrosion of Character: the personal consequences of work in the new capitalism* (Norton). Those with a little time left over from their increasingly hectic working lives will find comfort in the gentle insights about human nature which pervade Yi-Fu Tuan's *Escapism* (Johans Hopkins), and even the exceptionally busy should be able to find the few minutes necessary to snatch some consolatory advice from Celia Haddad's astute collection of aphorisms, *One Hundred Ways to Serenity* (Hodder).

**Hilary Mantel**

**Novelist**  
Question: can publishers feel shame? David Cauter had to set up the Tottersdown Press to self-publish his provocative, scathing, and gruesomely funny novel *Futima's Scarf*. Hovering on a magical prayer-mat somewhere between Bradford and Cairo, this spirited narrative of the clash of Islamic and Western values subverts our pieties about the Rushdie affair, and ambushes the unwary reader at every turn. The first paragraph alone has more energy and edge than the whole output of many of our accepted wits. Give it to your friends as a compliment to their intelligence. Another wit, upsetting and anarchic, is Grace Ingoldby, whose *Bring Out Your Dead* (Peter Owen) I nominate as this year's most underestimated novel. Ingoldby is a stylist and an ironist: a true original.

**Christopher Hope**

**Novelist**  
Victoria Glendinning's *Swift* (Hutchinson) gives a splendid likeness to the great gloomy Dean – sharp and sympathetic. She shows Jonathan Swift as lonely, frantic and horribly funny; a mixture of sadness and vituperation, with some very odd ideas about women. All the things that did the damage – and also made him great. Justin Cartwright's *Leading the Cheers* (Sceptre) is a novel about going home to America – and finding the place haunted by ghosts of yourself and your friends when young, along with the Redskin ghosts who haunt American prosperity. It is funny and tender and does the essential thing: it speaks for the dead. *Futima's Scarf* by David Cauter (Tottersdown Press) is a terrific novel. A tale of everyday bigotry in the heart of England, it scared off every publisher who saw it and so Cauter published it himself. It takes in the Rushdie affair, Asian values and Western hypocrisy in an outrageous attack on self-importance, bores and book-burners.

**John Walsh**

**Writer**  
My big Christmas immersion will be in the second volume of Richard Holmes's matchless revivification of Coleridge. *Darker Visions* (HarperCollins), but the biography I most enjoyed in 1998 was Mark Amory's *Lord Berners: the last eccentric* (Chatto), less for the portrait of the polymorphously silly Gerald Tyrwhitt than the more generally farcical Stivells-and-Furbank ambience of literary England between the wars. For similar reasons, I loved Paul Theroux's wickedly total recall of VS Naipaul's snobbery, petulance and vain-glory through three decades of peculiar "friendship" in *Sir Vidia's Shadow* (Hamish Hamilton). In a disappointing year for fiction, in which Ian McEwan's otherwise delightful *Amsterdam* (Cape) was spoiled by its awful O Henry-ish ending, the most accomplished debut was Giles Foden's *The Last King of Scotland* (Faber), a vivid evocation of Seventies Uganda and the "naked visceral attraction" a terrible dictator could hold for a Western liberal doctor. And Barney Hoskyns's brief, sparkling *Glam: Bowie, Bolan and the Glitter Rock Revolution* (Faber) reminded us precisely why, 25 years ago, we all drew gold circles on our foreheads and pretended to be bisexual.

**Michael Arditti**

**Novelist and critic**  
While publishers fight to sign ever younger, sexier and more modish writers, the finest novels to have come my way this year have been by three veterans: David Storey's *A Serious Man* (Cape), at once a fascinating summation of a life's work, a searing account of mental fragility, and a ringing endorsement of the power of art; Maureen Duffy's *Restitution* (Fourth Estate), an intensely thought-provoking exploration of national and personal identity with persuasive portraits of life in modern London and wartime Berlin; and Susan Hill's *The Service of Clouds* (Chatto), a quietly passionate study of family tragedy written in luminous, impressionistic prose.

**Aamer Hussein**

**Critic**  
Mimi Khalvati's long poem *Entries on Light* (Carnegie) comes first. Shimmering fragments of subjectivity and

sweeping visions of the lived landscapes of language, love and loss, coalesce. Reviewers heralded the glory of short fiction; Annie Proulx's *Breakback Mountain* (Fourth Estate) and AS Byatt's *Elements* (Chatto) bore them out, but I'll go for my neighbourhood and the underrated Carlo Gebler's *W9 and Other Lives* (Marion Boyars): this man, like Pritchett and Trevor, really has the knack. Novels I recommend: Gebler's *How to Murder a Man* (Little, Brown), a drama of love, revenge, and justice in rural Ireland; Christa Wolf's re-take on the Greeks, *Medea* (Virago). Two fine debuts: Rabbih Alameddina's *Koolaid's* (Abacus), a reflection on civil war, art and disease; James Bradley's *Wreck* (Review), a re-imagining of Australian histories. Reprint: Sara Suleri's exquisite memoir *Meatless Days* (Flamingo).

**Pete Davies**

**Writer on sport**  
Every night when we finished another chapter, my children – Joe, 8, and Megan, 5 – howled for more. Carol Hughes's *Jack Black And The Ship Of Thieves* (Bloomsbury) is a glorious adventure story, like Jules Verne recast by Terry Gilliam, and we all really loved it. John M Barry's *Rising Tide* (Touchstone) is a truly enthralling history of the great Mississippi flood of 1926. Pitting awesome natural forces against heroic engineers and a corrupted social order. Barry's book possesses an epic power and scale. The best thriller of the year was undoubtedly James Lee Burke's *Sunset Limited* (Orion), and the best football book, by a country mile, was Alyson Rudd's achingly funny *Astroturf Blonde* (Headline).

A STORY THAT  
HAD TO BE TOLD...

'An accessible, deeply moving and thoroughly contemporary book... Every household in Britain should have a copy lest we forget what is happening in Tibet'  
PATRICK FRENCH, SUNDAY TIMES

A STORY THAT  
HAS TO BE READ

'Palden Gyatso's testimony is one of the most extraordinary stories of suffering and endurance... (He) is an inspiration to us all' THE DALAI LAMA

FIRE UNDER  
THE SNOW

TESTIMONY OF A TIBETAN PRISONER  
PALDEN GYATSO

HARVILL/PANTHER  
Available now at all good bookshops

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## OF THE YEAR

neth Starr?  
ure in 1998

## Charles Nicholl

**Travel writer**  
The unexpected pleasure of the year was Neil Parsons's *King Khama, Emperor Joe and the Great White Queen* (University of Chicago Press), a meticulous reconstruction of a journey through England in 1895 by three African chiefs from Bechuanaland (now Botswana), seeking sympathy



Camille Paglia

and support against the incursions of Cecil Rhodes. Given the vast literature of Victorian travel in Africa, it is refreshing to see it all the other way round. The story is beautifully told: sometimes poignant, sometimes comic, ultimately heartening. Less unexpected was the excellence of James Hamilton-Paterson's reissued *Playing with Water* (Granta). Written in his characteristically terse yet shimmering prose, the book seamlessly weaves together an account of his sojourn on an uninhabited Philippine island, and a memoir of his post-war British childhood.

## Beryl Bainbridge

**Novelist**  
In the last 12 months I've read more newly published books than in as many years, mainly because I've spent a lot of time

on trains. The ones that gave me the most pleasure in terms of excellence of writing, plot and sheer readability were AN Wilson's *Dream Children* (Murray), Paul Bailey's *Kitty and Virgil* (Fourth Estate), and Amanda Foreman's *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire* (HarperCollins). Lastly (I only bought it two days ago), *Ethel and Ernest* (Cape), a subtle and affectionate "moiré in words and pictures of his parents by Raymond Briggs, surely the only chap capable of bridging without strain the credibility gap between adult and child. I hate talking about worst books. Randolph Fiennes' *Fit For Life* (Little, Brown) isn't bad in itself, but just goes on about how to be healthy. No ciggies, no chips, no alcohol... He doesn't mention that of the five in 1912 who perished on their way back from the South Pole, Taff Evans liked his drink, Edward Wilson had TB yet smoked, as did Oates, Bowers and Scott. It was the weather that killed them, not a fatty diet or fags.

## Duncan Fallowell

**Travel writer**  
Elaine Feinstein's *Pushkin* (Weidenfeld) is exactly the same length as Robin Edmunds's biography of 1994, and has an identical cover, too. It supersedes it less on account of the new archive material (which relates largely to the man who killed Pushkin in a duel), and more because of Feinstein's greater poetic sensitivity. The authorised *Laurence Durrell* (Faber) by Ian McEwan was dreadful, so thank goodness Gordon Bowker's unjustly neglected biography of 1996, *Through the Dark Labyrinth*, came out in paperback (Pimlico). *The Guest From The Future* (John Murray) by Georgy Delos examines the famously brief and fateful meeting in St Petersburg between Anna Akhmatova and

Isaiah Berlin. The book subtly gets it right: she is a major figure, he's a bit of a twit.

## Tony O'Reilly

**Chairman, Independent Newspapers plc**  
John Edgar's massive work on Pitt the Younger has a harrowing final scene in which Pitt, on his death bed at 46, cries: "Oh that it were for England." He felt he had failed and that Napoleon's victories at Ulm and Austerlitz represented the triumph of France and the isolation of England. How wrong he was; how great his reputation is today. The chronicle of the next eight years leading to Waterloo is traced in Alistair Horne's extraordinary book *How Far from Austerlitz?* (Penguin). Horne combines a gripping eye for detail with provocative sources and objectivity. He leads you to the conclusion that although Napoleon could forge tempo-



Napoleon

rally alliances, particularly of a family nature, he could never make permanent friends. The end was inevitable, though punctuated by flashes of Napoleonic brilliance. Wellington's five-year Iberian campaign leads to Napoleon's penultimate defeat, his escape from Elba and the final battle

with the Allies at "Quatre Bras", or Waterloo, as it will be forever called. Waterloo shaped the map of Europe for almost a century and Horne's wonderful book shows the reason why. When Napoleon died in 1821, in exile on a lonely rock in the South Atlantic, the ever-faithful Talleyrand is quoted as saying: "It is no longer an event, it is only a piece of news."

## Lachlan Mackinnon

**Poet and critic**  
Two books of poems and a biography particularly stood out. One was Paul Muldoon's *Hoy* (Faber), which showed how the poet's famous obliquity is now married to an occasional and startling emotional directness. Each book Muldoon publishes is conceived as a unit and becomes an event; the playful sadness of this one is engrossing. Andrew Motion's *Selected Poems 1976-1997* (Faber) rewrites some poems for the sake of clarity; they are fascinating, but the book will bring to new readers a full sense of the limpid, very English note of sorrow with which this fine poet regards the world. Park Honan's very readable *Shakespeare: A Life* (Oxford) is excellent on background, consolidates our knowledge and prepares readers for the debate about Shakespeare's religion which is beginning to absorb Shakespeareans.

## Peter Parker

**Critic and biographer**  
*The Warhol Look: glamour, style, fashion* (Bullfinch Press), which was published to accompany the hugely enjoyable exhibition at the Barbican Centre, is not a catalogue, but an engrossing book in its own right. Warhol blurred both consumerism and art, and saw the genuinely radical drag-queen aesthetic of *The Factory* gradually becoming main-



David Bowie

stream. Personally, I'd rather have the Joe Dallesandro from *Trash* than the one in the Calvin Klein ads, but this book celebrates both incarnations. Sumptuously produced, lavishly illustrated, this also proved to be the bargain of the year: I also had no idea what a good writer Gary Indiana was until I read *Resentment* (Quartet), a brilliantly observed panoramic novel set in Los Angeles during the Menendez Trial. The book makes demands on both the reader's patience and stomach, but it is also very funny indeed, and I found myself laughing and recoiling in equal measure.

## Carol Birch

**Novelist and critic**  
This year, *The Life of Thomas More* (Chatto) once again illustrates Peter Ackroyd's brilliant ability to conjure up another age. An incisive and spirited biographer, he catches the incredible diversity of More, the profound seriousness and endless humour. He conveys a world-view alien to ours without any taint of the patronising modern tendency to rewrite history in our own image. Hilary Mantel shows a similar ability in her novel *The Giant, O'Brien* (Fourth Estate), though here

her depiction of Ireland and London in the 18th century has a decidedly mythical tang about it. Blending the Irish bardic tradition, the freak show and the uneasy co-dependence of grave-robbing and anatomist, it compels from its misty Gaelic opening to its powerful end.

## Shena Mackay

**Novelist**  
I have read a great many books this year in the course of often pleasurable duty. Here are some I read purely for pleasure: *Kitty and Virgil* by Paul Bailey (Fourth Estate), *Restitution* by Maureen Duffy (Fourth Estate), *Pleasured* by Philip Hensher (Chatto), *Trespass* by DJ Taylor (Duckworth). These vastly different novels all evoke recent history, British and European, in enthralling narratives hallmarked with their authors' individual insight, humour and poignancy. The heartbreaking subject matter of Clive Sinclair's *A Soap Opera From Hell* (Picador), the deaths of his wife and other family members, is handled with grace. Even in describing his ordeals as a latter-day Job, Sinclair's sardonic humour is in play. Throughout an intellectually and geographically wide-ranging collection of essays, wisdom and humanity inform the sharp observations of a unique writer.

## Gabriel Josipovici

**Critic and novelist**  
Al Qahira means "the victorious one" and in *Coir: The City Victorious* (Picador), Max Rodenbeck has managed what, to my mind, even Jan Morris in her acclaimed *Venice* failed to do: to bring a city to life in all its sprawling, noisy, many-layered reality, and to convey the sense we get living there of a past impinging on the present, of a present in flux. One of the

Continued on page 16

Hunter S. Thompson  
November 28 '98

Dear Sir/Madam,

Hi, my name is Thompson & I'm here to tell you to BUY A BOOK - namely my own book, THE RUM DIARY which is currently in bookshops everywhere.

All I will tell you is that if you don't buy my book NOW, I will have some people come by your premises & beat you like a Slime Eel. That is all ye know and all ye need to know.

Good luck,

THE RUM DIARY & THE PROUD HIGHWAY  
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## BOOKS OF THE YEAR



## ENGLAND, ENGLAND

Julian Barnes

Shortlisted for the 1998 Booker Prize

'He has written nothing more poignant and enticing...

A commanding imaginative achievement.'

John Carey, *Sunday Times*

'Barnes's satiric relish... runs at glorious full tilt...

Delightful stuff...'

Valentine Cunningham, *Independent*

'Splendidly enjoyable... a typical Barnes novel only in that it is completely unlike any of his others.'

Steven Poole, *Independent on Sunday*

JONATHAN CAPE

www.randomhouse.co.uk

world's great cities has at last found its portraitist and biographer. Timothy Hymn's *Bonnard* (Thames & Hudson) also rises triumphantly above its genre. Hymn is excellent on Bonnard's "life and times", but the real strength of the book lies in the fact that it is written by a painter and so manages to



Ian McEwan

convey this feel of Bonnard's painterly struggles with each work, and of his painterly solutions. Finally, Aaron Appelfeld's *The Iron Tracks* (Schocken Books): not one of his very best, but still a cut above most fiction I read.

## Carol Rumens

Poet  
Consignments of visions and revisions were supplied by Richard Dawkins's *Unweaving the Rainbow* (Allen Lane) and Don Cupitt's *After God* (SCM Press). I plucked from an airport rack *Great Jones Street* by Don DeLillo (Vintage), and so began that happiest journey through a new and trustworthy imagination. In poetry, Ian Duhig's *Nominees* (Corgi) was a particular delight. The most over-hyped book of 1998 was Ted Hughes's *Birthday Letters* (Faber).

## DJ Taylor

Novelist and critic  
Fifteen years in the making and almost embarrassingly lavish in scope, Peter Davidson's monumental edition of George Orwell: *The Complete Works* (Secker, 20 volumes) made everything else look puny. But I liked Julian Earwaker and Kathleen Becker's meticulously arranged *Literary Norfolk: An Illustrated Companion* (Chapter Six), the excellence of whose critical forays belies its modest title. Violet Powell's memoir *The Departure Platform* (Heinemann) seemed more funny and less smug than certain critics alleged.

## John Campbell

Biographer  
In a field increasingly dominated by politicians' potboilers (Alan Clark, Roy Hattersley), some of the best contemporary history is being written by working journalists. Hugo Young's *This Blessed Plot: Britain and Europe from Churchill to Blair* (Macmillan) is thoroughly researched as well as vividly written, an unanswerable indictment of the failure of the whole political class over 50 years to confront Britain's future honestly. I have read three books about the Bard this year, but the one I was looking for was Park Honan's *Shakespeare: a life* (Oxford University Press), the most exhaustive, meticulous, usually scrupulous (though occasionally over-speculative) piecing-together of the extraordinarily few known facts of Shakespeare's life. Fascinating detective work. Finally, Harry Thompson's *Peter Cook: a life* (Sceptre) is not your usual showbiz muckrake, but a real biography, the desperate story of a comic genius who could not maintain his early brilliance but was still one of the most influential figures of our time.

## Penelope Lively

Novelist  
I was surprised that William Trevor's *Death in Summer* (Viking) was not on the Booker shortlist. This novel is vintage Trevor - its spare accuracy such that the narrative sweeps you along, and only later do you become aware of the subtleties behind the text. It feels a strange, sad story that seems

suspended in time; it could be now, or 40 years ago - and the construction is masterly. Barbara Trapido's *The Travelling Hornplayer* (Hamish Hamilton) looked like a Booker bet, too, so it's good to see that it is up for the Whitbread. She writes with such verve and originality and is also adept at construction, so that a formal framework gives timeless overtones to a cast of up-to-the-moment characters.

## Frank McLynn

Historian  
Surely there can never have been a better decade for biography. One keeps expecting the bubble to burst, but every year more and more first-rate lives appear. It is particularly invidious to have to select from 1998's embarrassment of riches, so the following are merely my favourites, rather than "the best", whatever that might mean. *Sir Smith: the life of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith* by Ian Mackersey (Little, Brown), an exemplary study of a pioneer aviator; *Lawrence: the uncrowned king of Arabia* by Michael Asher (Viking), the apogee of the "footsteps" approach. Though not strictly speaking a biography, *Explaining Hitler* by Ron Rosenbaum (Macmillan) was more illuminating than the massively researched academic tome the Führer seems to attract.

## J G Ballard

Novelist  
*Lindbergh* by A Scott Berg (Macmillan) was the best biography I read this year, an enthralling account of this heroic but flawed man who made the first solo flight across the Atlantic but stumbled when his feet touched the ground. A shy, publicity-hating loner, Lindbergh was unable to cope with his immense fame, and became a pro-Nazi sympathiser. A uniquely 20th-century tragedy. I read two highly enjoyable film books. *Beneath Mulholland: thoughts on Hollywood and its ghosts*, by David Thomson (Little, Brown), is a collection of essays, stories and speculations by one of the best film critics working today, the purest distillation of the Hollywood dream. *The Birds by Camille Paglia* (British Film Institute) is a mythographic analysis of Hitchcock's film, written with all Paglia's energy and intellectual sweep. Hugely entertaining.

## Miranda Seymour

Biographer and novelist  
I'd like to give everybody copies of Beryl Bainbridge's best novel for years, *Master Georgie* (Duckworth) and of AS Byatt's delectable feast for the mind



Barbara Trapido

and the imagination in her short stories, *Elementals* (Chatto). Biography lovers would get Richard Holmes's *Coleridge* (HarperCollins, both volumes), Kathryn Hughes's magnificent biography of George Eliot: *the last Victorian* (Fourth Estate), Jane Dunn's fine *Antonia White* (Chatto), Michael Ignatieff's witty, sensitive, self-effacing life of Isaiah Berlin (Chatto) plus the first volume of Hilary Spurling's superb life of *The Unlucky Man* (Harnish Hamilton). No marks to Sebastian Faulks's publishers for trying to ensure his novel a place on Christmas lists by sending out copies to contributors with the expressed hope that we would mention it. It's not his best book, but it didn't deserve this. Nor, certainly, did he.

## Andrew Davies

Novelist and TV writer  
*A Patchwork Planet* by Anne Tyler (Chatto) - a richly pleasurable read, weaving extraordinary patterns out of apparently ordinary lives. If you've never read this author, start now, and if you like this one, there are plenty more, all good. This one might make a good movie of the quiet and delicate sort (nudge, nudge). Trollope's *The Way We Live Now* (Penguin or OUP) was a surprise, a dark and savage picture of the human jungle, with Melmotte the biggest beast, strongly resembling Robert Maxwell. My next year's project for adaptation. And Sue Kreitzman's *Complete Low-Fat Cookbook* (Piatkus): original but sound ideas, strong bright flavours, and it seems to do the business. I've lost over a stone. Mind you, I did knock off the booze as well.

## Jan Morris

Travel writer  
I shall remember three books in particular for giving me unexpected pleasure in 1998 - two of them new, one of them old. *The Evolution of the Grand Tour* (Frank Cass) is by Professor Edward Chaney of the Southampton Institute and



Ted Hughes

I fell for its irresistible enthusiasm. Chaney has a profound scholarly knowledge of Anglo-Italian historical relationships, but he is also a writer full of surprise and discursive curiosity, and I found this compilation of his writings a most beguiling delight. Francine du Plessix Gray's *At Home with the Marquis de Sade* (Chatto, February 1999) surprised me too, because it left me rather fond of the old pornographer. I knew very little about the women in his life, who sometimes remained astonishingly loyal through all his degradations, and (a bit late in the day, I know) for the first time I saw him as a libertine far more sinned against than sinning. Those were my two new books. My old one was Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Penguin or OUP).

## Anthony Beever

Historian  
Alexandra Richie's history of Berlin, *Faust's Metropolis* (HarperCollins), is everything one could want from such a book. Berlin is a fascinating subject, and Richie's study is balanced, scholarly, well-written and never dull. The weight is in the physical mass of the book - nearly 1,200 pages - not the reading. She has a wonderful eye for detail and, most important of all in a story which stretches from the time of Charlemagne to today, a grasp of the essential. I very much doubt that it will ever be equalled, let alone surpassed. Amanda Foreman's *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire* (HarperCollins) is a startlingly impressive debut. Georgiana, born a Spencer and rising to become a fashion star, led what is now called a dysfunctional existence. Foreman wisely avoids any obvious modern parallels. Instead, she combines scholarly and imaginative research with an enviable prose and well-paced storytelling. It is not surprising that the book has enjoyed such a success.

## Deborah Moggach

Novelist  
My greatest treat this year has been a new collection of stories by the always miraculous Laurie Moore, *Birds of America* (Faber). Filled with both larkiness and despair, they are pure

bliss. It's been a strong year for novels, a fact largely unreflected in the Booker shortlist. For the Whitbread prize, we had to read 55 novels and, apart from our own shortlisted books, I admired many more. Among them was Shena Mackay's *The Artist's Widow* (Cape): wonderfully astute about old age and callow youth, as it casts a heady eye over current artistic pretensions. I caught up with Jane Hamilton's *A Map of the World* (Bloomsbury) and two hugely enjoyable works of non-fiction, Simon Schama's *Embarrassment of Riches* (HarperCollins) and Jenny Uglow's *Hogarth* (Faber).

## Mary Allen

Arts executive  
My two favourite books of this year have both been non-fiction. The best travel writing goes beyond descriptions of places and events. *The Happy Anti-Heap* by Norman Lewis (Cape) consists of around 20 short stories, spanning four continents and 70 years. Each individual episode or character - visiting a smoked ancestor in New Guinea, or eating aphrodisiacs in Cuba - encapsulates a way of life, and Norman Lewis observes these lives with a dry humour that makes his accounts of disappearing civilisations all the more moving. My other favourite book is about cooking. As a fervent eater, and an enthusiastic but indifferent cook, I found Nigella Lawson's *How to Eat* (Chatto) a gloriously sensual wander through the possibilities of food. This book goes far beyond being a collection of recipes: ingredients are discussed, different approaches pondered, and some of the recipes read more like seduction than instruction. Not just a book for the kitchen.

## Christopher Hirst

Critic  
It's been a good year for armchair salts. A book virtually baked with time, *The Perfect Storm* by Sebastian Junger (Fourth Estate) is an instant maritime classic. So, in its funny way, is *Cod: a biography of the fish that changed the world* by Mark Kurlansky (Cape). *Down with the Old Canoe* by Steven Biel (Norton) is an absorbing account of how the Titanic has repeatedly re-surfaced as a metaphor. Back on dry land, *Picture by Lillian Ross* (Faber), about John Huston's butchered film of *The Red Badge of Courage* in 1949, is a wonderfully droll, dazzlingly observed classic of New Yorker journalism. Sadly, *Here But Not Here* (Faber), Ross's account of her secret life with that magazine's editor, William Shawn, turned

out to be a soggy cri-de-cœur. Half in love with their finger-popping style, half disgusted by their Vegas hedonism, Shawn Levy's *Rat Pack Confidential* (Fourth Estate) is as sharp and knowing as Frank Sinatra's smile.

## Gordon Burn

Novelist/true crime writer  
Probably the most inventive book I read this year was Billy Kluger's *A Day With Picasso* (MIT Press), which combines forensic thoroughness, scientific method and art history in a most strange and compelling way. Kluger's starting point is a set of 24 photographs which, by going to indefatigable lengths of on-the-spot measure and sleuthing, he establishes were taken on the afternoon of 12 August 1916 in Paris by Jean Cocteau, less than two weeks after Cocteau returned from fighting on the Somme. The photographs focus on Picasso as a central figure in the café life of Montparnasse, not yet monumental, and still in the process of inventing himself. Amplified by Kluger's obsessively detailed text, they represent a heroic feat of reconstruction which recreates the period better than many very much longer books. I won't be alone in picking *Birthday Letters* by Ted Hughes, but I pick it anyway on the basis that it is the one book I have been reading all year and know I will go on reading into the future.

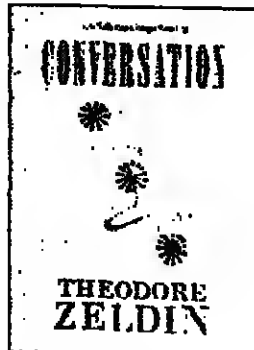
## Boyd Tonkin

Independent literary editor.  
*The Pritchett Century* (Chatto) sampled some of the highlights from matchless Sir Victor's 60-year career in fiction, memoirs, criticism and travel. Among new British novels, Rupert Thomson's *Soft* (Bloomsbury) should have reached one shortlist or another: newcomers should check out his backlist for a holiday treat (all Bloomsbury). Mixing fiction and history, WG Sebald - East Anglia's great German writer - hits an austere perfection with *The Rings of Saturn* (Harvill). In *The Corrosion of Character* (Norton), Richard Sennett again raised sociology to the realm of art with a wise, funny account of life in our new high-risk, low-loyalty workplaces. Read it before they downsize you. Talking of wise and funny (and succinct, too), Little, Brown issued the *Collected Stories* of that evergreen New Yorker, Grace Paley.

All the book illustrations are taken from *How To Live Forever* by Colin Thompson (Julia MacRae)

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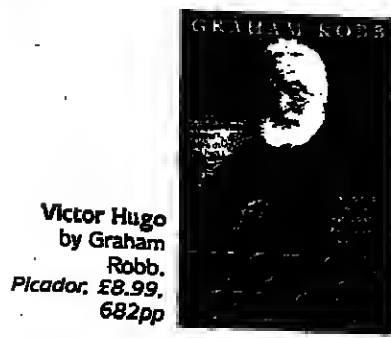
God, Gold  
Holy Pove

JP 11/150



## PAPERBACKS

BY EMMA HAGESTADT, CHRISTOPHER HIRST AND OLIVER SMIDY



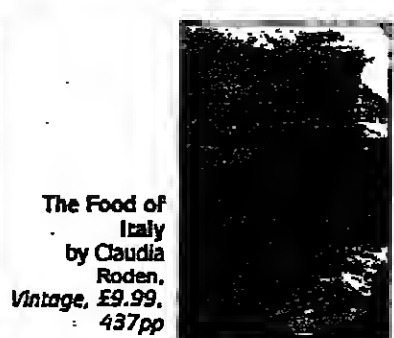
Victor Hugo  
by Graham Robb  
Picador, £8.99,  
682pp

FROM THE lapel-grasping opening about a plaque marking Hugo's conception at 3,000 feet in the Vosges to the post-mortem tribute of Parisian whores who "draped their pudenda in black crepe", Robb's wonderful, witty biography never fails to grip. Not only a literary titan who prefigured modernism, Hugo was an energetic painter and a revolutionary beacon (an attack on Napoleon III led to his expulsion to Guernsey). Robb notes, however, that "the work on which Hugo lavished the greatest amount of love and ingenuity [was] his life". This rocket of a book reminds us how much more there was to Hugo than *Les Misérables*.



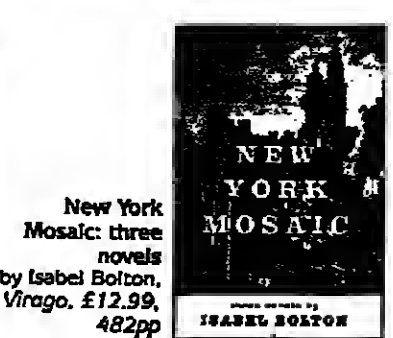
Playland  
by John Gregory Dunne  
Granta, £6.99,  
494pp

MELBA MAE Tootle, Hollywood's favourite ringletted "cinemopet", disappeared at the age of 20 amid rumours of an illegitimate child and dealings with a Vegas hood. Forty-five years on, and famous eyebrows still intact, she reappears in a VR park outside Detroit. Reading like the well-turned obituary of any number of half-remembered Forties stars, Dunne's fictional biopic (as related by playboy screenwriter Jack Broderick) plumbs Hollywood's more sensational myths. An LA insider, Dunne (brother of Dominic, husband of Joan Dickson) has the knack of making dinner at Spago sound like the most exciting event on earth.



The Food of Italy  
by Claudia Roden  
Vintage, £9.99,  
437pp

"THERE IS no such thing as Italian cooking", asserts the excellent Claudia Roden in this newly-expanded classic. The incomparably rich regional cuisine of the country stems from the patchwork sovereignty which succeeded the Romans. Roden gives a potted account of the gastronomy in Italy's 18 regions and provides about a dozen recipes for each area, from Piedmontese risottos and Venetian polenta to Apulian broad-bean purée and Sicily's raw tomato pasta sauce. Thorough, informative, accurate and more practical than certain glossy rivals, this book is mandatory for all Italophiles.



New York Mosaic: three novels  
by Isabel Bolton  
Virago, £12.99,  
482pp

ON PUBLICATION of her first work nearly 50 years ago, Isabel Bolton was hailed by the influential New York critic, Diana Trilling, as "the most important new novelist in the English language to appear in years". Reminiscent of Elizabeth Bowen, her novels of Upper East Side high society recall a long-gone era of Algonquin drinks parties, Newarrel Theaters and sleigh rides in Central Park. The three novels (*Many Mansions*, *Do I Wake or Sleep* and *The Christmas Tree*), all feature an upper-middle-class heroine with a cherished childhood and a closet full of dark secrets and very expensive frocks.



Loach on Loach  
edited by Graham Fuller  
Faber, £11.99,  
147pp

TROUGH DISDAINING the notion of the auteur, Ken Loach remains our most distinctive film-maker. His views are fascinating and trenchant. It is hard to imagine any other UK director slamming Channel 4 for "hypocrisy", or praising a tight budget ("people had to move fast... which makes performances better"), or turning down a Hollywood film because "it needed an American sensibility". Oddly, Fuller claims that such sentimental confessions as *Brassed Off* and *The Full Monty* are part of the "Loach diaspora". As Loach says, "a lot of cinema now touches situations that are quite profound, but reduces them to a facile cinematic style."

## SPOKEN WORD

BY CHRISTINA HARDYMENT



The Surgeon of Crowthorne  
Penguin, 3hrs, £8.99

SIMON WINCHESTER'S masterful telling of the strange tale of WC Minor, murderer and word-sleuth, is one of those rare stories that combine human drama and historical significance. The "sad captain", as he was known, remained haunted by his experiences in the American Civil War to such a degree that he murdered an innocent man and was committed to Broadmoor to 1872. It was arguably the best thing that could have happened to him. The benevolent governor allowed him free reign to import as many books as he wanted, and Minor became a major contributor to the formidable undertaking of the first *Oxford English Dictionary*. But there was more to it than that... Tim Pigott-Smith reads superbly.



Divorcing Jack  
HarperCollins, 3hrs, £8.99

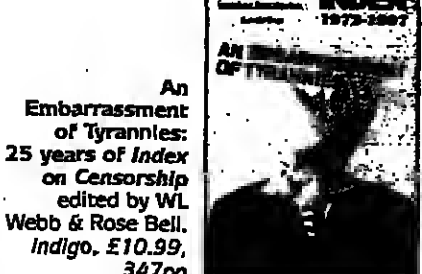
COLIN BATEMAN'S Belfast-set thriller is a roller-coaster ride of a book that will keep you chuckling and horrified in equal measure from start to finish. A drunken affair at a party is the trigger that sends journalist Dan Starkey into a nightmare world of murder and mayhem in which he is unsure whether his vengeful wife, the IRA, Protestant extremists or all three are out for his blood. James Nesbitt's almost edible Irish voice enhances the wit and wizardry of a story that is as much a mystery novel as a romance, and which deservedly won the Betty Trask Award in 1994.

## Gordon Burn

Novelist: true crime fan. Probably the most interesting book I read this year was *Day With the Devil* (MIT Press), which combines forensic thoroughness, a bit of method and art history, in most strange and compelling way. Kluge's starting point is a set of 24 photographs by going to the lengths of on the spot and shooting. He takes the 12 August 1916 in Paris, Coteau, less than two years after Coteau returned from fighting on the Somme. Photographs focus on the life of Montparnasse, monumental, and still in process of inventing. Amplified by Kluge's very detailed text, they reveal a heroic reconstruction which makes the period better known very much longer. I won't be alone in my. *Day With the Devil* is a masterpiece of the genre. I have been reading all day. I will go on reading the future.

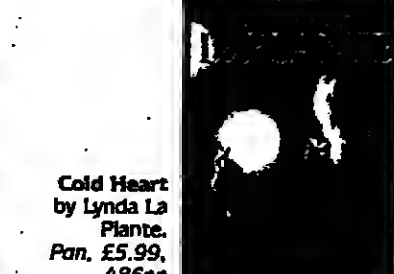
## Boyd Tonkin

Independent literary. The first book I read this year was *Day With the Devil* (MIT Press), which combines forensic thoroughness, a bit of method and art history, in most strange and compelling way. Kluge's starting point is a set of 24 photographs by going to the lengths of on the spot and shooting. He takes the 12 August 1916 in Paris, Coteau, less than two years after Coteau returned from fighting on the Somme. Photographs focus on the life of Montparnasse, monumental, and still in process of inventing. Amplified by Kluge's very detailed text, they reveal a heroic reconstruction which makes the period better known very much longer. I won't be alone in my. *Day With the Devil* is a masterpiece of the genre. I have been reading all day. I will go on reading the future.



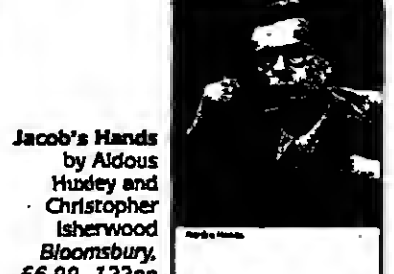
An Embarrassment of Tyrannies: 25 years of Index on Censorship  
edited by W.L. Webb & Rose Bell  
Indigo, £10.99,  
347pp

INDEX MUST be one of the few magazines which might wish that it did not have such a rich archive. From 1972, George Mangakakis reminds us how recently Greece suffered tyranny: "In a cell 10x10... I live with a number of ideas that I love." Herberto Padilla's poetry explores the mental confines of Cuba: "One is an optimist/Two be discreet, correct, obedient/Two well at sports". But the most outstanding item, not only because of the Pinochet affair, is an allegory by Ariel Dorfman comparing Chilean censorship to a doorbell: "Bell frees our pathways of the drunk, the filthy, the unemployed, all who ask God's favour...". A chilling treasury.



Cold Heart  
by Lynda La Plante  
Pan, £5.99,  
486pp

IN THE last in this series of West Coast thrillers, Lynda La Plante says goodbye to the Hollywood Hills in a blaze of gunfire and heavy shots. Newly empowered by a face-lift and an efficient male secretary, private investigator Lorraine Page is back on the Beverly Hills beat. Her first case involves the death of a sleazy producer, Harry Nathan, found bled out in his azure blue swimming pool. A trail of porno video evidence implicates his wife in the murder, but Lorraine (ex-LA cop, ex-hooker) is determined to clear the young super-wait's name. A better read than Sue Grafton, La Plante slips effortlessly into the macho world of the LAPD.



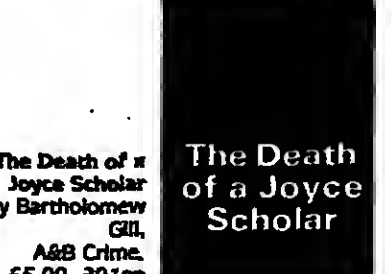
Jacob's Hands  
by Aidous Huxley  
and Christopher Isherwood  
Bloomsbury, £6.99, 122pp

THIS FILM treatment, unearthed by Sharon Stone, inhabits familiar territory - the naive, benevolent Jacob finds he has the ability to heal sick animals, and is coerced into curing humans. He moves to LA in search of his beloved, where he falls prey to a duo of unsavoury entrepreneurs. Though not stylistically identifiable with either author, it is a decent, undemanding read. Two introductions are superb: the first provides insight into the authors' dalliances with Hollywood, the second elucidates Huxley's thoughts on the morality of healing. Of most interest to the writers' fans, but entertaining enough to be worth a glance from the rest of us.



A King's Story: the memoirs of the Duke of Windsor  
Prion, £12,  
440pp

DESPITE PHILIP Ziegler's lukewarm intro ("it could have been a good deal worse"), these part-ghosted memoirs are unexpectedly enjoyable, mainly because of their odd Footsie details. The great highlight of Edward's Oxford days appears to have been a trick performed by a servant involving "a banana in the neck of a bottle filled with burning paper". A major triumph of his brief reign was carrying his own umbrella, "as useful a convenience to a Briton as a ten-gallon hat is to a Texan". Tantalisingly, he notes that Wallis Simpson "was, and still remains, complex and elusive". Sadly, he gives no details of the sexual arts she is said to have acquired in the Orient.



The Death of a Joyce Scholar  
by Bartholomew Gill  
A&B Crime, £5.99, 391pp

WHEN DUBLIN'S foremost Joyce scholar, Kevin Coyle, is stabbed through the heart near Glasnevin Cemetery, the city's most eminent policeman, Inspector Peter McGarr, is summoned from his vegetable garden to help. As literature a cop as Morse (and with as nice a sitting-room), McGarr starts scanning his bookshelves in search of clues. Luckily for him, and us, he doesn't have to plough through the whole of *Ulysses* to find them. Like PD James, Gill's mysteries have a strong sense of place but are a little over-clever to be called fun. Part of a new series of suture-looking mysteries issued under the Allison & Busby imprint.

## BESTSELLERS

The Delta phenomenon continues. She's sold 16,000 more copies this week than last. But this is partly due to the Christmas boost to non-fiction sales. Sales of *Notes From a Big Country* and *Blackadder: the whole damn dynasty* have almost doubled, while David Attenborough's *Triple*. After returning for one week, *Notes From a Big Country* has been supplanted by Sarah Kennedy's *Terrible Two's*. The top three fiction titles remain unchanged, with *Notes From a Big Country* at the top, *Blackadder* second, and *Notes From a Big Country* third. The lower half of the list shows more activity - new novels from Kathy Lette and Tom Wolfe and the return of Robert Harris's *Archangel*.

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ORIGINAL FICTION				
TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	WEEKLY SALES	PRICE	
1 (1) <i>Carpe Jugulum</i>	Larry Pratchett (Doubleday)	13,427	£16.99	
2 (7) <i>Tara Road</i>	Maeve Binchy (Orion)	4,115	£16.99	
3 (6) <i>Field of 13</i>	Dick Francis (M Joseph)	3,713	£6.99	
4 (5) <i>Charlotte Gray</i>	Sebastian Faulks (Hutchinson)	3,531	£16.99	
5 (4) <i>Point of Origin</i>	Patricia D Cornwell (Little, Brown)	3,463	£16.99	
6 (-) <i>Archangel</i>	Robert Harris (Hutchinson)	3,167	£16.99	
7 (7) <i>Amsterdam</i>	Ian McEwan (Cape)	2,903	£14.99	
8 (-) <i>Altar Ego</i>	Kathy Lette (Picador)	2,452	£12.99	
9 (-) <i>A Man in Full</i>	Tom Wolfe (Corgi)	2,262	£20.00	
10 (6) <i>Rainbow Shit</i>	Tom Clancy (M Joseph)	1,972	£16.99	

ORIGINAL NON-FICTION				
TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	WEEKLY SALES	PRICE	
1 (1) <i>Della's How to Cook</i>	Della Smith (BBC)	36,686	£16.99	
2 (2) <i>Notes From a Big Country</i>	Bill Bryson (Doubleday)	16,645	£16.99	
3 (7) <i>The Life of Birds</i>	David Attenborough (BBC)	10,584	£18.99	
4 (-) <i>Blackadder</i>	Richard Curtis et al (M Joseph)	5,670	£15.99	
5 (3) <i>The Little Book of Calm</i>	Paul Wilson (Penguin)	5,035	£1.99	
6 (-) <i>Real Food</i>	Nigel Slater (Fifth Estate)	4,426	£18.99	
7 (6) <i>Little Book of Feng Shui</i>	Lillian Too (Element)	4,398	£1.99	
8 (9) <i>Addicted</i>	Tony Adams (CollinsWillow)	4,300	£16.99	
9 (5) <i>Men Are From Mars...</i>	John Gray (Thorsons)	4,100	£9.99	
10 (-) <i>Terrible Two's 2</i>	Sarah Kennedy (BBC)	4,026	£4.99	

## God, Gold and Holy Poverty

Discover how the circle was squared between Christ's teachings on riches and the material expectation of late Roman society. With the contradiction between the renunciation of worldly values and the lavish embellishment of churches with treasures, how did the priesthood enjoy its wealth sin-free? - all is revealed in *History Today's* December issue.

Also, the end of empire - Spain's crushing defeat by the United States in the war of 1898; the fact and fiction surrounding the SAS; and the convoluted history of Christmas carols.

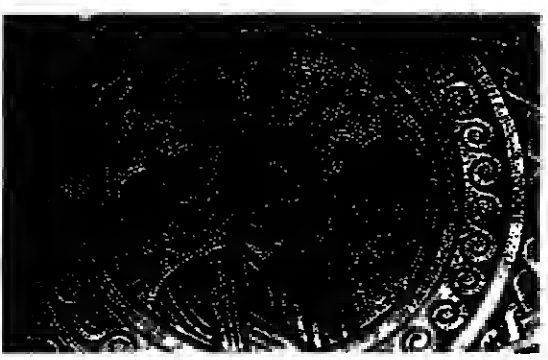
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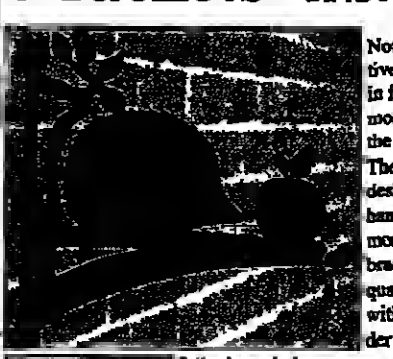
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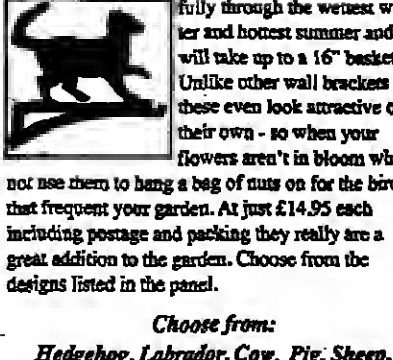
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## NEXT WEEK

"CLEVER BUT not interesting, Alma Mahler had an all-consuming interest in the bulge in men's trousers...". "I should hate anyone to pass by such a fascinating book, just because the pictures consist of chaps in orange helmets gripping chainsaws...". "These ultra-explicit pictures are very beautiful and profoundly perry in equal measure. Well, not quite equal...".

In next Saturday's *Weekend Review*, a packed sleight of expert contributors select the best books for pleasure to give - or to receive - this Christmas. Ursula Buchan chooses the pick of the gardening crop; Geoff Dyer brings photography titles into focus; Harry Pearson referees the crowded field of sports writing; John Gribbin distills the finest in popular science, and Michael Church looks for harmony amid the din of music publishing. Plus: the best of the year in children's books, food and drink, reference works, art, architecture and design.



# A city garden, the urban answer

**WORKSHOP:**  
How do you plan  
a garden to  
appeal to adults  
and children?  
**Anna Pavord**  
offers a solution

**Q** RECENTLY WE have moved into our first proper house so that our son, Joshua, can have a garden to play in. At the moment it is still a dump, but I wondered if you could give me some ideas about organising the territory so that Joshua has room to do what he wants to do and I have space to do some gardening. I have not had a garden before, but I am very keen to learn.

**A** OENONE DALE, her husband Ashley and two-year-old Joshua have just moved into the kind of place familiar to many city dwellers. It is a mid-19th-century terraced house with a long, thin strip of garden at the back. They are lucky in having good boundary walls of London stock brick, an attractive buff-brown colour, and borrowed trees all around which create a surprisingly leafy oasis.

Oenone is clear about what she wants from the garden. "A place where we can eat outside; an area where Joshua can kick a ball around and let off steam; a sandpit, which can be got rid of later; a place where I can grow herbs." She is also clear on the look she wants: big, bold plants and not too many of them.

You can gauge her style from the inside of the house. In the kitchen there's a vast stainless steel SMEG fridge and a lot more. The sitting-room is all sofa and serenity, the only ornament a huge orchid with five flower spikes standing in the window. "Columbia Road," she said, when I commented on the plant's size and beauty. "Twelve quid." How do orchid growers live?

The back garden is almost four times as long as it is wide, 6ft x 17ft. Access is through French windows at the level of the semi-basement. Immediately outside is a strip of concrete, with steps leading up to the garden proper. The retaining wall to the right of the steps is of harsh modern red brick. It is doing a necessary job, but it is ugly compared with the softly coloured old brick of the house and boundary walls.

Oenone's first thought was to make a decked eating area imme-



Although two-year-old Joshua Dale had sensibly found a way of bumping down the existing steps from the garden to the house, child unfriendly features needed reworking

Mark Childers

diately outside the French windows. This would be convenient for the kitchen, certainly, but not good for any other reason.

The back of the house faces north. Decking here would never get sun and, anyway, if the garden is to be roughly zoned into his (Joshua's) and her territory, Joshua, while he is still young, will be happier playing close to the house.

Instead, I suggested putting a slightly raised wooden deck at the back of the garden, full width and protected at its back and sides with trellis panels. The trellis could be stained whatever colour she wanted (pale bluey green, taupe, silvery grey) and would provide a pleasant sense of refuge.

Stretched right across the back of the garden, the deck would provide plenty of space for outdoor living. "A huge Thai bench with cushions," said Oenone decisively, standing among the bent tin, corrugated iron, broken glass and bed-springs that presently litter most of the garden. It would be a good place

to sit, with a row of pleached limes behind screening Oenone's and her neighbours' gardens from the ones they back on to.

As a rough boundary marker to adult territory, I suggested a loose divider of uprights and crossbeams running across the width of the garden. She could cover it with wisteria (a passion of hers, she said), roses, clematis and a decorative vine such as the strawberry flavoured 'Fragola'.

It could be done with a post either

side and one in the middle, but it would be much better to set a pair of posts about 4ft apart on either side and leave the middle open (except for the crossbeam) to frame the view from the sitting area back to the house. After my experiences with our collapsing pergola, I would use green oak for the construction rather than larch or other softwood.

If the decking were 17ft wide (matching the width of the garden) and, say, 10ft deep, the divider could be set 12-14ft in front of the decking

to leave room for a little gardening activity. On the right-hand side there is an old brick-edged raised bed, perhaps the remnants of an old-fashioned cold frame, where Oenone could grow herbs.

Between divider and house was 26ft of garden for Joshua. The chief difficulty, it seemed to me, was to work out how he could most safely move from house to garden. Which is not to say that one ought to be too protective. I was brought up on the Arthur Ransome principle of "dug-

fars will drown" and do not believe it is realistic to expect that children can be guarded from all hazards.

The steps that presently lead from the strip of concrete outside the French windows up to the level of the garden are too narrow to look good and too steep to be child-friendly, although I noticed that Joshua had already sensibly worked out a way of humping down them on his bottom.

The retaining wall of red brick is more than 4ft high and there is nothing there to stop a child who is running backwards after a ball from running right off the edge and crashing into the concrete below. It would be a hard landing, I suggested. The Dales brought in a contractor to remake the steps so that they stretched from their present left-hand edge right across to the right-hand boundary wall, eliminating the retaining wall.

This would make the steps about 8ft wide, provide an elegant introduction to the garden and make it seem broader than it is. The steps needed to be less steep, too, which

would require some serious earth-moving. Hence the contractor. All the rest of the work they could do themselves.

Joshua's sand pit would fit well in the corner close to the house on the left-hand side of the steps. Under the rubbish, Oenone had already uncovered an old brick path, about 3ft wide, running up the left-hand side of the garden. This is a great gift and, although it dictates a particular way of using the garden, I would be in favour of leaving it. The levels will need to be sorted out after the work on the steps but, when that is done, the whole of the area between path and the right-hand boundary can be laid to grass.

It will need to be tough grass, but Oenone was quite clear that the patch had to be green. "It's softer, nicer for Josh, I think. And nicer to look at, too." So no crushed bark.

The disadvantage of the proposed layout struck me as I was driving home. The centre of the dividing screen is going to look temptingly like a goalmouth.

## STYLISH PLANTS WITH MINIMALIST APPEAL

*Fatsia japonica*: handsome leathery leaves, more than 1ft across, like a fig's but evergreen. Stems topped now with vast panicles of milky white flowers. It likes shelter and some shade. *Euphorbia melifera*: a fabulous spurge, much less tender than has been supposed. Sea-green leaves and brown flowers, which

appear in late spring, smelling of honey.

*Cordylone australis*: elegant habit, like a firework frozen in mid-performance. 'Alberti' has sword shaped green leaves variegated with red and white.

*Aralia elata* 'Variegata': Deciduous (and without its leaves it is VERY minimalist)

but furnished from spring to autumn with pinnate leaves 3ft long. Big, flat heads of creamy flower in August and September.

*Polystichum setiferum* 'Bevis': One of the most fabulous of ferns, almost evergreen where it is happy, damp and shaded. Very finely cut fronds; elegant, spreading shuttlecock shape.

## WEEKEND WORK



ANNA PAVORD

THE FIRST consignment of potted bulbs has been flowering in the kitchen for some weeks now. These are 'Paperwhite' narcissi, small flowers but lots of them clustered on the stem and the smell outrageously swoony. They flower like clockwork, six weeks after planting. Too late for Christmas but, planted now, they will give a welcome boost to the New Year.

Check other potted bulbs, such as hyacinths, that are slower to develop. They should be kept in a cool place and not be allowed to dry out. Bring the bowls out of their cool, dark resting place when the flower spike is visible above ground. Mice can sometimes be a problem, nibbling the fresh new growth. Set traps if necessary.

Start to think about seed orders. There is a far wider selection in nurserymen's catalogues than you will ever find in a garden centre. I am still getting flowers on a snapdragon called 'Purple King' (Thompson & Morgan £1.49) which has spokes of vivid velvety purple flowers. It would have done even better if I had propped it up with some twiggy sticks before it started to flop, rather than after. I sowed the seed on 10 March and it germinated in 18 days. Do not cover the seed tray. The seed needs light to germinate.

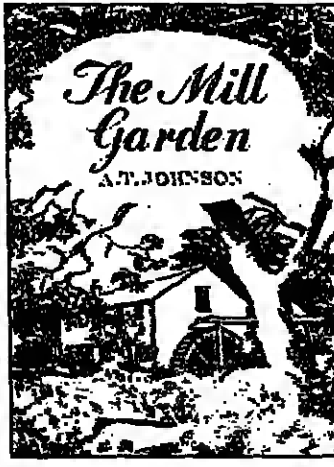
## No need to dig for dusty old tomes

Don't worry if you can't find a favourite antiquarian gardening book because diligent searching can often unearth copies in facsimile form. And the hunt will be well worth it. By Ursula Buchan

I SHOULD like to say that I am a collector of antiquarian gardening books, but I am not. Or certainly not a devoted one who makes a hobby of it, setting aside a sum of money each year for buying them, and never passing up a specialist catalogue, or walking past a second-hand bookshop window, without diving in. Moreover, I am slightly foxed, as the book catalogues put it, by the notion of buying a book more for its rarity value, or the quality of the binding and paper, than for what it contains.

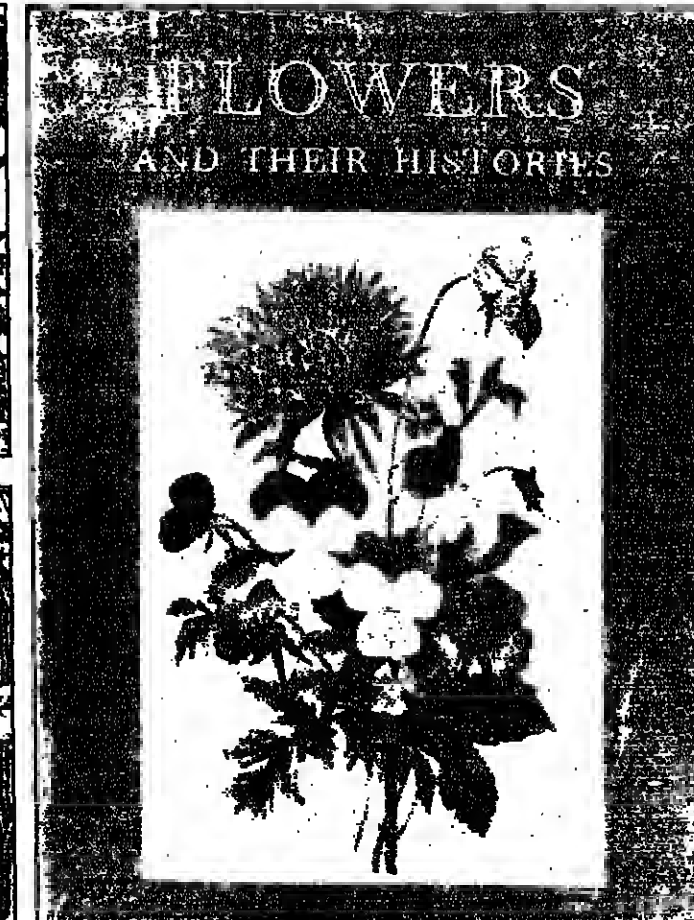
Although I have several shelves of second-hand gardening books, I find I am often as happy to buy a reprint or facsimile edition as an original. Gardening classics are books which, however long ago they were published, still speak to us elegantly and forcefully, illuminating some aspect of the business of gardening and gardens, to which we can still respond. The fact that much of the practical or botanical information has long since lost its meaning or relevance, and may even be downright misleading, is neither here nor there.

The problem is that the true classics of earlier times are often hard to find, even in late editions. There are more than enough bibliophiles and collectors to ensure that. Often, the most affordable and available are the ephemera of an earlier age, most of which should have died with it. For every prized set of EA Bowles's trilogy about his garden at Myddelton House, there will be several copies of Alfred Austin's *The Garden that I Love* or Mrs Cran's *The Garden of Experience* (earlier women garden writers were much given to discursive chat about the benefits of public school, or how to deal with Cook, so count yourself lucky). Fortunately, some years ago a



Classic flowery prose: above left: 'The Mill Garden'; left: 'My Garden in Summer', and main picture: 'Flowers and Their Histories'

number of specialist publishers cottoned on to this, so that there are reprints and facsimiles of the best classics to be found, either new or in second-hand bookshops and catalogues. Thanks to Timber Press, for example, it is possible to buy Bowles's *My Garden in Spring* and



*My Garden in Summer* in facsimile form, and the last of the three, *My Garden in Autumn and Winter*, will be published next year. The cover price is £17.99, which puts it within range of all who do not flinch at buying a hardback book. Facsimiles (published by the

Antique Collectors' Club) also exist for the vast majority of Gertrude Jekyll's works, which deserve to be read not just for the elegance and lightly ironic tone of the prose, but for the enormous influence that she has had on 20th-century gardening. The major work of her contemporary

William Robinson, *The English Flower Garden*, went through so many editions that it is still relatively easy to find, particularly in the version edited by Roy Hay in the 1950s.

Some wonderful literature has been produced (and still is), as a result of the pains and pleasures of plant-hunting and collecting, of which the best-known examples in this century are the many books by Frank Kingdon-Ward and Reginald Farrer. Farrer is probably most famous for his *The English Rock Garden* in two volumes, unfortunately not available in facsimile and often to be encountered in book catalogues. His prose is not for the verbally squeamish, nevertheless no one has ever described better the excitement of finding a new plant in the wild.

Other well known names to look out for on dusty spines are John Claudius Loudon, his wife Jane, S Reynolds Hole (Dean of Rochester), Mrs C W Earle, Eleanor Sinclair Rohde, Vita Sackville-West and Margery Fish. Sometimes it is fun to go down the byways of earlier literature, with the help of lesser-known authors, such as AT Johnson, EB Anderson, Sir Edward Salisbury, Jason Hill, Alice Coats and the aptly-named Sir Arthur Hort. HE Bates's gardening books, such as *A Love of Flowers*, are a delight, as you would expect.

As for modern classics, I hesitate to name names, for that would be invidious, but I am willing to bet that there are at least half-a-dozen contemporary gardening authors whose books will be read for pleasure, for both what they say, and the elegance with which they say it by the bibliophiles of the 22nd century. It is pleasant to think that our garden-minded descendants will have the same fun as we have had.

## CUTTINGS

NEWS FROM THE GARDENER'S WORLD

THE GREAT flint-faced house at West Dean, near Chichester, West Sussex, once belonged to Willie James, patron of Dali and other surrealists. Its hold trustees have underwritten a grand recreation of the glory days of the Edwardian era: peach houses, vine houses, pineapple pits, orchid houses and a grand pergola that stretches for 300ft across the lawn. It is now a college and, in winter, there are garden courses and study days. On 9 December Sasha Crabth will suggest ideas for making Christmas decorations from your garden. This is aimed particularly at beginners and costs £45. For details (or to book) call 01243 811301.

GROWERS IN Scotland will run an Introduction to Organic Gardening at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, on Saturdays (10am-12.30pm) from 13 February to 20 March. The course will suggest practical ways to make your garden green. It costs £70. For more information call 0131 248 2841 or contact the Community Education Officer at the RBG, 20A Inverleith Row, Edinburgh EH3 5LR.

STOCK UP with Christmas presents at Jim Keeling's end-of-season sale at the Whichford Pottery, Whichford, near Shipston on Stour, Warwickshire. He makes a huge range of garden pots, traditional unglazed terracotta as well as glazed ware designed by himself and his wife, Dominique. The sale lasts until 6 December. Tea, coffee and home-made soup are on tap at the weekends. The pottery is open daily (9am-5pm). For more details and prices call 01608 684416.



wer



Woodchester Mansion: supposedly purpose-built as a papal retreat and partly designed by Charles Hansom, it's an astonishing gothic creation

Margaret Lister

## Heard the one about the Pope and the taxi driver's brother?

On certain days a peculiar fragrance steals into the cavernous, empty ground-floor rooms of Woodchester Mansion, the huge country house buried deep in a valley near Stroud. The smell, which is like that of mothballs, is not unpleasant; but the fact that it survives at all is strange, for more than a quarter of a century has passed since the cellars of the house were used as a laboratory for visiting students, and nobody can make out how the smell persists.

This is only one of the strange elements that haunt the mansion. It is true that nobody has seen the headless ghost that is supposed to promenade the valley road, or the two black dogs said to presage an imminent death, but the house has enough secrets of its own without external apparitions, and the further researchers delve into its history, the more curious the story becomes.

We know for certain that the building began to take shape in the mid-1850s and was abandoned

unfinished a dozen years later. We know that the man who commissioned it was William Leigh, a well-to-do philanthropist and Roman Catholic convert. But what was the great Gothic pile for?

Until recently it had seemed that Leigh intended to live in the house himself, and to recreate a medieval community, monastic and self-sufficient; hence its ecclesiastical architecture, its handsome chapel built as an integral part of the main structure, its bakery, brewery, laundry and so on. New research, however, has suggested that he meant the mansion to be a retreat for visiting Catholic dignitaries, or even a refuge for Pope Pius IX, when the Vatican was threatened by Napoleon III in 1862.

Either way, the design of the house is extraordinary – and here again, research has changed ideas about how it evolved. Tests have revealed that the front and back halves are imperfectly aligned and must have been built separately. Leigh commissioned the first sketches from Augustus Pugin – the pioneer

COUNTRY MATTERS  
DUFF HART-DAVIES

of Gothic revival already famous for his design of the new House of Commons – built between 1843 and 1846. But patron and architect fell out, and Pugin's drawings were developed and executed by Benjamin Bucknall, a young architect who had grown up near Woodchester. For years experts believed that Bucknall was responsible for the whole house. Now it is thought that the back half was designed by Charles Hansom (brother of the inventor of the Hansom cab), and only the front part by Bucknall.

This front portion is by far the grander – deep buttresses, steeply pointed arches, carved mantelpieces and handsome door-frames, all beautifully executed in honey-coloured Cotswold stone, more fit for a cathedral than for a private dwelling. The back is plainer, more domestic, though also exceedingly solid. Both halves have extravagant touches: just as nine stone owls lurk along the rear roof-line of the inner courtyard, so water-chutes in the form of grotesque stone gargoyles sprout from the front of the

house. For architects, the fascination of the mansion is that it was never finished, and that many floors and wall-facings were never put in place, so that Victorian building methods stand revealed as nowhere else. Yet it seems that the Pope, or any lesser mortal who inhabited it, would have been atrociously uncomfortable. No provision was made for heating the large, high rooms except open fireplaces; there

was apparently only one lavatory, high up a staircase, and only one bathroom, in which the bath was carved from a single block of stone. In spite of diligent research, nobody has discovered why, after immense expenditure, Leigh pulled out of the project in the mid 1860s. He himself had been living in another substantial house, The Cottage, on the tip of the valley directly above the mansion, and had no need of an even larger dwelling. He may have run out of money, or become depressed because his health was failing. He died in 1873.

His son, known as Squire Leigh, left the shell as it was, but his grandson Vincent furnished part of the north range in some style and lived there during the early years of this century. Later, the building was let to a farmer, who kept cattle in the grand rooms on the ground floor. During the Second World War, the house was used as a store by American and Canadian troops, and in the 1950s a physicist and teacher called Reginald Kelly set up scientific laboratories in the cellars. He also

appointed himself unofficial guardian of the property, making heroic efforts to keep the gutters and rainwater pipes clear.

After his death, the house deteriorated fast. In 1987, Stroud District Council bought it for £20,000, and had to spend another £30,000 on emergency repairs to save it from falling down. Today, however, thanks to the vision and tenacity of local volunteers, the mansion is in better shape than it has been for decades.

In February 1988, a few enthusiasts formed a conservation group, and in 1989 this evolved into the Woodchester Mansion Trust, a registered charity that took the house from the council on a 99-year lease at a rent of £1 a year. The aim from the start has been not to complete the building, but to stabilise the structure and maintain it, both as a training centre for stone masons and as a unique exhibit of Victorian architecture.

Volunteers began opening the house to the public on some summer weekends, and their efforts have raised over £20,000 a year towards

running costs and repairs. But by far the biggest boost to its conservation came in 1997 in the form of a grant from the National Heritage Lottery Fund, which financed the first major repair – of the grand stone staircase leading up from ground to first floor. This project cost £300,000, and although finance is secure for the next phase of work, on the west range, further substantial sums are needed, not least to salvage the soaring chapel, which at the moment is packed with scaffolding. The overall cost of repairs is estimated at £3m.

From the stone monkeys which sit on pinnacles of the roof, to the greater horseshoe bats which live in the brewery, and the face of the green man (a pagan symbol of renewal) peering down from the ceiling of the chapel, the mansion remains an astonishing creation: as Winston Churchill said of Russia, an enigma wrapped in a mystery.

Further information from The Woodchester Mansion Trust, 1 The Old Town Hall, High Street, Stroud, Glos GL5 1AP (01453 750455)

## Squawk on the wild side

The vibrant green ring-necked parakeet can strip a plum tree in minutes with its large red beak. Now thousands have settled near fruit-growing areas of Britain. By Malcolm Smith



Feathered foe: the parakeet

THIS WINTER, if you arrive home to find your garden bird peanut-holder torn to shreds on the ground and the contents gone, do not jump to the conclusion that you have overly aggressive grey squirrels in residence. Instead, and especially if you live around London or the Home Counties, watch out for a far more exotic and colourful creature which, some years hence, could turn out to be an abominable nuisance.

The creature in question is a gorgeously coloured bird, not much smaller than a magpie, which screeches noisily whether flying or at rest.

The ring-necked parakeet – vibrant green all over, save for a narrow, pink and black neck band; with a long tail and a large, red beak – is a native of parts of Asia and tropical Africa. It first appeared in the wild in Britain in 1969.

According to Josephine Pithon of the University of York, who has been carrying out research on southern England's ring-necked parakeets, we now have about 2,000 of them. The birds are scattered as far afield as South Wales and East Anglia.

"The largest single population is in west London, stretching from Windsor in the west to Reigate in the south", says Ms Pithon. "There are two smaller populations, one mainly around Margate and Ramsgate, and the other in southeast London."

Were it not for the food that they eat, you could argue that these exotic birds brighten up many a cold, damp winter afternoon in Cheam. It sounds harmless enough: a vegetarian diet of berries, nuts and fruits. But Britain's main populations of ring-necks are perilously close to some of the main fruit-growing areas of England. One or two of them can devour the plums on a garden tree in a few hours, so just think what havoc they might cause among the pear, apple, plum and other soft fruit bushes in Kent.

"Potentially, yes, they could cause a considerable amount of damage," says Sir Christopher Lever, an expert on introduced animals, including birds. "But," he adds quickly, "so far they haven't been a problem."

Josephine Pithon's research confirms this view, although she does note that they have caused damage to garden orchards by taking a peck from each fruit before letting it fall. Nevertheless, concern that ring-necked parakeets could have the makings of a major pest explains why the research was sponsored by the Ministry of Agriculture.

No one is sure how these birds arrived in Britain. They may have come from free-flying homing birds kept as pets which failed to make it back to their aviaries. They may have been escapees from pet shops or from exotic bird farms. Or, according to the ornithological literature, they may derive from birds released by return-

ing sailors when they realised the expense involved in a lengthy period of quarantine. Or a combination of all three.

However they came to be here, and despite their origins in hot countries, they are seemingly able to survive the cold of a British winter. This unimagined success may well be the result of the British gardener's virtual obsession with putting food out for birds in winter. But Josephine Pithon does point out that within their natural range, ring-necked parakeets also occur at high altitude in the Himalayas. "They seem to survive there quite well except for suffering from frostbite on their feet," she says.

These large birds probably have no obvious predators except for the occasional domestic moggie or a stoat that might strike lucky, and other birds such as magpies robbing their nests – but they do not appear to be in direct competition with any other bird species, so none is suffering as a result of their presence.

David Gibbons, of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, agrees they might compete for tree nesting holes in gardens, parks and orchards with jackdaws, owls and woodpeckers, but there is no evidence so far of any problem.

All the same it is a bird to watch, in more ways than one. For the next few years, at least, make the most of this exotic addition to your garden but do reinforce your peanut holder.

### NATURE NOTES

THE FACT that the Guinness Book of Records has authenticated the claim for the largest spider's web ever known in the United Kingdom – a monster network 16ft 8in by 12ft 6in, found in Newent – will bring us comfort to arachnophobes. According to one expert, Paul

Hillyard, our whole culture is peculiarly anti-spider: whereas other nationalities are indifferent to the creatures, we put them top of our hate list. All spiders are predators; many species spin their webs in order to trap insects. Others go hunting, and some keep

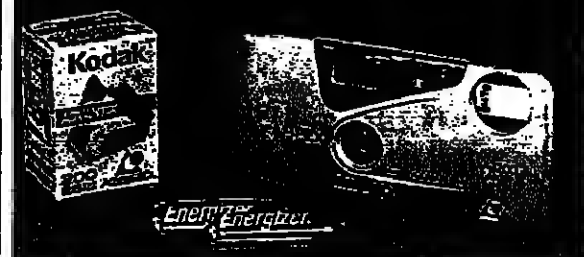
still, lying in wait till they jump on a victim. For timid Britons, the main enemy is the house-spider, which can grow to three or four inches across. Males die at the end of their first year, but females live up to two years, and can survive the winter.

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WITH BARELY four weeks left until Christmas, many of us will be feeling a greater sense of urgency than normal as we go about our weekend shopping. The temptation to spend more than we can afford can be overwhelming – particularly as panic sets in when we find ourselves a day or two away from Christmas with so many presents to buy.

Next week, we will be publishing a number of features on Christmas spending and how to minimise the financial hangover many of us are likely to experience after all the bills come in. In the meantime, it makes sense to bear in mind a few tips on how to manage your money over the next few weeks.

First, rather than buying presents haphazardly, set yourself realistic goals in terms of how much you can afford – not per present, but overall. Include any sum you think necessary for food and drink over the festivities themselves.

Then decide how much of that sum should be allotted between different people you are buying presents for – and work out a basic food and drink budget too.

Finally, calculate how you are going to pay for those presents. Credit cards, particularly some of the cheaper ones, or those with low introductory interest rates, can be good value. But make sure that you pay off any outstanding balances as quickly as possible.

Remember: after you've finished paying off the Christmas bills, then comes the task of finding the money for your summer holidays. Just for once, take it easy.

**CALL ME** a cynic, but I smell something fishy in the protests by many insurers that the introduction of new NHS charges to be paid in the event of accidents to motorists will mean an increase in premiums.

I should state at the outset that I agree with the industry that the Government's proposed Road Traffic Accidents (NHS) Charges Bill is a shameful back-door attempt to levy more money for the Health Service.



**NIC  
CICUTTI**

*Do your sums before  
you splash out on  
Christmas presents –  
then start saving for  
the summer holiday*

The Department of Health is clearly calculating that no one will notice if insurers are forced to stump up an extra £160m when motorists receive hospital care. Ultimately, however, the UK's 22 million car owners will have to foot the bill, which averages out at an additional "tax" worth about £8 for every driver.

This is plainly unfair. After all, I see no plans by the Government to charge a "cancer tax" on every packet of fags.

Before anyone points out that cigarette and alcohol duties are already sky-high, so are petrol and vehicle excise duties – this is the only "health tax" specifically related to the exercise of a lawful activity.

At the same time, I'm a little wary of insurers' complaints. They have been looking to raise motor insurance premiums for several years now, largely unsuccessfully to date. I note that the likely increase they are suggesting for an average motorist ranges between £10 and 10 per cent a year – an interesting gap, given that typical fully comprehensive premiums cost £400 or so.

The lesson to be learned, if there is one, is that while the Government is doing us no favours, it may – without realising it, hopefully – be doing the insurance industry a big favour at the same time. Ordinary punters, as always, are the ones who get hurt.

KAROL WAS born in New Zealand but has lived in the UK for 14 years, and intends to stay here. She is a basic rate taxpayer and has approximately £500 per month of surplus income after accounting for all expenses.

She currently rents a house and would like to buy a property, but feels that now is not a good time as she believes house prices are currently too high.

Karol has £31,000 in a building society account and no other investments apart from 100 Abbey National "windfall" shares. She has no loans or debts. Her employer provides a generous benefits package, including a non-contributory pension scheme, permanent health insurance, death-in-service benefit (life assurance), and private medical insurance.

Karol has very little in the way of provisions for retirement. She contributed £100 per month into a personal pension plan for a few years up until about a year ago. This area is Karol's main concern, and as she is well aware that significant commitment will be required to provide a reasonable standard of living in retirement.

In addition to retirement, Karol is interested in making her capital work harder for her. She would also like to utilise her surplus income more effectively than just topping up the building society funds.

The adviser: Andy Harris is a director at Maddison Monetary Management, independent financial advisers, 44 High Street, Bagnshot, Surrey, GU19 5AP (Freephone 0800 074 2233).

The advice: Karol has recently been advised by a representative of an insurance company to invest into a PEP and a Tessa. Both these investments could make sense.

However, she has also been advised to invest into a Maximum Investment Plan (MIP) with the same company. A MIP is an insurance-based, regular savings plan, with a minimum term of 10 years. This product would not necessarily be appropriate to Karol's needs because a MIP has an element of life assurance built in, and this life assurance obviously has to be paid for (deducted from premiums).

As Karol is single, with no dependants and no liabilities, she has no need for life assurance. She would therefore be paying for something

## FINANCIAL MAKEOVER

**NAME KAROL ALBURY  
AGE 39  
OCCUPATION IT TRAINER**

which is not needed. The charges also tend to be significant on these types of contract.

As far as planning for retirement is concerned, Karol should join her company's pension scheme in April 1999, when her employer allows her to. In addition, she should consider making additional voluntary contributions (called AVCs) or free standing additional contributions (known as FSAVCs) to top up her pension.

AVCs are provided by any employer offering a company pension scheme. FSAVCs are available from insurance companies. When deciding on which route to take, a major consideration is charges. FSAVCs generally have higher charges than AVCs, but are less flexible and generally give less investment choice. Karol can contribute to one AVC and/or one FSAVC so a combination could be the solution.

As Karol cannot join her company scheme until April of next year, she is unable to contribute to an AVC or FSAVC until then. She would therefore need to start contributing to a personal pension plan in the meantime. Karol would need to ensure that the pension chosen can be "converted" to a FSAVC next year without further charges.

If it is decided to go for an AVC from her employer next year, a single contribution might also be made into a personal pension from Karol's existing capital. She can currently contribute up to 20 per cent of her earnings in the current tax year.

As for investments and Karol's current capital in the bank, the first thing to consider is a "cash reserve", a fund with instant access, and therefore available for any emergencies or opportunities which may arise. In Karol's case, I would suggest at least £3,000.

The next consideration is that Karol does intend to buy a property within approximately one year; a deposit would therefore be required. Karol is comfortable allowing for a 10 per cent deposit on a property costing around £30,000. She should



Karol Albury wants to make her money work harder for her

Emma Boam

therefore retain £10,000 (this would also cover costs) in her building society account.

As previously mentioned, a PEP makes good sense. Karol can invest £5,000 into a "general" PEP investing in unit or investment trusts. Consideration would need to be given to the type of fund chosen, as Karol would only be comfortable with a medium-risk one. This also means that the £3,000 which can be placed into a single company PEP would not be appropriate, as investing in any one company is too risky for Karol. The Tessa also makes sense, es-

pecially as the rules of the forthcoming ISA will allow any Tessa already opened to be fully funded for the full five-year term. This means that up to £3,000 can be invested in year one, followed by up to £1,800 in the following years, subject to a £9,000 overall limit. The money she can set aside from her income could be invested into unit trusts on a monthly basis. These would be less costly than Maximum Investment Plans (MIPs), and don't have unnecessary life assurance attached. Karol is very fortunate that her company provides permanent health

insurance, private medical cover and death-in-service benefits. As she has no dependants, there is no need for further life assurance currently. Obviously, this may change when she buys a property, or if her circumstances change.

She may wish to consider implementing some critical illness cover (CIC). This is an insurance which will pay out a lump sum upon diagnosis of one of a number of major illnesses. This is the one area where she is unprotected, and could prove to be useful to her in a way that life cover simply would not be.

# Cash in on a cheaper mortgage

THOUSANDS OF home-owners with fixed-rate mortgages may be missing an opportunity to gain hundreds of pounds each – by paying hefty penalties and switching to a lower rate.

Mortgage lenders are urging homeowners with high fixed-rate loans to consider paying the price of redeeming their mortgages to take advantage of deals on much lower rates.

According to the lenders, the new deals are so cheap that the benefits of switching can outweigh the cost of paying redemption penalties, valuation fees and legal fees, possibly leaving homeowners with a substantial gain.

In one example, a homeowner half-way through a 10-year fixed-rate £100,000 mortgage with the Royal Bank of Scotland could realise a saving of £6,100 – even after paying redemption penalties (see example).

Nick Deutsch, chief executive of First

Mortgage Direct, says: "It is highly unusual to find that it really does make sense to pay off a redemption penalty. But when they set the redemption penalties, some lenders failed to anticipate how low interest rates would get."

"Some of the redemption penalties set out in earlier years were couched in terms of 6-months' interest, which was inadequate to cater for the present interest rate regime."

First Mortgage calculates that a borrower who now has three years to run on a 7 per cent fixed-rate mortgage, with a redemption penalty of 6 months' interest, can switch to a three-year fix at 5 per cent.

That comes to a saving worth 2 per cent of the mortgage every year. With redemption penalties and re-mortgage costs of 3.5 per cent, the borrower will initially be out of pocket.

But after three years, the borrower will

have made a saving worth 6 per cent of the loan. After deducting redemption fees and re-mortgage costs, the borrower will save 1.5 per cent, or £1,500 on £100,000.

The benefits apply especially to fixed-rate loans taken out in 1993, when a spate of long-term fixes began to appear on the market. Many lenders offered fixes at 8 per cent or more in 1993, when interest rates were believed to have reached their nadir.

Five years later, long-term interest rates – which determine what rate a lender can offer – have plummeted.

Ray Boulger, of mortgage specialists John Charcol, says: "When it comes to re-mortgaging for a better rate, some people are deterred by valuation fees and legal fees. However, in many cases it will be worthwhile because rates have come down so low a point."

"If you are thinking of taking a view as

to whether it's worth switching, there are two things to look at: how much longer the fix has to run, and how much the redemption penalty is."

The switch is most worthwhile for homeowners with mortgages over £100,000, where the interest rate benefits will be enough to pay the high fixed costs of re-mortgaging.

Homeowners should think carefully before going ahead. Many of the most recent fixed-rate deals have stiffer redemption penalties than their predecessors. And if valuation and legal fees are not kept to a minimum, the saving could be trivial.

If a fixed rate loan has just a year or two to run, the benefits of the switch are unlikely to pay off the initial cost of re-mortgaging. The switch, in effect, is a medium-term investment: it only works if it runs for a few years.

But the opportunities are there. Home-

owners may not even need to pay the upfront costs of re-mortgaging when the price of the home has risen.

Stephen Knight, head of the Independent Mortgage Collection, a network of mortgage brokers, says: "The new fixed rates are significantly cheaper than a few years ago. It can in some circumstances be particularly worthwhile to pay the redemption penalty if the equity in your house has increased."

If the value of the home has gone up, lenders may be willing to add the costs to the value of the loan. A price rise increases the equity in the house, and thereby the security of the loan. In these cases, the amount being borrowed will rise and the time taken to pay off the mortgage may increase. But lower payments can then be realised without paying any upfront costs.

ANDREW VERITY

## HOW IT CAN PAY TO SWITCH LOANS

● April 1994: Homebuyer takes out a £100,000 mortgage with the Royal Bank of Scotland which is fixed at a rate of 8.5 per cent until March 2004.

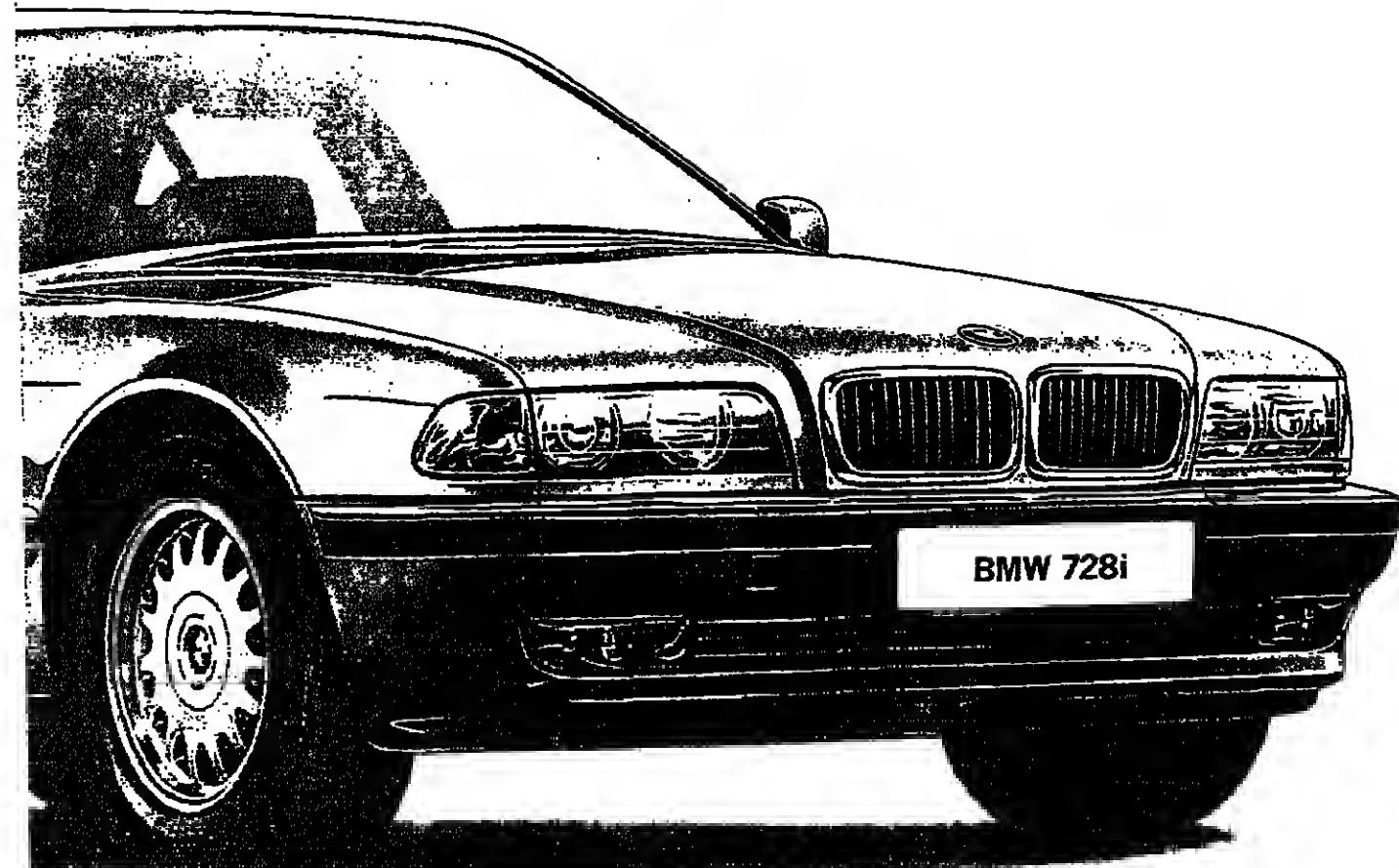
● December 1998: Homeowner remortgages to a Woolwich "Open Plan" mortgage, fixed at 6.19 per cent to 1 January 2004.

● Difference in rate: 2.31 per cent, a guaranteed saving in interest payments over the next five years of £11,203.

● Redemption penalty: £4,250.

● Costs of switching: £850.

● Net saving: £11,203 - £4,250 - £850 = £6,103.



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مكتبة العصر







# Hidden treasure in a Spanish suburb

Key moments of  
Spain's history  
were played out  
at Alcalá de  
Henares. By  
Annie Bennett

About 15 miles east of Madrid, a dull half-hour bus ride along the equivalent of the M4 corridor, is Alcalá de Henares, once a great cultural centre with one of the most important universities in Europe. Key events in Spain's history took place in its lavish Renaissance buildings.

When I was there, the tourist office was closed. Its 17th-century premises were being restored, and Juan Carlos, whose job it was to deal with the thin trickle of visitors, had been temporarily re-housed behind a small desk in the corner of an adjacent historic building, which had already been done up and was now an exhibition centre.

Miguel de Cervantes, Spain's greatest writer, was born here, as was Catherine of Aragon. In 1486, when Columbus was trying to get backing for his expedition, he came here to meet Queen Isabella at the archbishop's opulent palace. A former mansion is the headquarters of the Cervantes Institute, the worldwide organisation to promote the Spanish language. Spain's most prestigious literary prize, the Premio Cervantes, is awarded in the university's great hall.

Visitors today can stroll along the charming, colonnaded high street, gaze up at storks nesting in the bellies, drink at one of the numerous student bars and eat at one of several smart restaurants. As if that were not enough, restoration work is nearing completion on the Teatro Cervantes, the only theatre in Europe to have been almost continually in use for 400 years.

You might think all this would guarantee busloads of tourists for Juan Carlos to deal with. But no, the most he could hope for was a couple of dozen visitors at weekends. For somewhere with such a rich heritage, it is amazingly low-key. There are no tourist shops and very few hotels. The extensive restoration programme – dilapidated colleges, convents and mansions have been sympathetically revamped to serve a variety of useful civic, educational and cultural purposes – is aimed at improving conditions for the locals rather than attracting tourists.

The university was founded in 1499 by Cardinal Cisneros, head of the Spanish church and confessor to Queen Isabella. Its greatest period of eminence was in the 17th century, when it comprised 40 colleges, attended by numerous luminaries of Spain's Golden Age, including Quevedo and Lope de Vega.

Its prestige began to wane in the 18th century, culminating with the transfer of the institution to Madrid in 1826. It was re-established in



The Courtyard of Complutense in Alcalá de Henares, which is one of the sites of the historical University of Madrid

Abilio Lope/Corbis

1977, and has been slowly expanding ever since.

The main building has a magnificent Renaissance facade by Rodrigo Gil de Hontanon, architect of the cathedrals of Salamanca and Segovia. Guided tours are provided by the students, who lead you through a series of courtyards, the third of which is called the Patio Trilingue, after the schools of Latin, Greek and Hebrew that originally formed three of its sides. The fourth side was a student hostelry, and is

now a renowned restaurant. The main hall and chapel have remarkable Mudéjar coffered ceilings.

Cervantes was born in October 1547, on the corner of Calle Mayor and Calle Imagen. The Cervantes Museum, which recreates a typical house of the time, now stands there.

The Teatro Cervantes is currently concealed behind a nondescript 20th-century facade. It will, however, be a few months yet before the scaffolding is removed and its intriguing interior is opened to the public

as both a museum and theatre. Starting off as a *corral de comedias* (courtyard playhouse), where plays by Calderón de la Barca and Lope de Vega were performed, it retains its original layout and cobbled stone floor. Also still surviving are the roof, added in 1785, and the elliptical tiered boxes installed in 1820. Converted into a cinema in the Seventies, it closed down soon after.

The discovery of the structure's unique heritage was made in 1980 by three curious students who went in with torches and peeled back the layers to reveal the various stages of its past. Unlike its counterpart in Almagro in La Mancha, or the Globe in London, which are both reconstructions, the Cervantes is authentic evidence of four centuries of theatrical history.

Already attracting international attention, perhaps this substantial addition to Alcalá's heritage will tempt a few more people to a town that for too long has been written off as a dowdy suburb of Madrid.

## FACT FILE

**GETTING THERE:** Iberia (0171-830 0011) from London to Madrid for as little as £98. Or British Airways (0345 222111), Debonair (0541 500300) and easyJet (0990 292929). From central Madrid, Continental Auto runs buses every 30 minutes from Avenida

de America. Fare £2.50. **Staying:** Hotel el Bedel (3-star, 00 34 91 889 3700), Plaza de San Diego 6, Hotel Miguel de Cervantes (2-star, 00 34 91 883 1277), Calle Imagen 12, Hotel Don Juan (2-star, 00 34 91 883 3484), Calle Don Juan 1.

## Home to the salty-tanged sister of sherry

When the Spanish fancy a break they amble down to Sanlúcar de Barrameda for a rest and a drop of manzanilla. By Anthony McDonald

SATED WITH the splendours of Seville? It seems improbable. Yet it must sometimes happen to the people who live there, so where do they go to get away from it all? And what if you, too, feel like a holiday in southern

Spain without the clamour of the Costa del Sol?

One answer is Sanlúcar de Barrameda, a town which lies about 60 miles south-west of Seville at the mouth of the Guadalquivir river. Columbus,

Magellan and Pizarro all set sail from here, but now it is sleepy. Wine lovers will already know the town as the home of manzanilla, the salty-tanged sister of fino sherry.

If you don't want to drive (I didn't) there is a bus service every hour or two from Seville. It leaves from the San Sebastián bus station, takes two hours and deposits you in a tumble-down but pretty square.

In two minutes you will be in the Plaza del Cabildo, the town's main square. It is a handsome place, full of cafés and empty of traffic. From here, a left turn takes you straight down to the waterfront via a

palm-lined sandy paseo as broad and straight as an airport runway, taking you past the tourist office as you go. A much shorter walk to the right takes you straight to the Hostal la Blanca Paloma in Plaza de San Roque, where the smiling señora will let you have her best room (with a shared but spotless bathroom) for the equivalent of £17 a night.

Sanlúcar is set exactly where the river meets the Atlantic. The beach is long and lined with silver sand and the high water line is a row of pearly oyster shells. Fishing boats chug up and down and at the top of the tide, container

ships glide serenely past, then disappear surreally among the fields and pine trees as they make their winding way upriver to Seville.

Although it has 60,000 inhabitants, Sanlúcar still has a small-town feel. It is generally old and picturesque but – reassuringly perhaps, if you have just come from Seville – it contains no gems of art and architecture that it would be criminal to miss. You are here for a rest, remember, so drift around and enjoy what you see – and smell. That aroma of baked bread and brandy is manzanilla being made and half the buildings in Sanlúcar

are bodegas that are often open to the public.

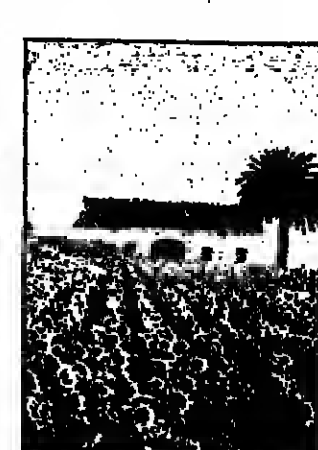
As most of the holidaymakers here are Spanish, it makes sense to adopt Spanish eating times. For breakfast, at around 10am, try hot chocolate with churros, or trickle olive oil onto your tostada instead of butter. Lunch is to be enjoyed around 2pm (don't forget the siesta) and don't go looking for an aperitif much before eight; bars that open before then cater mainly for drunks.

Serious eating begins at 8pm. Investigate the Bajo de Gula at the eastern end of the riverfront. This is a line of restaurants specialising in fish

and seafood. For tapas bars, return to the Plaza del Cabildo.

**Getting there:** Iberia (0171-830 0011) has flights from London to Seville before 10 December for £162 including tax or, if you book before 15 December and spend at least one Saturday night there, British Airways (0345 222111) has a fare for £128.30 including tax.

**Accommodation:** The Hostal la Blanca Paloma (00 34 956 363644) has double rooms for around £14 per night or contact the Sanlúcar de Barrameda Tourist Information Office on 00 34 956 366110 for a list of hotels in the town.



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# An umbrella short of a cocktail

Copacabana this may be, but unlike its Brazilian sister, the strongest drink on the shores of Lake Titicaca is coca tea. By Nicola Barranger

**M**an, the Aymara people believe, is born of the earth, the earth gives us food and food gives us life. If you want a good life, you must give thanks to the Mother Earth, Pachamama.

It's a simple, no-nonsense belief that would secure many an environmentalist's campaign in the West. Yet for the deeply religious Aymaras, respect for the land has been part of the local culture for millennia. Looking after her is a duty from which no one shrinks, as the Earth cannot be replaced.

You feel at one with Pachamama at the lake on top of the world: Lake Titicaca. At 3,656 metres, the brilliant sunshine here lends the world a piercing light which takes your breath away - although some may blame this on a lack of oxygen. For at least 2,000 years, the lake has been

part of Andean religious life. Visitors are told that if an unfortunate fisherman is lost in the icy waters, the locals may do a cursory search, shrug their shoulders and simply offer him up as a sacrifice to Pachamama.

And there are plenty of opportunities to give thanks to Pachamama, particularly at Sun Island in the middle of the lake. Ceremonies here are conducted by a priest burning coca leaves, along with small icons each signifying good health, crops or perhaps relationships. Sun Island has strong religious associations, since it was here that the first Inca couple is believed to have lived.

According to legend, the creator god, Viracocha, sent his children, Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo, to be the first couple of the Inca civilisation. The island has therefore been a place of pilgrimage for centuries. The most impressive ruins are towards the north of the island, but most visitors are first encouraged up the Inca steps to drink from the Fountain of Eternal Youth. Climbing at that altitude, you might feel that this was a good joke on the part of the early Incas.

Lake Titicaca is, in fact, two separate lakes divided by the Straits of Tiquina. Sun Island is in the larger Lake Chucuito and can easily be reached by boat or catamaran, usually from Copacabana. Although the name Copacabana may conjure up golden beaches in Brazil's Rio de Janeiro, this one, Bolivians will have you know, is the original



The lake on top of the world: for at least 2,000 years the lake has been part of Andean religious life

Nicola Barranger

Copacabana. It is also another pilgrim destination thanks to the Virgin of Candelaria.

When the black, wooden Madonna was presented to the town at some time in the 16th century, miracles began to occur: ever since, Bolivians have been making lavish and expensive offerings of jewels and other valuables to her. This is just one of many examples of Christianity being embraced alongside the ancient religions.

The dazzling marble cathedral in which the Madonna presides is well worth a visit, if only to gasp at the expense while outside beggars sit at neatly spaced intervals. Also outside, there may well be a line of cars decked in banners, streamers and balloons, waiting to be blessed by the local priest. It's a sort of spiritual insurance policy and, judging by the

roads in La Paz at dusk, you might be forgiven for thinking that these 10-inch desiccated fetuses are simply cheap, plastic reproductions. Come back in daylight to see that these are no mass-produced trinkets, but the real thing.

If you visit the market towards the end of January, you may see people buying offerings for Ekeko. He is the smiling Aymara, god of abundance and good fortune. You want a car? Then you need to buy a miniature toy version for your (usually plaster of Paris) Ekeko statue. Perhaps you need a new refrigerator or television - everything can be bought in miniature at the market. These offerings are not cheap, but once you have collected them, the idea is that you then go to the local Aymara priest who will bless your Ekeko. Within a year, it's believed that the

real thing (car, refrigerator, television) will be yours. How much of this stems from fervent religious belief, and how much simply from tradition, is unclear.

What is quite apparent, meanwhile, is the increasing number of Western tourists making their way into Bolivia. So what do local people make of them? Well, they don't go down well when it comes to cameras being flashed around. Locals are less than happy about being photographed and if you catch someone's eye through your lens, expect a frown sooner than a smile.

Yet people aren't unfriendly, and contrary to what many travellers expect, Bolivia is generally a safe country, especially when compared with Peru. "Do you know why our crime rates are so low?" joked one local resident. "All our criminals are

in the government." There seems no embarrassment about telling visitors that Bolivia is a country very rich in natural wealth but with a very corrupt system. Yet the people seem to accept the resulting poverty with resigned stoicism. Tourism is an ideal opportunity to improve the economy. However, locals may feel that one invasion was quite enough.

There are no direct flights from Britain to the Bolivian capital, La Paz. Nicola Barranger paid just over £600 on the Brazilian airline Varig, via Sao Paulo, booked through the Manchester office of Journey Latin America (0161-532 1411). The off-season fare to La Paz via Sao Paulo with Varig is £723 plus taxes. To reach Copacabana and Lake Titicaca, there are frequent buses



## SOMETHING TO DECLARE

NEWS FROM THE TRAVEL WORLD

### A likely story: free travel from Heathrow

Possible, but not by air. If you are under 16, and travelling with an adult, then from next Friday and through the Christmas holidays, you can ride the Heathrow Express train to Paddington station for nothing.

Even if you are either over 16, or you wish to travel at other times, a free ride on the new train is still feasible. BAA, which is still £450m in the line, is now promoting it as the main link between Terminal Four and the other three terminals in the central area. At five minutes, it is much faster than the courtesy bus, and cheaper than the Tube.

It is possible to go further for free, thanks to the new British Airways-sponsored bus service,

which began this month. Linking Hutton Cross underground station and Terminal Four with British Airways' new Waterside business centre, the Compass Centre and the airport's Central Terminal Area, bus route H30 - called "Airport Connect" - will run every day of the week and offer free travel to everyone.

Bob Preston, who worked on the scheme for British Airways, said: "This will be the only London Transport service which is entirely free to everyone over its entire route."

For times of the new service, call London Transport enquiries on 0171-222 1221.

**Trouble spots**  
 The fifth anniversary edition of *Wanderlust* magazine (01753

620426) was published yesterday. In her regular health feature, Dr Jane Wilson Howarth addresses a critical question:

"What kills travellers? It may be comforting to know that, of travellers who die abroad, few (less than 1 per cent) succumb to infectious disease. What gets us, in roughly equal proportions, are (a) accidents and (b) diseases (especially heart disease)."

"There are lots of deaths on the roads, for example, and more risks are taken, it seems, when we are away from home. People are able to get away with drink

driving, so they do. Where there are no seat-belt or motorcycle-helmet laws people don't bother to use them. Then there are recreational drugs of the legal (eg alcohol) and illegal varieties to enjoy, but these reduce inhibitions and lead to accidents such as drowning. And there are sexual risks: of HIV infections acquired heterosexually, about half are caught abroad; sexual adventures are an enticing extra to a trip away, but play safe."

**Bargain of the week**  
 You can take a break in Amsterdam by air for less than

£100 - if you drink enough lager. A Dutch airline and brewery have teamed up to offer the short-break deal of the year. Send in the special ring-pulls from 12 half-litre cans of Grolsch lager, pay £99 per person based on two sharing, and you can get flights from your local airport, a one-night stay in a three-star hotel, and a day's bike rental.

Only 5,000 packages are on offer, and the dates are specific: the first two weeks of December, then from 4-11 and 14-28 February. The lager will cost you around £15 (a four-pack at Tesco

is currently £4.99). For comparison, Magic Cities (0181-741 4442) has one-night packages in Amsterdam for £107, so even if you pour the lager away you'll still save money.

**True or false?**  
 Airlines in the United States are friendlier. This is debatable, as anyone who has flown across the Atlantic on a cramped 767 in the week before Christmas will testify.

Many travellers regard the service aboard British Airways and Virgin Atlantic as a class above most US rivals. So is a new regulation for US airlines, whereby passengers are asked for their first names, a move to become more customer-friendly? "No," says one transatlantic

travel agent emphatically. "It's a security precaution."

From next March the US authorities will be increasing the precision of information about travellers, by insisting on having full first names on air tickets. The move is being sold as an enhancement of passenger safety, but there is a downside.

The addition of a full first name enhances the potential for error (having once travelled from Miami to Atlanta using a boarding card which described me as "Sandra Calderon", I can confirm this). It could also add to airport delays. "When you're checking in 400 people, the last thing you need is a dispute about how a first name is spelt," says the travel agent.

SIMON CALDER

**LOTTO**  
 The winning Lotto numbers for draw date 19th November 1998 are:  
 1st: 021940 2nd: 027846 3rd: 028470 4th: 029914 5th: 027445  
 75% of all proceeds from Lotto go directly to fund ActionAid's fight against world poverty.  
 For details of how to play, please telephone the helpline on 0460 5272.  
 Registered charity no 234487

**JASPER REES**  
*Jim Davidson may be nursing a grudge that he was not in Best of British. The series celebrated cockneys, it celebrated comedians but it drew the line at cockney comedians!*  
 TELEVISION REVIEW, PAGE 32

**THE RED ARROW EXPRESS**  
**PEKING TO HONG KONG BY "THROUGH TRAIN"**

Until recently it used to take a minimum of 60 hours to travel from Hong Kong to Peking by train involving many time-consuming changes and endless border formalities. Now the Chinese have introduced a new "through" express train with modern facilities including restaurant cars and full air-conditioning, and the journey now takes just one day and night to complete. The journey is undertaken mostly during the daylight hours affording the traveller a glimpse of China at eye level from the comfort of a first class or deluxe compartment window where a timeless scenery unfolds revealing terraced paddy fields to bustling modern cities.

We have combined it with a three-night stay at the Xiyuan Hotel Peking and three nights at the 4-star City Garden Hotel on Hong Kong.

**ITINERARY IN BRIEF**  
 The journey commences with a direct non-stop flight to Peking with British Airways followed by 3 nights at the Xiyuan Hotel. A visit to the Great Wall and Ming Tombs is included as well as many optional visits being available. On Day 5 depart by "through train" to Kowloon arriving the next day in the afternoon for 3 nights at the City Garden Hotel, Hong Kong. Return direct to London on Day 9.

**DEPARTURE DATES & PRICES**  
 1998/99 Mondays - per person in a hotel twin

	3-Bed	4-Bed
December 7, 14, 21, 28	£595	£545
January 4, 11, 18, 25	£625	£575
February 1, 8, 15, 22	£625	£575
March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	£650	£600
April 5, 12, 19, 26	£675	£625
May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	£675	£625
June 7, 14, 21, 28	£650	£600

Single supplement £150

First Class compartments are allocated either to couples, or single persons of the same sex.

The train operates on alternate days which may result in the itinerary being revised or amended so as to fit in with the train schedule. When the itinerary commences in Hong Kong, the total duration is 8 nights and 5 nights due to the timings of the flights.

**0171-6161000**  
**VOYAGES JULES VERNE**  
 21 Dorset Square, London NW1 6GG  
 Travel Promotions Ltd. ABTA 91461 ATOL 8838  
 Internet: <http://www.vjv.co.uk>  
 Our offices are open Monday to Friday 9am to 5pm and at weekends for telephone reservations from 9am to 5pm. For personal visitors our office hours are from 10am to 5pm weekdays only.

**EXPLORE THE COASTS OF INDIA OR THE FAR EAST THIS CHRISTMAS.**

**Christmas Itinerary**  
 19 Dec - 30 Dec 1998  
 Day 1 Fly to Dubai  
 Day 2 Sightseeing tour of Dubai  
 Day 3 Explore Muscat  
 Day 4-5 Relax at sea  
 Day 6 Bombay sightseeing tour  
 Day 7 Celebrate Christmas  
 Day 8 at sea  
 Day 9-10 Cochin and the Kerala backwaters  
 Day 10 Cruise the Malabar coast  
 Day 11 Colombo sightseeing tour  
 Day 12 Arrive UK after overnight flight

**New Year Itinerary**  
 29 Dec 1998 - 13 Jan 1999  
 Day 12 Fly to Colombo  
 Day 13 Colombo sightseeing  
 Day 14 New Year's Eve celebration on board  
 Day 15 Arrive Cochin in afternoon  
 Day 16 Relax at sea  
 Day 17 The Andaman Islands  
 Day 18 Cruise towards the Malaysian peninsula  
 Day 19 Georgetown (Penang)  
 Day 20 Kuala Lumpur or Malacca  
 Day 21-22 Discover Singapore  
 Day 23-24 Relax at sea  
 Day 25 Explore Bangkok  
 Day 26 Arrive UK after overnight flight

**ATOL 0357**

Escape the British winter in a Swan Hellenic cruise and enjoy Christmas in the tropics on a beach in the New Year in Singapore and the Indian Ocean.

Join us in a Swan Hellenic cruise and enjoy Christmas in the tropics on a beach in the New Year in Singapore and the Indian Ocean.

Swan Hellenic cruises are from £2805 per person, excluding flight transfers, accommodation and all meals, as well as a full programme of excursions and tips both on board and ashore.

The Swan Hellenic Christmas or New Year cruise is now going on sale - call AMPTA to contact your local AMPTA travel agent.

**0171 800 2200** P&O



## THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

**Matthew Sweet**

personal experimentation seemed to herald a wider cultural liberation.

**On general release**

Novelist Elmore Leonard delights in depicting the morally messy lives of people who have made all the wrong decisions. Director Steven Soderbergh, Jennifer Lopez and George Clooney know all about that; take Soderbergh's *Kafka*, Lopez's *Anaconda* or Clooney's *Peacemaker*. Luckily, all three combine to devastating effect in the latest Leonard adaptation, *Out of Sight* (above). Droll and drop-dead sexy, this laid-back chase movie sees Lopez's federal marshal pursuing Clooney's world-weary bank robber. Watch them smoulder.

**On general release**

ACCORDING TO the flyers, *Dirty Work* begins with "five nuclear explosions" and is "about Language. Memory. Bad Luck. Love. And Human Forgetting." No one could accuse the Sheffield-based company Forced Entertainment of lacking ambition — their devised projects seek to do nothing less than create a new theatrical vocabulary, one that articulates modern, urban experience. Many believe they are succeeding — the fractured anti-show *Showtime* (1995) earned them a wider following, which will no doubt be playing dirty to get a look at this, their 17th work, *Arncliffe, Bristol* (0117-929 9191) 5pm.

At last, after a surfeit of Seventies-revival musicals, comes *Gold!* from Hull Truck — a tale of five college pals who form a tribute band to recreate their student days under middle-era Thatcher. There is very little in the way of dialogue, which reduces the likelihood of this medley-stuffed nostalgia night getting too mawkish. The critics have yet to pass judgment, but Gary Kemp (above) of Spandau Ballet loves it, apparently. *Hull Truck Theatre, Spring St, Hull* (01482 323638) 8pm



**THE FOUNTAINHEAD (PG)**  
King Vidor's oversized melodrama, in which a miscast Gary Cooper stars as an architect who takes

**LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS** (18)  
*Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels'* defining characteristic is its resilient morality. The picture is peopled by thugs, both amateur and professional. Young Eddy falls into the former category; but Hatchet Harry, to whom he owes £500,000, is a dangerous old-school pro.

**RONIN** (115)  
John Frankenheimer's 40 years as a director lend an air of knackered resignation to his latest movie, a fired-up espionage thriller. As the leader of the gang, Robert De Niro does his blank-faced, gristle-chewing act. As dull as ditchwater.

**THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY** (15)  
Ben Stiller, Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon and Lee Evans star in this latest comedy from the tasteless writer-director team of Peter and Bobby Farrelly (previous crimes against humanity include *Dumb and Dumber* and *Kingpin*). However, the film is basically a soft-centred romantic comedy of the kind that drifts out of Hollywood on a regular basis.

**THE TRUMAN SHOW (PG)**  
Peter Weir's much-heralded comedy about a man (played by Jim Carrey) who discovers that his whole existence has been televised since birth and broadcast to the world. The film is very funny; due more to Andrew Niccol's script than to its star's presence.

**VELVET GOLDMINE (118)**  
See *The Independent* recommends, above.

**MASTER**  
**DUKES PLAYHOUSE** (01524-  
 45) *Dracula, Prince of Darkness*  
 Sun 7.30pm *The Story of the Late*  
*Ysanzthermimus (NC)* Sun 1.30pm  
*Mr. Pugh's War* (15) Sun 4.15pm,  
 Mon 12.30pm, Apr 6. 7.30pm, Wed  
 Sun 7.30pm *The Bollywood Movie*  
 Sun 7.30pm *Les Apprentis* (15)  
 3.00pm, Apr 6. also Wed 5.45pm, Thur  
 5.15pm *So Good* (15) Tue 8pm  
*We Dancin'?* (PG) Tue 8pm, also Thur  
 8pm *Life Is All You Get* (18) Thur  
 8pm, 8pm

**MASTER**  
**EMIX ARTS** (0116-255 4854)  
*Seahunt* (PG) 2.30pm *Palmetto* (15)  
 6.05pm, 8.30pm *The Land Girls* (12)  
 6.30pm, also Fri 6.05pm

pm, 10:00am-11:00am) **Joe** (15 Sat) The  
pm, 6:25pm, 8:40pm; also Sun  
6:10pm, 8:20pm **Funny Games**  
pm, Sun, 7:20pm, 9:40pm **Amo**  
Sat, Sun, Tue-Thru, 7:10pm, 9:25pm;  
also Mon 5:25pm, 6:05pm, Fri  
pm **Insomnla** (18 Sat, Sun 4pm,  
also Mon 6:10pm, 8:20pm,  
Tue, 9pm)  
**Symmentary Masterclass:** Student  
Festival (NC) Tue 11am Docu-  
Programme: Student Film  
Festival (NC) Tue 1pm Just Do It - The  
Top Guide  
Festival (NC) Tue 3:30pm Experi-  
mental Programme: Student Film  
Festival (NC) Wed 6pm Drama Pro-  
gramme: Student Film Festival  
Animation Masterclass: Student Film  
Festival (NC) Wed 11am Animation Pro-  
gramme: Student Film Festival (NC) Wed  
11am Animation  
Festival (NC) Wed 3:30pm Best  
Film Festival: Student Film Festival

**CASTLE UPON TYPE**  
**ASIDE CINEMA** (0191-232-8289)  
 Solstice (PG) 1.30pm Victory (S)  
 Thur 3.15pm, 8pm; also 15n  
 6.15pm, Wed 3.15pm, 8.30pm, Thur  
 6.15pm, Fri 6.15pm, Sat 8.15pm,  
 Sun 8.30pm; also Sun 4pm, 8.30pm,  
 Wed 5.45pm, Thur 6.15pm, My  
 Age (15) Sat, Sun 5.45pm; al-  
 Sun 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.15pm, Tue  
 8pm, Wed 4.15pm, 8.15pm, Thur  
 5.45pm, 5.45pm Storefront Hitchcock  
 (PG) Sat, Sun 6.30pm, also Sat  
 (NC) Mon 6pm, Tues 6pm, Wed  
 1.30pm, Thurs 3.00pm, Fri 1.15pm  
 Modulations (NC) Wed 6.30pm;  
 Thur 6.30pm, Fri 8.30pm, Sat  
 8.30pm, Sun The Blues Brothers  
 8.30pm

**INGHAM**  
**ADMIRAL CINEMA** (115-952 6611)  
 Chrysis Wang Bang (15) Sat 3pm  
 6.15pm, Sun 6.15pm, Mon 6.15pm,  
 Tues 6.15pm, Wed 6.15pm, Thurs  
 6.15pm, 8.30pm, Fri 8.30pm, Sat  
 8.30pm, Sun 8.30pm, Mon 6pm,  
 Tues 6pm, 8.30pm, Fri 8.30pm, My

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## THURSDAY TELEVISION

## BBC1

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (6757), 7.00 News (3369), 9.00 **K9** (585884), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (143388), 10.05 **City Hospital** (5) (733553), 10.55 **News** (1) (402786), 11.00 **Good Living** (5) (407428), 11.55 **Cart Cook** (1) (407428), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (5) (643338), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (5) (643338), 12.50 **Weather Show** (5) (7345067), 1.00 **News** (1) (43048), 1.30 **Regional News** (457224), 1.40 **Neighbours** (570628), 2.05 **Inside** (1) (459816), 2.55 **Wipeout** (409254).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (588146), 3.45 **Freemantle Sam** (1) (675254), 3.55 **Aggrats** (1) (5) (388593), 4.20 **Mr Wymy** (1) (72088), 4.35 **Smart** (1) (5) (45425), 5.00 **Newsround** (5) (721203), 5.40 **Aquile** (5) (7) (640451).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (5) (77406).
- 6.00 News: Weather** (1) (28).
- 6.30 Regional News** (1) (5).
- 7.00 Watchdog** (5) (7) (954).
- 7.30 EastEnders** (5) (7) (4).
- 8.00 Animal Hospital** (5) (7) (5574).
- 8.30 2point4 Children** (5) (7) (4609).
- 9.00 Party Political Broadcast by the Liberal Democrats** (5) (7) (50390).
- 9.05 News: Weather** (1) (58106).
- 9.35 Dinnerladies** (5) (7) (58106), pregnancy scares and stray bra straps upset everyone but Tony and Ben (5) (7) (76333).
- 10.05 They Think It's All Over** (30661).
- 10.35 Clive Anderson All Talk** (24562).
- 11.05 Question Time** (5) (7) (40932).
- 12.05 CHOICE Dr Strangelove** (1964). Stanley Kubrick's nightmare nuclear war comedy. See *Choice*, below (1) (38278).
- 1.45 Joins BBC News 24** (4562034). To 6am.

## BBC2

- 6.00 What Do Peacocks Have** (585884), 6.35 **A Vulnerable Life** (585884), 7.00 **Garden Fairies** (5) (585884), 7.05 **Teletubbies** (5) (585884), 7.30 **Tom and Jerry Kids** (585884), 7.55 **Blue Peter** (5) (585884), 8.20 **Robinson Sucroe** (5) (585884), 8.40 **Fiddley Fiddle** (585884), 8.55 **Garden Fairies** (585884), 9.00 **Job Bank** (5) (2203715), 9.30 **Ball File** (585884), 9.50 **Watch** (5) (585884), 10.05 **Come Outside** (5) (585884), 10.30 **Storyline** (5) (585884), 10.45 **Teaching Today** (5) (585884), 11.15 **Zig Zag** (5) (585884), 11.35 **Lifeschool** (5) (585884), 12.00 **Job Bank** (5) (585884), 12.40 **English File** (585884), 1.00 **Fiddley Fiddle** (5) (585884), 1.15 **The Arts and Crafts Hour** (5) (585884), 1.40 **Watch** (5) (585884), 2.40 **News** (1) (585884), 2.45 **Westminster** (5) (7217048), 3.25 **News** (1) (585884), 3.30 **Gardeners' World** (5) (585884), 4.00 **Change That** (5) (585884), 4.25 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (5) (7) (67425), 4.55 **Lowly** (5) (7) (47236), 5.30 **Today's the Day** (5) (67).
- 6.00 Star Trek: Deep Space Nine** (585884), 6.30 **Sci-Fi** (5) (585884).
- 6.45 Sliders** (585884), 6.55 **Sci-Fi** (5) (7) (585884).
- 7.30 First Sight** (16).
- 8.00 Boat Race** (5) (7) (316).
- 8.30 Top Gear** (5) (7) (585884).
- 9.00 Third Rock from the Sun** (585884), 9.25 **Science at War** (585884), 9.50 **Science at War** (585884), 10.05 **Science at War** (585884), 10.30 **Science at War** (585884), 10.55 **Science at War** (585884), 11.15 **Science at War** (585884), 11.40 **Science at War** (585884), 12.00 **Science at War** (585884), 12.25 **Science at War** (585884), 12.50 **Science at War** (585884), 1.00 **Science at War** (585884), 1.25 **Science at War** (585884), 1.50 **Science at War** (585884), 2.00 **Science at War** (585884), 2.25 **Science at War** (585884), 2.50 **Science at War** (585884), 3.00 **Science at War** (585884), 3.25 **Science at War** (585884), 3.50 **Science at War** (585884), 4.00 **Science at War** (585884), 4.25 **Science at War** (585884), 4.50 **Science at War** (585884), 5.00 **Science at War** (585884), 5.25 **Science at War** (585884), 5.50 **Science at War** (585884), 6.00 **Science at War** (585884).

## ITV Granada

- 6.00 GMTV** (121425), 9.25 **Trisha** (5) (7) (25216), 10.15 **This Morning** (1) (303406), 12.15 **Granada News** (1) (303703), 12.30 **News** (1) (57795), 1.00 **Home and Away** (1) (585884), 1.25 **Christmas Home in the Country** (585884), 2.10 **Emmerdale** (5) (585884), 2.40 **Dale's Supermarket Sweep** (5) (7) (402106), 3.40 **News Headlines** (1) (402106).
- 3.20 Children's ITV: Wizardia** (585884), 3.30 **Kipper** (5) (585884), 3.45 **The Adventures of Paddington Bear** (5) (585884), 3.55 **Cow and Chicken** (585884), 4.15 **Arnold** (5) (585884), 4.40 **Worst Witch** (1) (232324), 5.40 **Home and Away** (5) (7) (20797), 5.40 **News** (1) (585884).
- 5.55 Granada Tonight** (1) (42661).
- 6.45 Live Challenge 99** (585884).
- 7.00 Emmerdale** (585884), Terry discovers the truth about Scott and Tricia (5) (7) (4222).
- 7.30 We Can Work It Out** (70).
- 8.00 The Cook Report Special** (585884), a special investigation into the bosses of organised crime (5) (7) (2338).
- 9.00 Picking up the Pieces** (585884), medical drama. Bernadette learns not to get involved with patients. And it looks like Tony has fallen in love (5) (7) (2574).
- 10.00 Party Political Broadcast by the Liberal Democrats** (1) (480338).
- 10.05 News: Weather** (1) (585884).
- 10.35 Granada News** (1) (378796).
- 10.45 Crimefile** (11357), 11.45 **Master Class** (101570), 11.45 **The Barry Army Game Show** (10246), 12.15 **Tales from the Crypt** (585884), 12.45 **Highlander** (585884), 1.40 **Pirate TV** (585884), 2.05 **ITV at the Reading Festival** (2565907), 3.05 **Box Office America** (1) (480338), 3.30 **The Haunted House** (585884), 3.55 **Horror** (585884), 4.25 **The Night** (585884), 4.50 **News** (1) (585884), 5.30 **Morning News** (585884), To 6am.

## Channel 4

- 7.00 The Big Breakfast** (5) (7) (585884), 9.00 **Channel 4 Schools** (585884), 11.30 **Powerhouse** (1) (854), 12.00 **Sesame Street** (585884), 12.30 **I Dream of Jeannie** (585884), 1.00 **Judge Joe Brown** (585884), 1.30 **Train of Thought** (585884).
- 1.35 FILM 23 Paces to Baker Street** (585884), Blind playwright Van Johnson overhears a kidnapping plot (1) (585884).
- 3.30 Collectors' Lot** (585884), 4.00 **Fifteen to One** (585884), 4.30 **Countdown** (5) (7) (585884), 4.55 **Ricki Lake** (1) (747431).
- 5.30 Pet Rescue Roadshow** (1) (35).
- 6.00 Roseanne** (5) (7) (42).
- 6.30 Hollyoaks** (1) (28).
- 7.00 News: Weather** (5) (7) (585884).
- 7.50 The 1998 Turner Prize: Writing about Art** (1) (585884).
- 8.00 The Italian Kitchen** (1) (52).
- 8.30 Personal Services** (585884), John Pitman looks at a gardening service for stressed-out Londoners (1) (7319).
- 9.00 The Body Story** (585884), X-ray firing and computer-generated animation help us to see something of the body's miraculous power of recovery (1) (7661).
- 9.30 Dispatches** (585884), Report on how solicitors convicted of serious wrongdoing may continue to practise (1) (7574).
- 10.00 FILM Armed and Dangerous** (585884), John Candy faces a security firm cop who joins a security firm (585884).
- 11.40 120 Cops** (585884), 12.45 **Vids** (585884), 1.20 **Cop Out** (585884), 1.45 **For the Love of Faith** (585884), 2.25 **Kiss Kiss Bang Bang** (585884).
- 3.10 FILM The Unforgotten** (585884), Burt Lancaster western (585884).
- 4.30 Nothing but the Truth** (585884), 5.30 **Right to Reply** (585884), 5.55 **Sesame Street** (585884), To 7am.

## Channel 5

- 6.00 5 News and Sport** (5) (585884), 7.00 **WideWorld** (5) (7) (585884), 7.30 **Mikeshel** (5) (585884), 7.55 **Wimble's House** (5) (585884), 8.00 **Havakaze** (5) (585884), 8.30 **Dappledawn Farm** (585884), 9.00 **The Antiques Hunter** (5) (7) (374048), 9.25 **Postcards** (5) (585884), 9.30 **Oran** (585884), 10.20 **Sunset Beach** (5) (7) (103207), 11.00 **Leza** (5) (585884), 12.30 **Family Affairs** (5) (7) (278535), 1.00 **The Bold and the Beautiful** (5) (7) (585884), 1.30 **Sons and Daughters** (585884), 2.00 **100 Per Cent** (5) (585884), 2.30 **Good Afternoon** (5) (222261).
- 3.30 FILM Blackbeard the Pirate** (585884), Robert Newton stomps round the set, pig-legged and pee-eyed, enjoying himself as the practical rogue (737048).
- 5.20 The Roseanne Show** (585884).
- 6.00 100 Per Cent** (5) (2990425).
- 6.30 Family Affairs** (5) (7) (298177).
- 7.00 5 News** (5) (7) (103574).
- 7.30 Watery World** (585884), Film about hammerhead sharks (5) (7) (297061).
- 8.00 Wing and a Prayer** (585884), Legal drama. Simon tries to clear the air with Catherine, but fails miserably. Yasmine leaves Chris in no doubt as to the future of their relationship (5) (7) (613109).
- 9.00 FILM Desperate: the Outlaw** (585884), Alex McArthur as a frontier loner in this routine TV western series based on the Elmore Leonard stories. With Lisa O'Leary (5) (585884).
- 10.50 Sex and Shopping** (585884), Longtime probe into the porn business. Tonight, Lynsey Mackenzie gives her view on what it's like to be a topless model (5) (3270048).
- 11.20 The Jack Docherty Show** (585884), 12.00 **Live and Dangerous** (585884), 12.40 **Live and Dangerous** (585884), 1.00 **Prisoner: Cell Block H** (585884), 1.30 **100 Per Cent** (5) (7) (7620346), To 6am.

## ITV/Regions

- Anglia**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (585884), 7.00 **News** (585884), 9.00 **K9** (585884), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (143388), 10.05 **City Hospital** (5) (733553), 10.55 **News** (1) (402786), 11.00 **Good Living** (5) (407428), 11.55 **Cart Cook** (1) (407428), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (5) (643338), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (5) (643338), 12.50 **Weather Show** (5) (7345067), 1.00 **News** (1) (43048), 1.30 **Regional News** (457224), 1.40 **Neighbours** (570628), 2.05 **Inside** (1) (459816), 2.55 **Wipeout** (409254).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (588146), 3.45 **Freemantle Sam** (1) (675254), 3.55 **Aggrats** (1) (5) (388593), 4.20 **Mr Wymy** (1) (72088), 4.35 **Smart** (1) (5) (45425), 5.00 **Newsround** (5) (721203), 5.40 **Aquile** (5) (7) (640451).
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- 8.00 Animal Hospital** (5) (7) (5574).
- 8.30 2point4 Children** (5) (7) (4609).
- 9.00 Party Political Broadcast by the Liberal Democrats** (5) (7) (50390).
- 9.05 News: Weather** (1) (58106).
- 9.35 Dinnerladies** (5) (7) (58106), pregnancy scares and stray bra straps upset everyone but Tony and Ben (5) (7) (76333).
- 10.05 They Think It's All Over** (30661).
- 10.35 Clive Anderson All Talk** (24562).
- 11.05 Question Time** (5) (7) (40932).
- 12.05 CHOICE Dr Strangelove** (1964). Stanley Kubrick's nightmare nuclear war comedy. See *Choice*, below (1) (38278).
- 1.45 Joins BBC News 24** (4562034). To 6am.

## THURSDAY CHOICE

AN IMPRESSIVE Peter Sellers plays three roles in *Dr Strangelove* (12.05am BBC1, left). Stanley Kubrick's enduringly outrageous satire about the madness of the nuclear arms race. As well as the eponymous deranged scientist, Sellers plays the US president and a British officer, but perhaps the scariest thing about it all is not how Kubrick depicts the impending doom of the Cold War, but how he makes you laugh at it. An impressive supporting cast includes George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, James Earl Jones and Keenan Wynn.

## SATELLITE &amp; CABLE

**Sky Premier**  
6.00 **Dr Strangelove** (1964), 7.00 **News** (585884), 9.00 **K9** (585884), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (143388), 10.05 **City Hospital** (5) (733553), 10.55 **News** (1) (402786), 11.00 **Good Living** (5) (407428), 11.55 **Cart Cook** (1) (407428), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (5) (643338), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (5) (643338), 12.50 **Weather Show** (5) (7345067), 1.00 **News** (1) (43048), 1.30 **Regional News** (457224), 1.40 **Neighbours** (570628), 2.05 **Inside** (1) (459816), 2.55 **Wipeout** (409254).

**3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (588146), 3.45 **Freemantle Sam** (1) (675254), 3.55 **Aggrats** (1) (5) (388593), 4.20 **Mr Wymy** (1) (72088), 4.35 **Smart** (1) (5) (45425), 5.00 **Newsround** (5) (721203), 5.40 **Aquile** (5) (7) (640451).

**5.35 Neighbours** (5) (77406).

**6.00 News: Weather** (1) (28).

**6.30 Regional News** (1) (5).

**7.00 Watchdog** (5) (7) (954).

**7.30 EastEnders** (5) (7) (4).

**8.00 Animal Hospital** (5) (7) (5574).

**8.30 2point4 Children** (5) (7) (4609).

**9.00 Party Political Broadcast by the Liberal Democrats** (5) (7) (50390).

**9.05 News: Weather** (1) (58106).

**9.35 Dinnerladies** (5) (7) (58106), pregnancy scares and stray bra straps upset everyone but Tony and Ben (5) (7) (76333).

**10.05 They Think It's All Over** (30661).

**10.35 Clive Anderson All Talk** (24562).

**11.05 Question Time** (5) (7) (40932).

**12.05 CHOICE Dr Strangelove** (1964). Stanley Kubrick's nightmare nuclear war comedy. See *Choice*, below (1) (38278).

**1.45 Joins BBC News 24** (4562034). To 6am.

**Sky Sports 2**  
6.00 **Dr Strangelove** (1964), 7.00 **News** (585884), 9.00 **K9** (585884), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (143388), 10.05 **City Hospital** (5) (733553), 10.55 **News** (1) (402786), 11.00 **Good Living** (5) (407428), 11.55 **Cart Cook** (1) (407428), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (5) (643338), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (5) (643338), 12.50 **Weather Show** (5) (7345067), 1.00 **News** (1) (43048), 1.30 **Regional News** (457224), 1.40 **Neighbours** (570628), 2.05 **Inside** (1) (459816), 2.55 **Wipeout** (409254).

**3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (588146), 3.45 **Freemantle Sam** (1) (675254), 3.55 **Aggrats** (1) (5) (388593), 4.20 **Mr Wymy** (1) (72088), 4.35 **Smart** (1) (5) (45425), 5.00 **Newsround** (5) (721203), 5.40 **Aquile** (5) (7) (640451).

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**11.05 Question Time** (5) (7) (40932).

**12.05 CHOICE Dr Strangelove** (1964). Stanley Kubrick's nightmare nuclear war comedy. See *Choice*, below (1) (38278).

**1.45 Joins BBC News 24** (4562034). To 6am.

**Sky Sports 3**  
6.00 **Dr Strangelove** (1964), 7.00 **News** (585884), 9.00 **K9** (585884), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (143388), 10.05 **City Hospital** (5) (733553), 10.55 **News** (1) (402786), 11.00 **Good Living** (5) (407428), 11.55 **Cart Cook** (1) (407428), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (5) (643338), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (5) (643338), 12.50 **Weather Show** (5) (7345067), 1.00 **News** (1) (43048), 1.30 **Regional News** (457224), 1.40 **Neighbours** (570628), 2.05 **Inside** (1) (459816), 2.55 **Wipeout** (409254).

**3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (588146), 3.45 **Freemantle Sam** (1) (675254), 3.55 **Aggrats** (1) (5) (388593), 4.20 **Mr Wymy** (1) (72088), 4.35 **Smart** (1) (5) (45425), 5.00 **Newsround** (5) (721203), 5.40 **Aquile** (5) (7) (640451).

**5.35 Neighbours** (5) (77406).

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**6.30 Regional News** (1) (5).

**7.00 Watchdog** (5) (7) (954).

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**12.05 CHOICE Dr Strangelove** (1964). Stanley Kubrick's nightmare nuclear war comedy. See *Choice*, below (1) (38278).

**1.45 Joins BBC News 24** (4562034). To 6am.

## FRIDAY TELEVISION

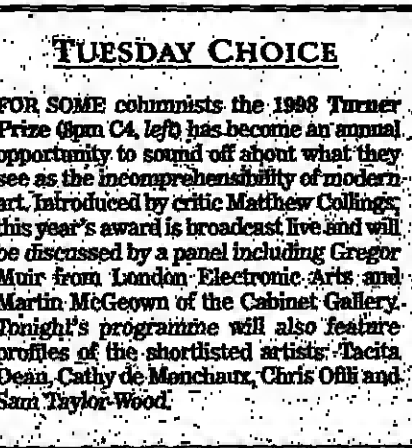
## BBC1

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (5185), 7.00 **News** (1) (5455), 9.00 **K9** (575763), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (143388), 10.05 **City Hospital** (5) (733553), 10.55 **News** (1) (402786), 11.00 **Good Living** (5) (407428), 11.55 **Cart Cook** (1) (407428), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (5) (643338), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (5) (643338), 12.50 **Weather Show** (5) (7345067), 1.00 **News** (1) (43048), 1.30 **Regional News** (457224), 1.40 **Neighbours** (570628), 2.05 **Inside** (1) (459816), 2.55 **Wipeout** (409254).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (588146), 3.45 **Freemantle Sam** (1) (675254), 3.55 **Aggrats** (1) (5) (388593), 4.20 **Mr Wymy** (1) (72088), 4.35 **Smart** (1) (5) (45425), 5.00 **Newsround** (5) (721203), 5.40 **Aquile** (5) (7) (640451).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (5) (77406).
- 6.00 News: Weather** (1) (28).
- 6.30 Regional News** (1) (5).
- 7.00 Weekend Watchdog** (5) (7) (189).
- 7.30 Top of the Pops** (5) (7) (723).
- 8.00 Car Wars** (5) (7) (7839).
- 8.30 Clothes Show - Ten Years of Style** (585884), Seina Scott looks back at a decade of style (5) (6346).
- 9.00 News: Weather** (1) (585884).
- 9.30 Dangerfield** (585884), Paige tries to comfort Cranmer's mother as his colleague lies critically ill (5) (7) (40823).
- 10.20 FILM Enter the Dragon** (1973). The immortal Bruce Lee's finest film in which he enters a martial arts contest to avenge his dead sister (1) (585884).
- 12.00 The Stand-Up Show** (5) (7327).
- 12.30 FILM Black Eagle** (1968). Jean-Claude Van Damme stars in this kickboxing movie (585884).
- 2.05 Joins BBC News 24** (4562021). To 7am.

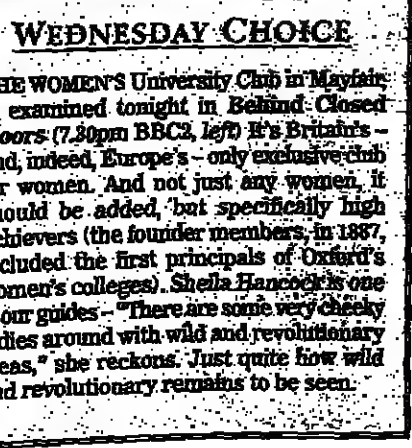
## BBC2

- 6.00 Watering the Desert** (1) (585884), 7.00 **Hairy Jerry** (5) (585884), 7.05 **Teletubbies** (5) (585884), 7.30 **Tom and Jerry Kids** (585884), 7.55 **Blue Peter** (5) (585884), 8.20 **Robinson Sucroe** (5) (585884), 8.40 **Fiddley Fiddle** (585884), 8.55 **Garden Fairies** (585884), 9.00 **Job Bank** (5) (2203715), 9.30 **Ball File** (585884), 9.50 **Watch** (5) (585884), 10.05 **Come Outside** (5) (585884), 10.30 **Storyline** (5) (585884), 10.45 **Teaching Today** (5) (585884), 11.15 **Zig Zag** (5) (585884), 11.35 **Lifeschool** (5) (585884), 12.00 **Job Bank** (5) (585884), 12.40 **English File** (585884), 1.00 **Fiddley Fiddle** (5) (585884), 1.15 **The Arts and Crafts Hour** (5) (585884), 1.40 **Watch** (5) (585884), 2.40 **News** (1) (585884), 2.45 **Westminster** (5) (7217048), 3.25 **News** (1) (585884), 3.30 **Gardeners' World** (5) (585884), 4.00 **Change That** (5) (585884), 4.25 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (5) (7) (67425), 4.55 **Lowly** (5) (7) (47236),



[illegible]

## ITV/Regions

[illegible]

## SATELLITE & CABLE



## ITV/Regions

- [illegible]

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## ITV/Regions

- [illegible]

[illegible]



# SATURDAY RADIO

## PICK OF THE DAY

THE WEEKEND is dominated by Andrew Rissik's fine trilogy *Troy*, which begins tonight with *King Priam and His Sons* (8.30pm R2). Julian Glover plays the Trojan king, Michael Maloney is Hector, and Michael Sheen Paris, while Paul Scofield exerts as the god Hermes.

More ancient myths are retold in *Boogie Wonderland* - The Story of Disco (7pm R2): Paul

Nicholas takes us through the moves, with all the traditional tales of high-life at Studio 54. Even older swingers might prefer *The Dancin' Dancin'* (8pm R4), an hour-long look at their rise and fall, but that clashes with Elvis Costello (right) and Burt Bacharach in Concert (8pm R2), with Costello showing what a crooner he is at heart.

ROBERT HANES



**RADIO 1** (97.8-98.8MHz FM)  
7.00 Mark Goodier. 10.00 Chris Moyles. 1.00 Lisa Anson. 3.00 Radio 1's R'n'B Chart. 5.00 Judge Jules. 7.00 Danny Rampling - Lovegroove Dance Party. 9.00 Westwood - Radio 1 Rap Show. 12.00 Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall Night. 2.00 Essential Mix World Tour: Edinburgh. 4.00 - 6.30 Annie Nightingale.

**RADIO 2** (88-90.2MHz FM)  
6.00 Mo Dutta. 8.05 Brian Matthews. 10.00 Steve Wright's Saturday Show. 1.00 John Bird: That Mocking Bird. 1.30 News. 2.00 Alan Freeman. 3.30 Johnnie Walker. 5.30 Paul Gambaccini. 7.00 Boogie Wonderland - The Story of Disco. See *Pick of the Day*. 8.00 Elvis Costello and Burt Bacharach in Concert. See *Pick of the Day*. 10.00 Sweet Soul Radio 2. 10.00 Bob Harris. 1.00 Lynn Parsons. 4.00 - 7.00 Mo Dutta.

**RADIO 3** (90.2-92.4MHz FM)  
6.00 On Air. 9.00 CD Review. 11.00 Building a Library. 12.00 Private Passions. 1.00 Lunchtime Concert. 2.00 Best of 3. 3.00 One Hundred Years of the Yellow Label. 4.45 Inspired by Myth. 5.00 Jazz Record Requests. 6.00 Punk Jazz. 6.30 Opera on 3. The UK premiere of Tan Dun's opera within an opera, to a libretto by Paul Griffiths. It is an epic physical, spiritual and musical journey during which Marco Polo explores exotic lands and travels from Italy to China and beyond. Tan Dun's vivid score draws on sounds from the world of Peking opera and fuses them with western ones. Thomas Young, tenor (Polo), Laura Tucker, mezzo (Marco), Susan Botti (soprano), Royal Scottish Academy Chamber Chorus, BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra/Tan Dun. 8.30 Troy. Three new plays by Andrew Rissik re-telling the story of events leading up to and following the fall of Troy, broadcast

over this weekend on Radio 3. 1. *King Priam and His Sons*. With Paul Scofield as Hermes. At the birth of her second son, Helicabe, Priam's wife, dies. And her child is cast out onto the hills in order to satisfy the demands of the gods. Also starring Toby Stephens, James Hayes, Oliver Cotton and Ian Hogg. Director Jeremy Mortimer. See *Pick of the Day*. 10.00 Gemini. Introduced by Nicola Heywood Thomas. Crusell: Clarinet Quartet in C minor, Op 4. Hilary Tarr: From the Song of the Amargin for flute, viola and harp. Rebecca Clarke: Prelude, Allegro and Pastorale for clarinet and viola. Ravel: Introduction and Allegro for harp, flute, clarinet and string quartet. (R) 11.00 Best Words. Michael Rosen introduces the latest reviews, performances and interviews from the world of poetry. This week, an interview with Scottish poet Jackie Kay about her new collection, *Off Colour*, and recommendations for the book of the year. 11.30 Jazz on 3. 1.00 - 6.00 Through the Night.

**RADIO 4** (92.4-94.6MHz FM)  
6.00 News Briefing. 6.05 Sports Desk. 6.30 Open Country. 6.57 Weather. 7.00 Today. 8.00 Home Truths. 10.00 News; Loose Ends.

**11.00 News; The Food Programme.**  
11.30 From Our Own Correspondent. 12.00 News; Money Box. 12.30 True Lies. 12.55 Weather. 1.00 News. 1.15 Any Questions? 2.00 News; Any Answers? 0171 580 4444. 2.30 Rictus Assemblies. 3.00 News; The Saturday Play: *The Heat of the Day*. 4.00 News; Weekend Woman's Hour. 5.00 Saturday PM. 5.30 Talking Pictures. 5.54 Shipping Forecast. 5.57 Weather. 6.00 Six O'Clock News. 6.35 The Now Show. 6.45 You Probably Think This Song is about You. (R) 7.00 Saturday Review. 7.05 Better than Sex. Four writers celebrate a single, readily available sensual experience which gives them intense pleasure. 3. Maura Dooley on invitations on the Manteplac. 8.00 The Archive Hour: The Dancin' Dancin'. Nigel Fountain considers the rise and demise of dance band music as the British have experienced it, from jazz to swing. With contributions from some of Britain's most notable band leaders, including Ray Noble, Ambrose and Roy Fox. 9.00 News; The Classic Serial: *Hemlock and After*. Angus Wilson's first novel is dramatised in

two parts by Micheline Wandor and stars Derek Jacobi as Bernard Sands and Anna Massey as Elia. 2. Bernard's heart attack causes a re-evaluation of his life which has interesting consequences at the grand opening. 10.00 News and Weather. 10.35 The Moral Maze. Michael Buerk and his team - Janet Daley, Ian Hargreaves, David Starkey and David Cook - cross-examine witnesses on the moral issues behind one of the week's controversies. 11.00 News; Aerial Views. Jennifer Cox talks to four European broadcasters about the cities they work in and the music they play. 3. Johannes Theurer of Sender Freis Berlin talks about multicultural broadcasting in a city that remains sharply divided. 11.30 Messages to Myself. (R) 12.00 News. 12.25 Experimental Feature: Still No Truce. 12.30 The Late Story: A Little Understanding. 12.48 Shipping Forecast. 1.00 As World Service. 5.30 World News. 5.35 Shipping Forecast. 5.40 Inshore Forecast. 5.50 - 6.00 Bells on Sunday.

**RADIO 4 LW** (198kHz)  
12.00 - 12.04 News; Shipping. 2.30 - 10.00 Test Match.

**RADIO 5 LIVE** (693, 909kHz MW)  
6.00 Dirty Tracks. 6.30 Breakfast.

**8.45 Test Match Special**  
9.30 Chiles on Saturday. 11.00 Move It. 12.30 The Back Page. 12.00 Sportscast. 1.00 Sport on Five. 6.00 Six-O-Six. 6.00 Daily UK. Richard Dainy with news from around the UK. 8.00 The Treatment. Stuart Macdonald and guests review the week's news. 10.00 Late Night Currie. Edwina Currie with the weekend's big issues, including sport in depth at 10.30, and a news briefing at 11.00. Phone 0500 909693. 1.00 Up All Night. 5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

## CHESS

JON SPEELMAN

LIKE NEW College Oxford - if still the best part of a millennium less venerable - *Modern Chess Openings* (MCO) could bring a tear to the eye of a trading standard's officer. First published in 1911, MCO was already in its 10th edition by the time I first came across it in the late Sixties. The bible for openings in English at that time, it has since been supplanted to a great extent by myriad specialist opening books, and in this country *Batsford Chess Openings*, not to mention the five chunky volumes of *Chess Informant* or *Belgrade's Openings Encyclopedia*. But there's life in the old dog yet, with a new 14th edition planned fairly soon under the editorship of the American grandmaster, Nick De Firmian.

In late July, I played with De Firmian in an open tournament in Roskilde near Copenhagen - where he now lives with his Danish wife and young son. Mired in the proof reading of the section on "Semi Open Games" - things such as the French and the Caro Kann - De Firmian fared abysmally. Since then, MCO must have finally been dispatched or shelved, however, since De Firmian has just scored a splendid result to win the US Championships. Held in Denver, Colorado, the women's event was won convincingly by 14-year-old Irina Krush with a splendid 8.5/9. The men's, which ran all the way from 31 October to 18 November, consisted of two all-play-all preliminary groups of eight, from which the two pairs of winners progressed to a knock-out stage.

In the semi-finals, De Firmian beat Tal Shaked 2.5-1.5, winning the third game with Black, while Joel Benjamin defeated Dimitri Gurevich

2.5-0.5. These four, together with Sergei Kudrin and Boris Gulko, also qualified for the Fide world championship, which according to the latest rumours, is being held in Las Vegas in June (but don't hold your breath). The final, too, saw De Firmian win with Black in the first game (below); and with the other three drawn he took the title and the first prize of \$12,000.

In the first game Benjamin avoided a theoretical confrontation with the unusual 3.Bc4 - in the third game he took on De Firmian's favourite Najdorf variation but to little effect. In the middle-game the d3 pawn became weak, but things only went out of control after 28.c4! conceding the vital d4 square for the knight. If 31.Rc4 Nc2 32.Rf1 Rd1! would also have won material.

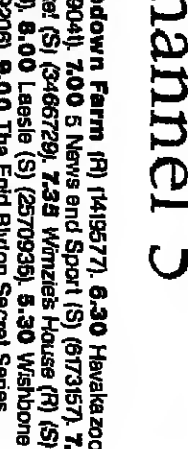
White: Joel Benjamin  
Black: Nick De Firmian  
Denver 1998 - 1st game  
Sicilian Defence

1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 d5 3.Nxe5 c6 4.Ng5 Qd7 5.Nxf7 Kxf7 6.Qh5 Qe7 7.Qxg6 Qxg6 8.Qf5 Qd7 9.Qf6 Qd7 10.Qf7 Qd7 11.Qf8 Qd7 12.Qf9 Qd7 13.Qf10 Qd7 14.Qf11 Qd7 15.Qf12 Qd7 16.Qf13 Qd7 17.Qf14 Qd7 18.Qf15 Qd7 19.Qf16 Qd7 20.Qf17 Qd7 21.Qf18 Qd7 22.Qf19 Qd7 23.Qf20 Qd7 24.Qf21 Qd7 25.Qf22 Qd7 26.Qf23 Qd7 27.Qf24 Qd7 28.Qf25 Qd7 29.Qf26 Qd7 30.Qf27 Qd7 31.Qf28 Qd7 32.Qf29 Qd7 33.Qf30 Qd7 34.Qf31 Qd7 35.Qf32 Qd7 36.Qf33 Qd7 37.Qf34 Qd7 38.Qf35 Qd7 39.Qf36 Qd7 40.Qf37 Qd7 41.Qf38 Qd7 42.Qf39 Qd7 43.Qf40 Qd7 44.Qf41 Qd7 45.Qf42 Qd7 46.Qf43 Qd7 47.Qf44 Qd7 48.Qf45 Qd7 49.Qf46 Qd7 50.Qf47 Qd7 51.Qf48 Qd7 52.Qf49 Qd7 53.Qf50 Qd7 54.Qf51 Qd7 55.Qf52 Qd7 56.Qf53 Qd7 57.Qf54 Qd7 58.Qf55 Qd7 59.Qf56 Qd7 60.Qf57 Qd7 61.Qf58 Qd7 62.Qf59 Qd7 63.Qf60 Qd7 64.Qf61 Qd7 65.Qf62 Qd7 66.Qf63 Qd7 67.Qf64 Qd7 68.Qf65 Qd7 69.Qf66 Qd7 70.Qf67 Qd7 71.Qf68 Qd7 72.Qf69 Qd7 73.Qf70 Qd7 74.Qf71 Qd7 75.Qf72 Qd7 76.Qf73 Qd7 77.Qf74 Qd7 78.Qf75 Qd7 79.Qf76 Qd7 80.Qf77 Qd7 81.Qf78 Qd7 82.Qf79 Qd7 83.Qf80 Qd7 84.Qf81 Qd7 85.Qf82 Qd7 86.Qf83 Qd7 87.Qf84 Qd7 88.Qf85 Qd7 89.Qf86 Qd7 90.Qf87 Qd7 91.Qf88 Qd7 92.Qf89 Qd7 93.Qf90 Qd7 94.Qf91 Qd7 95.Qf92 Qd7 96.Qf93 Qd7 97.Qf94 Qd7 98.Qf95 Qd7 99.Qf96 Qd7 100.Qf97 Qd7 101.Qf98 Qd7 102.Qf99 Qd7 103.Qf100 Qd7 104.Qf101 Qd7 105.Qf102 Qd7 106.Qf103 Qd7 107.Qf104 Qd7 108.Qf105 Qd7 109.Qf106 Qd7 110.Qf107 Qd7 111.Qf108 Qd7 112.Qf109 Qd7 113.Qf110 Qd7 114.Qf111 Qd7 115.Qf112 Qd7 116.Qf113 Qd7 117.Qf114 Qd7 118.Qf115 Qd7 119.Qf116 Qd7 120.Qf117 Qd7 121.Qf118 Qd7 122.Qf119 Qd7 123.Qf120 Qd7 124.Qf121 Qd7 125.Qf122 Qd7 126.Qf123 Qd7 127.Qf124 Qd7 128.Qf125 Qd7 129.Qf126 Qd7 130.Qf127 Qd7 131.Qf128 Qd7 132.Qf129 Qd7 133.Qf130 Qd7 134.Qf131 Qd7 135.Qf132 Qd7 136.Qf133 Qd7 137.Qf134 Qd7 138.Qf135 Qd7 139.Qf136 Qd7 140.Qf137 Qd7 141.Qf138 Qd7 142.Qf139 Qd7 143.Qf140 Qd7 144.Qf141 Qd7 145.Qf142 Qd7 146.Qf143 Qd7 147.Qf144 Qd7 148.Qf145 Qd7 149.Qf146 Qd7 150.Qf147 Qd7 151.Qf148 Qd7 152.Qf149 Qd7 153.Qf150 Qd7 154.Qf151 Qd7 155.Qf152 Qd7 156.Qf153 Qd7 157.Qf154 Qd7 158.Qf155 Qd7 159.Qf156 Qd7 160.Qf157 Qd7 161.Qf158 Qd7 162.Qf159 Qd7 163.Qf160 Qd7 164.Qf161 Qd7 165.Qf162 Qd7 166.Qf163 Qd7 167.Qf164 Qd7 168.Qf165 Qd7 169.Qf166 Qd7 170.Qf167 Qd7 171.Qf168 Qd7 172.Qf169 Qd7 173.Qf170 Qd7 174.Qf171 Qd7 175.Qf172 Qd7 176.Qf173 Qd7 177.Qf174 Qd7 178.Qf175 Qd7 179.Qf176 Qd7 180.Qf177 Qd7 181.Qf178 Qd7 182.Qf179 Qd7 183.Qf180 Qd7 184.Qf181 Qd7 185.Qf182 Qd7 186.Qf183 Qd7 187.Qf184 Qd7 188.Qf185 Qd7 189.Qf186 Qd7 190.Qf187 Qd7 191.Qf188 Qd7 192.Qf189 Qd7 193.Qf190 Qd7 194.Qf191 Qd7 195.Qf192 Qd7 196.Qf193 Qd7 197.Qf194 Qd7 198.Qf195 Qd7 199.Qf196 Qd7 200.Qf197 Qd7 201.Qf198 Qd7 202.Qf199 Qd7 203.Qf200 Qd7 204.Qf201 Qd7 205.Qf202 Qd7 206.Qf203 Qd7 207.Qf204 Qd7 208.Qf205 Qd7 209.Qf206 Qd7 210.Qf207 Qd7 211.Qf208 Qd7 212.Qf209 Qd7 213.Qf210 Qd7 214.Qf211 Qd7 215.Qf212 Qd7 216.Qf213 Qd7 217.Qf214 Qd7 218.Qf215 Qd7 219.Qf216 Qd7 220.Qf217 Qd7 221.Qf218 Qd7 222.Qf219 Qd7 223.Qf220 Qd7 224.Qf221 Qd7 225.Qf222 Qd7 226.Qf223 Qd7 227.Qf224 Qd7 228.Qf225 Qd7 229.Qf226 Qd7 230.Qf227 Qd7 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**THE WEEKEND REVIEW**  
The Independent 25 November 1998

## Channel 5



## TELEVISION REVIEW

might back together. In the meantime, if the BBC is finally going to exhibit the mechanist, why not let there be fewer comedians like Jim Davidson? One fewer will do. In Jim Davidson - So far (BBC1) the nation's favorite bigot

In *Extreme Danger* (BBC) looks like 999 wordings under an olive. It got Michael Barker on television, he had a doozy the reconstruction and in the starting role, sources of triumph in the case of tragedy. The only reason I can't call itself 099 is that in *Extreme Danger* no one actually dials

**gullotine into the  
new meritocracy**

מס' תשנ"ב, ס' 70

**140 FILM** **Boiling Point** (Takashi Kikeno 1990 Jap).  
Carbonically treated and very funny disaster film from

**1.20** **FILM** **Summer Dream: The Story of the Beach Boys** (Michael Switzer 1990 US). Sanitised biopic of the Sixties sun-and-surf rockers, concentrating

**2:10 [Film] Zairo Perlebens** (John Greyson 1993 Can.) Witty Rock Star (1) (5338895), **4:10** Drop the Dead Donkey (2844388), **1:40** Is It Legal? (S) (7) (593886).

**2-40** **FILM** *Odda Aginnet Tomorrow* (Robert Wise 1959 US). Tariffic heist movie about a black nightclub entertainer (Herry Belafonte) who finds himself forced into

# FILM OF THE DAY

**THE PELICAN BRIER** (9:55pm TV, right) Just a few years ago, Hollywood couldn't get enough of either Edith or Jean. John Gielgud—a double dad which is how theatically over-Catholic found his perfect director in Alan J. Pakula the of *Kluge* and *The Partridge Family*, whose opinions I often in human psychology is often just as real and "worked out" as Crichton's legal thrillers. Having cut his teeth on legal melodrama to Presumptuous Hirschman, Pakula delivers in the marginally more exciting *Pelican Brief*, in which two student journalists and one ex-cop reporter (Demi Moore and





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THE INDEPENDENT

Saturday 28 November 1998

# YOUR MONEY

HOW TO MAKE IT • HOW TO SPEND IT

Why this old chair is worth £4,600

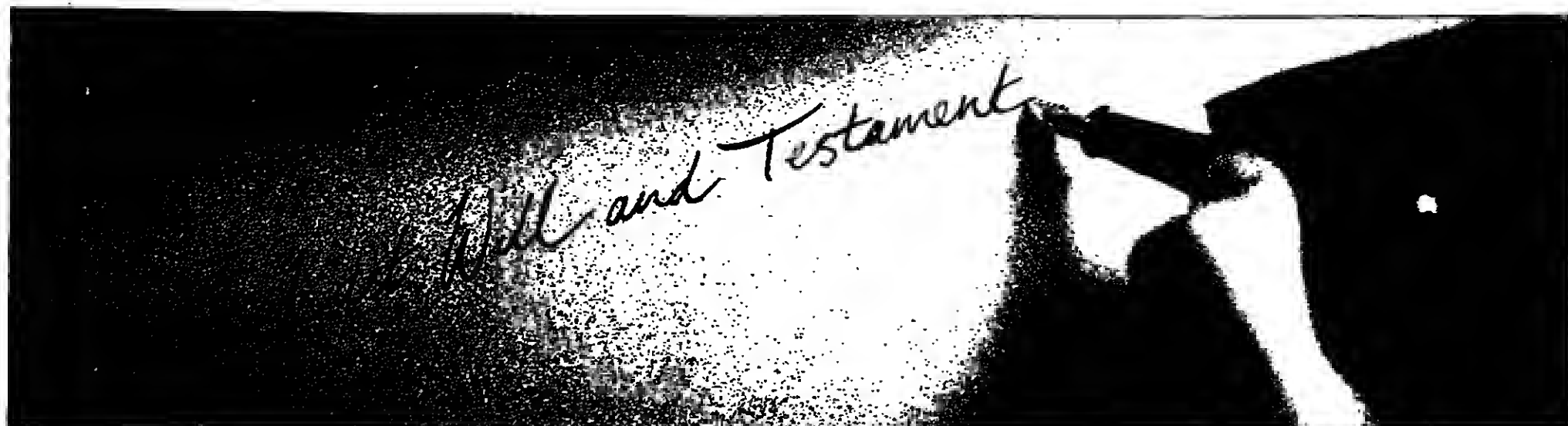
COLLECTING, PAGE 3

Your guide to Christmas wrapping

SHOPPING, PAGE 8

Is Paddington the new Little Venice?

PROPERTY, PAGE 14



## The inheritance hunters

When the wealthy die intestate, it is often the start of some far-reaching investigations. By Paul Slade

It bears the hallmark of a hoary Hollywood cliché: an unexpected letter telling you that a family member you hardly knew has died, and that you are due for a windfall. Yet for a handful of people around the world, relatives of an Edinburgh woman named Helen Lowe, the letter may mean a slice of a £7m bequest. Ms Lowe died in November 1997, leaving a fortune – but no will. The case has yet to be settled, but Title Research (the firm of genealogists tracking down distant members of her family) has already found valid claimants to her estate as far afield as Australia.

Her case has turned the spotlight on a little-known profession which combines dry historical research with private detective work. Stephen Riden of Title Research says: "Because of the nature of our work, the people we are dealing with have often lost contact with their families. The people we are finding are first cousins once removed or twice removed, and most of them have never heard of Helen Lowe. So these people really are being contacted out of the blue."

Far from being delighted when they receive a letter like this, many people are initially suspicious. Given that Title

Research will be asking for copies of personal documents such as birth certificates or passport (both of which are valuable to forgers) this is natural enough. Riden's advice is to check with the Law Society the name of any research firm contacting you, to establish that they are a reputable company.

Riden and his colleagues' work is built around a painstaking process of establishing a family tree, one document at a time. Unusual cases like Helen Lowe's attract international publicity. People with distant relatives named Lowe have been contacting Title Research from all over the world, but none has proved genuine.

Eliminating claimants like these wastes a lot of the researchers' time. Alison Riddell of solicitors Turcan Connell, who are handling the Lowe case, says Title Research has been "swamped" with Lowe claimants.

Sometimes, even the most distant link with the deceased is enough to

allow someone to inherit a share of the estate. Richard Bark-Jones, a partner at London solicitors Morecroft Urquhart, recalls one recent case where a share of the estate went to the deceased's half-sister's children. The link here was through the dead woman's father's mistress, whom he later married.

English law lays down a pecking order of relatives who may qualify to inherit even where no will exists. In order of precedence, these are: spouse and children, parents, full brothers and sisters, their children, more distant relatives and – finally – the government. In Bark-Jones' example, the beneficiaries managed to prevent HM Treasury getting its hands on the money only at the last possible moment.

Anyone who might reasonably have expected to have inherited from a will may also be able to claim a share of the estate. This might cover, say, a long-standing and loyal housekeeper; and, since 1996, an unmarried heterosexual partner who had

lived with the deceased for two years or more may also have a claim. In both these cases, however, the claimant will have to satisfy the courts.

Administrators of estates where no will has been left are responsible for finding missing relatives, and this is a demanding task. Helped by solicitors and genealogists, they must seek relatives all over the world. As Bark-Jones says: "It might be that the deceased had a cousin who went to New York in 1954. In that case, the genealogist might place advertisements there. The administrator's enquiries are not limited to the UK."

The test of whether an administrator has done enough to try and find all possible beneficiaries is one of reasonableness. If a new claimant comes to light after the proceeds of the estate have been distributed, it is up to the claimant to pursue the beneficiaries. Providing the administrator has done everything reasonable, he or she is in the clear.

There are no hard-and-fast rules

regarding how long an administrator must search before making the distribution. Kenneth Norrie, professor of law at the University of Strathclyde, says: "For a very large estate with a very large family two generations ago, and nobody apparently living in the UK, it would be reasonable to search worldwide for some time."

"On the other hand, if the family was dying out, and the estate was small, it would be reasonable to stop searching after a shorter time. Six months would be the absolute minimum."

Once the Treasury has claimed an estate, disgruntled relatives who were not discovered at the time have 30 years to stake a claim. After that point, the matter is closed. Riden says: "Sometimes, there are family legends that become distorted over the course of a century. Very few of those are well-founded and, even when they are, they tend to have been sorted out already."

One of the happiest aspects of Riden's work is that even the humblest members of society can benefit. "We've found a number of people over the past 11 or 12 years who have been essentially homeless and have really benefited from the money," he says.

### BARGAIN HUNTER

#### CAR OF THE WEEK

A touch of class from Vauxhall

EXECUTIVE CARS are big, loaded with extras and built in Germany. Trouble is, with Mercedes, Audis and BMWs tend to cost a few years later. However, there is a handsome German-built saloon which fits the executive bill at temptingly low prices.

Roll forward the Vauxhall Omega. It has a low image but high quality and



ability. They are good looking, fun to drive and comfortable, but they just don't have the right badge. For just £12,995, MJA in Guildford has a 1997, 15,000-mile, V6-powered CD model, costing over £23K new, with all the executive car trimmings. Call MJA on 0500 699799.

JAMES RUPPERT

#### DEAL OF THE WEEK

Something of interest for savers

TO GET the best savings deal, you have to shop around. The problem is, shifting your money from account to account, while sensible, can get rather tiring.

To remove the need for this, First Active has launched a Fairdeal account, promising the average of the 20 highest-paying instant access accounts on the market. To spice things up, First Active is taking the average interest of the top 20, paid on balances over £10,000 – where rates are usually highest, currently 7.37 gross – but in Fairdeal's case, applying it to a minimum balance of £1,000. Call 0800 558844 for details.

NIC CICUTTI

### Abbey's baby boon

ABBNEY NATIONAL, the nation's second biggest mortgage lender is to give all Britain's Christmas babies an extra gift. A new house might have been at the top of most young parents' wish lists, but even Santa has his limits.

The Abbey instead is spending more than £500,000 on the gift of health by guaranteeing a hospital bed for each baby born on Christmas Day, through one year's free medical cover, worth £250. Any parent of a baby born on December 25 need only take the baby's birth certificate to an Abbey National branch to claim a free policy.

With the policy, festive babies will be able to enjoy the best medical treatment available in their first year. It will mean children can receive medical treatment at their parents' convenience, not at that of hospitals or doctors.

An Abbey spokesman explains: "Our research showed that most babies spend some time in hospital during the first year of their lives, and that this can be a very worrying time for their parents. By giving them access to top quality private hospitals and immediate appointments, much of that worry can be alleviated."

TERESA HUNTER

## Carpetchaggers face tax bill

A muddle over PEPs could cost many of last year's windfall winners dear. By Teresa Hunter

### THE £31,000 BONANZA

Some Halifax customers are sitting on a profit of nearly £10,000 and recent bid fever could send those shares soaring even higher.

Some former Woolwich members have made equivalent gains, while flat distributions at the Alliance & Leicester and Northern Rock produced more modest, but nevertheless welcome

sums of £4,500 and £2,250. But the jamboree was not confined to building society customers. A parcel of shares in the insurer Norwich Union, which was also sold last summer, could now be worth around £4,000. Throw in a few hundred quid from the Bristol & West sale, and the serious carpetchagger might have

pocketed £31,000 in a little over six months.

And all of this gain could have been protected from tax had the shares been placed in the right kind of personal equity plan. But in many cases they weren't. Many shareholders could soon find themselves facing a 40 per cent tax charge on windfall shares they sold that summer.

what has come to light is just the tip of the iceberg. We will shortly find out just how serious the cock-up has been.

Investors who have fallen foul of the PEP rules may feel aggrieved that they could have sheltered their entire windfall portfolio from tax in a general PEP, which accepted the transfer of the free shares. Many general PEPs did not offer this flexibility, but where they did the shares did not count towards the normal £5,000 PEP allowance.

Some investment managers blame the former building societies for producing literature which was primarily designed to encourage customers to opt into their own single company PEPs, rather than

move to another fund manager. Where customers have innocently opened more than one PEP, they may not even choose which one they wish to stick with. The rules state that the first PEP opened in the tax year is the qualifying one and all subsequent plans are null and void.

If a scheme is declared void, investors must return any tax credit and face a CGT bill on any profits taken above the £5,000 annual exemption. Customers can expect short shrift from the Inland Revenue, which takes a hard line over fraudulent plans, not least because customers sign a declaration on every PEP application form confirming that they have not subscribed

to any other single company PEP in the current tax year.

Furthermore, as there can be considerable administrative work involved in declaring a plan void, many PEP managers will charge a fee for the exercise – both Halifax and Woolwich levy a £15 fee for doing so. Others may charge more.

The first and last of the flotations that summer, the Alliance & Leicester and Northern Rock, did not specifically offer a single company PEP to their customers, although a large number of PEP providers did offer schemes aimed at capturing these shares.

However, the Halifax, Norwich Union and Woolwich all did. On that basis, coming as it

did towards the end of the timetable of sell-offs, Woolwich customers are likely to be among the most vulnerable.

The Halifax strongly denies this was the case, but admits that the entire process was always a bungle in the making.

Halifax assistant general manager Ian Black says: "We were very concerned at the time because of the way the timetable ran. All these share issues came one on top of the other in a matter of weeks. People were being drowned in paper."

Mr Black adds that he believes many people who had never paid capital gains tax before were in ignorant bliss of a bill winging its way towards them because of the profits they made from selling a huddle of windfall shares.

PIMA's Mr Shipp believes much of the confusion was caused because of the hype surrounding the shares' "nil value" status. "Even quite sophisticated investors thought demutualisation shares were somehow outside normal PEP qualifying rules. They were not."

It remains to be seen whether investors will look to the new banks for some form of compensation. That will probably depend on just how big a slice of the around £18m giveaway the taxman will now try to claw back.

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## PERSONAL FINANCE

## Investing for real life

WITH BARELY four weeks left until Christmas, many of us will be feeling a greater sense of urgency than normal as we go about our weekend shopping. The temptation to spend more than we can afford can be overwhelming – particularly as panic sets in when we find ourselves a day or two away from Christmas with so many presents to buy.

Next week, we will be publishing a number of features on Christmas spending and how to minimise the financial hangover many of us are likely to experience after all the bills come in. In the meantime, it makes sense to bear in mind a few tips on how to manage your money over the next few weeks.

First, rather than buying presents haphazardly, set yourself realistic goals in terms of how much you can afford – not per present, but overall. Include any sum you think necessary for food and drink over the festivities themselves.

Then decide how much of that sum should be allotted between different people you are buying presents for – and work out a basic food and drink budget too.

Finally, calculate how you are going to pay for those presents. Credit cards, particularly some of the cheaper ones, or those with low introductory interest rates, can be good value. But make sure that you pay off any outstanding balances as quickly as possible.

Remember: after you've finished paying off the Christmas bills, then comes the task of finding the money for your summer holidays. Just for once, take it easy.

CALL ME a cynic, but I smell something fishy in the protests by many insurers that the introduction of new NHS charges to be paid in the event of accidents to motorists will mean an increase in premiums.

I should state at the outset that I agree with the industry that the Government's proposed Road Traffic Accidents (NTS) Charges Bill is a shameful back-door attempt to levy more money for the Health Service.



NIC  
CICUTTI

*Do your sums before you splash out on Christmas presents – then start saving for the summer holiday*

The Department of Health is clearly calculating that no-one will notice if insurers are forced to stump up an extra £160m when motorists receive hospital care. Ultimately, however, the UK's 22 million car owners will have to foot the bill, which averages out at an additional "tax" worth about £8 for every driver.

This is plainly unfair. After all, I see no plans by the Government to charge a "cirrhosis tax" on every pint of beer sold, or a "lung cancer tax" on every packet of fags.

Before anyone points out that cigarette and alcohol duties are already sky-high, so are petrol and vehicle excise duties – this is the only "health tax" specifically related to the exercise of a lawful activity.

At the same time, I'm a little wary of insurers' complaints. They have been looking to raise motor insurance premiums for several years now, largely unsuccessfully to date. I note that the likely increase they are suggesting for an average motorist ranges between £10 and 10 per cent a year – an interesting gap, given that typical fully comprehensive premiums cost £400 or so.

The lesson to be learned, if there is one, is that while the Government is doing us no favours, it may – without realising it, hopefully – be doing the insurance industry a big favour at the same time. Ordinary punters, as always, are the ones who get hurt.

KAROL WAS born in New Zealand but has lived in the UK for 14 years, and intends to stay here. She is a basic rate taxpayer and has approximately £500 per month of surplus income after accounting for all expenses.

She currently rents a house and would like to buy a property, but feels that now is not a good time as she believes house prices are currently too high.

Karol has £31,000 in a building society account and no other investments apart from 100 Abbey National "windfall" shares. She has no loans or debts. Her employer provides a generous benefits package, including a non-contributory pension scheme, permanent health insurance, death-in-service benefit (life assurance), and private medical insurance.

Karol has very little in the way of provisions for retirement. She contributed £100 per month into a personal pension plan for a few years up until about a year ago. This area is Karol's main concern, and as she is well aware that significant commitment will be required to provide a reasonable standard of living in retirement.

In addition to retirement, Karol is interested in making her capital work harder for her. She would also like to utilise her surplus income more effectively than just topping up the building society funds.

The adviser: Andy Harris is a director at Maddison Monetary Management, independent financial advisers, 44 High Street, Bagshot, Surrey, GU19 5AP (Freephone 0800 074 2233).

The advice: Karol has recently been advised by a representative of an insurance company to invest into a PEP and a Tessa. Both these investments could make sense.

However, she has also been advised to invest into a Maximum Investment Plan (MIP) with the same company. A MIP is an insurance-based, regular savings plan, with a minimum term of 10 years. This product would not necessarily be appropriate to Karol's needs because a MIP has an element of life assurance built in, and this life assurance obviously has to be paid for (deducted from premiums).

As Karol is single, with no dependants and no liabilities, she has no need for life assurance. She would therefore be paying for something

FINANCIAL  
MAKEOVER

NAME KAROL ALBURY  
AGE 39  
OCCUPATION IT TRAINER

which is not needed. The charges also tend to be significant on these types of contract.

As far as planning for retirement is concerned, Karol should join her company's pension scheme in April 1999, when her employer allows her to. In addition, she should consider making additional voluntary contributions (called AVCs) or free standing additional contributions (known as FSAVCs) to top up her pension.

AVCs are provided by any employer offering a company pension scheme. FSAVCs are available from insurance companies. When deciding on which route to take, a major consideration is charges. FSAVCs generally have higher charges than AVCs, but are less flexible and generally give less investment choice. Karol can contribute to one AVC and/or one FSAVC so a combination could be the solution.

As Karol cannot join her company scheme until April of next year, she is unable to contribute to an AVC or FSAVC until then. She would therefore need to start contributing to a personal pension plan in the meantime. Karol would need to ensure that the pension chosen can be "converted" to a FSAVC next year without further charges.

If it is decided to go for an AVC from her employer next year, a single contribution might also be made into a personal pension from Karol's existing capital. She can currently contribute up to 20 per cent of her earnings in the current tax year.

As for investments and Karol's current capital in the bank, the first thing to consider is a "cash reserve", a fund with instant access, and therefore available for any emergencies or opportunities which may arise. In Karol's case, I would suggest at least £3,000.

The next consideration is that Karol does intend to buy a property within approximately one year, a deposit would therefore be required. Karol is comfortable allowing for a 10 per cent deposit on a property costing around £80,000. She should



Karol Albury wants to make her money work harder for her

Emma Boom

therefore retain £10,000 (this would also cover costs) in her building society account.

As previously mentioned, a PEP makes good sense. Karol can invest £5,000 into a "general" PEP (investing in unit or investment trusts). Consideration would need to be given to the type of fund chosen, as Karol would only be comfortable with a medium-risk one. This also means that the £3,000 which can be placed into a single company PEP would not be appropriate, as investing in any one company is too risky for Karol.

The Tessa also makes sense, es-

pecially as the rules of the forthcoming ISA will allow any Tessa already opened to be fully funded for the full five-year term. This means that up to £3,000 can be invested in year one, followed by up to £1,800 in the following years, subject to a £9,000 overall limit. The money she can set aside from her income could be invested into unit trusts on a monthly basis. These would be less costly than Maximum Investment Plans (MIPs), and don't have unnecessary life assurance attached.

Karol is very fortunate that her company provides permanent health

insurance, private medical cover and death-in-service benefits. As she has no dependants, there is no need for further life assurance currently. Obviously, this may change when she buys a property, or if her circumstances change.

She may wish to consider implementing some critical illness cover (CIC). This is an insurance which will pay out a lump sum upon diagnosis of one of a number of major illnesses. This is the one area where she is unprotected, and could prove to be useful to her in a way that life cover simply would not be.

## Cash in on a cheaper mortgage

THOUSANDS OF home-owners with fixed-rate mortgages may be missing an opportunity to gain hundreds of pounds each – by paying hefty penalties and switching to a lower rate.

Mortgage lenders are urging homeowners with high fixed-rate loans to consider paying the price of redeeming their mortgages to take advantage of deals on much lower rates.

According to the lenders, the new deals are so cheap that the benefits of switching can outweigh the cost of paying redemption penalties, valuation fees and legal fees, possibly leaving homeowners with a substantial gain.

In one example, a homeowner half-way through a 10-year fixed-rate £100,000 mortgage with the Royal Bank of Scotland could realise a saving of £5,100 – even after paying redemption penalties (see example).

Nick Deutsch, chief executive of First-

Mortgage Direct, says: "It is highly unusual to find that it really does [make sense] to pay off a redemption penalty. But when they set the redemption penalties, some lenders failed to anticipate how low interest rates would get."

"Some of the redemption penalties set out in earlier years were couched in terms of 6-months' interest, which was inadequate to cater for the present interest rate regime."

First Mortgage calculates that a borrower who now has three years to run on a 7 per cent fixed-rate mortgage, with a redemption penalty of 6 months' interest, can switch to a three-year fix at 5 per cent.

That comes to a saving worth 2 per cent of the mortgage every year. With redemption penalties and re-mortgage costs of 3.5 per cent, the borrower will initially be out of pocket.

But after three years, the borrower will

have made a saving worth 6 per cent of the loan. After deducting redemption fees and re-mortgage costs, the borrower will save 1.5 per cent, or £1,500 on £100,000.

The benefits apply especially to fixed-rate loans taken out in 1993, when a spate of long-term fixes began to appear on the market. Many lenders offered fixes at 8 per cent or more in 1993, when interest rates were believed to have reached their nadir.

Five years later, long-term interest rates – which determine what rate a lender can offer – have plummeted.

Ray Boulger, of mortgage specialists John Charcol, says: "When it comes to re-mortgaging for a better rate, some people are deterred by valuation fees and legal fees. However, in many cases it will be worthwhile because rates have come down to so low a point."

"If you are thinking of taking a view as

to whether it's worth switching, there are two things to look at: how much longer the fix has to run, and how much the redemption penalty is."

The switch is most worthwhile for homeowners with mortgages over £100,000, where the interest rate benefits will be enough to pay the high fixed costs of re-mortgaging.

Homeowners should think carefully before going ahead. Many of the most recent fixed-rate deals have stiffer redemption penalties than their predecessors. And if valuation and legal fees are not kept to a minimum, the saving could be trivial.

If a fixed rate loan has just a year or two to run, the benefits of the switch are unlikely to pay off the initial cost of re-mortgaging. The switch, in effect, is a medium-term investment: it only works if it runs for a few years.

But the opportunities are there. Home-

owners may not even need to pay the upfront costs of re-mortgaging when the price of the home has risen.

Stephen Knight, head of the Independent Mortgage Collection, a network of mortgage brokers, says: "The new fixed rates are significantly cheaper than a few years ago. It can in some circumstances be particularly worthwhile to pay the redemption penalty if the equity in your house has increased."

If the value of the home has gone up, lenders may be willing to add the costs to the value of the loan. A price rise increases the equity in the house, and thereby the security of the loan. In these cases, the amount being borrowed will rise and the time taken to pay off the mortgage may increase. But lower payments can then be realised without paying any upfront costs.

ANDREW VERITY

HOW IT CAN PAY TO  
SWITCH LOANS

● April 1994: Homebuyer takes out a £100,000 mortgage with the Royal Bank of Scotland which is fixed at a rate of 8.5 per cent until March 2004.

● December 1998: Homeowner re-mortgages to a Woolwich "Open Plan" mortgage, fixed at 6.19 per cent to 1 January 2004.

● Difference in rate: 2.31 per cent, a guaranteed saving in interest payments over the next five years of £11,203.

● Redemption penalty: £1,250.

● Costs of switching: £350.

● Net saving: £11,203 - £1,250 - £350 = £9,603.



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JP 11/15/98



life

# Sit down, this may come as a shock

How do you spot a genuine rare Eames rocker? Check out the shock absorbers. By John Windsor

**T**ake a 1970 Eames rocking chair worth £500. Replace the fibreglass shell seat with a 1952 version, and hey presto! - you have what looks like a rare 1952 Eames rocker worth £1,000.

Except that Christie's South Kensington's modern design specialist, Simon Andrews, has wised up to the fraud. He has found that the rubber shock mounts joining the two incompatible components never quite fit - and that there are sometimes tell-tale scratches left by a screwdriver.

Knowing your shock mounts - a nifty device borrowed from the car industry to give flexibility without upholstery - is all part of the trainspotter-like obsession that collecting furniture designed by the brilliant American husband and wife team Charles and Ray Eames has become. Early models are revered as design icons and rare prototypes are fetching up to £7,500 at American auctions.

The modern look in furniture - minimalist moulded plywood or metal dining chairs, sumptuously upholstered leather recliners with head-rests and separate Ottomans - is an Eames creation, instantly recognisable, inspired by the need to combine comfort and economy in the post-war world. He trained as an architect and taught industrial design at the Cranbrook Academy in Detroit. She was a painter. In the Fifties, their Los Angeles home, with the tongue-in-cheek name Case Study House, was an open-plan showcase for their innovative furniture.

Now is the time to get up on Eames furniture, before prices spiral out of reach. Vintage items can still be bought for less than the ever-popular ones still bobbing off the production line; there is an Eames retrospective at the Design Museum, on London's South Bank, until 4 January, and the first auction dedicated to Eames furniture, at Bonhams earlier this month - which included scarce American-made chairs seldom seen over here - has done much to consolidate prices in a market that has become more mature, discriminating - even pernickety - over the past four years.

Who collects such things? Architects, designers and intensely house-proud people who want to seat their guests on landmarks of design and are capable of holding forth on the evolution of the enclosed metal disc in Eames rubber shock mounts, should the conversation flag.

If you want to avoid being lumbered with later designs in the mistaken belief that they are early ones, you will need to buy fat standard textbooks, with their Meccano-like diagrams of components, and you will also need to get your eye in.

Look at the rare prototype DCM (dining chair, metal) of 1945-6, pictured here. If you saw it discarded in a builder's skip, would you bother to fish it out? The experienced eye sees at a glance that the veneer is rosewood - now an endangered species, no longer used - and that it has acquired a patina. So, for a start, it has age. But it also has a plywood base that is compound moulded - that is, it is bent in three dimensions, not just two, a comfort-giving innovation pioneered by the Eameses.

Further investigation with the help of a textbook reveals that the legs are zinc-coated solid rods, not the later chromed tubular steel, that the plastic feet are the first of three known versions and that the metal discs of the shock mounts - yes, it's those rubber shock mounts again - are exposed, not enclosed as in later, mass-produced models. Final clue that this is a valuable prototype: a hand-welded joint in the metal T-support of the back-rest.

In fact, only six such prototypes were made, and this one has provenance that adds to its value - the Eameses made a present of it to their neighbours in California, the celebrated stage and screen performers Alexander and Doris Knox, in 1951.

It has never been thrown into a skip. Instead, it sold for a hefty £4,600 at Bonhams this month, within its pre-sale estimate of £4,000-£5,000. At first glance it does look like an ordinary kitchen chair - but that is because its design has passed into common currency. It is no ordinary design.

Seasoned collectors check over not only the nuts and bolts but also the manufacturer's labels. They must be from the right manufacturer, such as "Evans Products Co", which worked closely with the Eameses and used four different labels in different years. They must also be intact, rather like the dust covers of modern first-edition books. A label with a bit missing will actually lower the price. As Christie's South Kensington's Simon Andrews says: "All these little details are great fun - but they can also drive you mad".

To prove authenticity, he advises cross-referencing design details that have known dates. Here is a worked example: a rocking chair designed in 1948-50, made by Zenith Plastics, that sold for £77 in Mr Andrews' October sale, topping its £700-£900 estimate. He dated it to the first production batch of the late Forties or early Fifties because of its grey colour.

Also, it has edges of reinforced, embedded cord, used to strengthen the moulded fibreglass - a feature abandoned in 1954-55 when harder fibreglass was developed. And the shock mounts? Authentic, pre-1955 models.

At auction you can still buy Eames DCMs, DCWs, LCMs and LCWs (dining and lounge chairs in metal and wood) of the Fifties and Sixties for £200-£300. In Christie's South Kensington's October auction, an Eames lounge chair with Ottoman - the 670 and 671 models of 1956 - by another celebrated maker, Herman Miller, fetched £1,840. These days, they seldom sell for less than £1,800 at auction. Two years ago, you might have picked one up for £1,500, four years ago for £1,200. A superb 1956 specimen with pale, beautifully figured rosewood veneer, made £2,990 in the Bonhams sale. But they need to be in absolutely tip-top condition. Leather may be cracked, but definitely not split. Damage reduces value drastically. And beware 670 models with backs that have worked loose: that, dare one say it, is a design fault.

Simon Alderson, founder of the London modern furniture dealers twentytwentynine sells Eames recliners in excellent condition for £2,000-£2,500. Vitra, which has succeeded Herman Miller as the licensed manufacturer of



From top: Eames DCM from 1945-1946 (£4,600), Eames Lounge chair and Ottoman (£2,990) and an RAR rocking chair from 1948-50 (£970)

Eames furniture, will sell you a brand-new version of the 670 and 671 recliner with Ottoman for £3,167.80, including VAT - in cherry, not rosewood. Second hand, in Mr Alderson's shop, they sell for around £1,500 - which should encourage you to start shopping around for a vintage model.

Recommended textbooks: the bible is *Eames Design* by John and Marilyn Newhart and Ray Eames, published by Thames and Hudson (1989). Also: *Charles and Ray Eames: Designers of the 20th Century* by Pat Kirkham, by MIT Press (1995) and *The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of*

**NO DISCUSSION** this week of what is available on the Internet can avoid commenting on America Online's takeover of Netscape Communications for \$4.2bn. No money is actually changing hands, no Internet business, however crazy its stockmarket valuation, has that kind of cash. It is a paper transaction in which Netscape shareholders will end up with AOL shares instead.

AOL, one of the few Internet businesses to be making actual profits, is the world's largest provider of online services, with 14 million members, slightly over half a million of them in the UK. With Netscape joining its existing AOL, CompuServe, AOL.COM, AOL Instant Messenger, ICQ and Digital City brands, AOL has a powerful and diverse family of brands in cyberspace.

AOL has also signed a three-year deal with Sun Microsystems to develop e-commerce software. Even the software giant Microsoft has applauded AOL's deals, describing the takeover of Netscape as a "stunning combination". Of course, Microsoft has its own axe to grind, hoping that the news will undermine the court case it faces in the USA over alleged monopoly practices.

It is too early to say definitively how the wheeling and dealing will affect us as individual users of the Internet. However, for those who had any doubts about the future of Netscape's browser software, it now appears assured, and e-commerce is on the way. You have probably heard that last comment before, but with

**INTERNET INVESTOR**  
**ROBIN AMLÖT**

AOL pitching developments hard at its 14 million members, it is going to happen.

Not that Microsoft is standing still where the web is concerned. Its latest venture that concerns us is the new personal finance website, MoneyExtra. This is a joint venture between Microsoft and the Exchange and goes live this month. The Exchange is a leading provider of online comparative personal financial information and transaction services in the UK, aiming mainly at independent financial advisers, providing them with access to over 600 sites from over 65 product providers. The new service is pitched at consumers.

As with many such sites, to access it, your browser must be accepting cookies. As the site will tell you, cookies provide personalisation and allow the website to remember your preferences. They also irritate the hell out of me. It seems more and more sites are actually refusing you any access at all unless you are prepared to accept these little software spies. However, while cookies

are a pet hate of mine, MoneyExtra, when I checked it out, was running on a pre-launch basis, offering comparative services to find the best deposit and current accounts, credit cards, personal loans and mortgages. MoneyExtra is also linked with a number of partner organisations, including Standard & Poors, Micropal, Financial Express, Prestel and This is London.

If you want a back-to-basics approach, offering education on personal financial matters, Financial Services Education for Consumers Limited (FSEC) has a website which does just that. It includes useful addresses, important dates in the financial calendar, common financial scenarios and case studies, and the financial information needed by individuals at their various life stages. However, the site does not purport to offer advice, stressing that the information is for your education.

The Department of Social Security is also attempting to educate us with a new series of leaflets about pensions. John Denham, the pensions minister, says: "Greater financial literacy and economic awareness is one of the government's key aims." The contents of these leaflets is available on the DSS's website.

MoneyExtra: [www.moneyextra.com](http://www.moneyextra.com)  
FSEC: [www.financial-planning.uk.com](http://www.financial-planning.uk.com)  
DSS pensions leaflets: [www.dss.gov.uk/pen/index.htm](http://www.dss.gov.uk/pen/index.htm)

Robin can be reached at [RobinAmlot@aol.com](mailto:RobinAmlot@aol.com)

## An interesting fix

A savings account that guarantees to hold a decent interest rate? Surely some mistake. By Nic Cicutti

**VIRGIN DIRECT**, the slayer of financial giants, the aggressive defender of investors everywhere, this week contented itself with launching a savings account that offers a decent rate of interest - and actually guarantees to hold it there.

Come again? The company's new instant access Deposit Account offers a rate of interest which is guaranteed never to be more than 1 per cent below the UK clearing bank base rate - at least until December 2001. Right now, that means a rate of 6.25 per cent gross.

In effect, Virgin, the great populariser of stockmarket "tracker" investments, is doing the same with savings accounts.

Other banks and building societies pay more, most notably Egg, the new telephone account from a Prudential subsidiary, which offers 8 per cent gross until the

New Year. Others, including the big supermarket neo-banks, including Tesco Personal Finance, are offering up to 6.5 per cent on their instant access accounts, while Safeway is offering up to 6.75 per cent gross.

But what distinguishes Virgin's account from the others is that it does not require minimum investments of £2,500, as in the case of Safeway, to qualify for the higher rate: £1 will do. Moreover, the Virgin guarantee is timed to last longer than Egg's - rates with them will drop by 0.5 per cent in January 2000 irrespective of what happens to base rates.

Virgin Direct's "tracker" approach to savings accounts, while worthy, includes an element of hype. By comparing itself to branch-based bank and building society accounts it aims to stand out more sharply. In fact, when set against supermarket and life

company rivals which also offer telephone-based instant access, the company appears good, but not brilliant.

The company rightly points to the fact that while more than two thirds of people have a branch-based deposit account, up to half of them don't know what rate of interest they are receiving. Almost nine out of 10 can't be bothered to shop around for the best rate on a monthly basis and 85 per cent say they haven't done so in the past five years. Only 7 per cent do so every three years.

For the vast majority, then, a good deal which is guaranteed may be better than a fantastic one which is not. Although after 2001 even Virgin only promises to "aim" to pay 1 per cent below base rates. If it can't deliver on this, it will give savers three months' notice.

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# Pay close attention to the chutzpah of chartists

**W**hat does it take to become a successful technical analyst in the hard-nosed world of Wall Street and the City? Beyond a sound knowledge of charting techniques, it helps to have a genuine feel for the short-term direction of the markets and the ability to turn a happy phrase.

I have been looking at Robin Griffiths' charts on and off now for something like 15 years and always found his analysis lively and helpful: despite continuing to profess publicly (as all self-respecting followers of the markets do) that charting has no real value as an investment technique.

The truth is, of course, that all serious investors look at charts of past price performance. Nobody can buy a share or investment fund without taking a look at how it has fared recently. At a basic level, all that price charts do is provide a visual picture of recent market action, information which could be gathered and presented in less obvious ways.

Charts can therefore give you a useful snapshot of the fluctuating balance of advantage between buyers and sellers. As such, they are an important adjunct to whatever other stock or fund selection method you yourself prefer.

The real high priests of technical analysis in investment have always claimed much more for their methods than this, of course. Their view is that share prices generally follow predictable patterns which, when subjected to the right analytical techniques, allow you to determine how they will perform in future.

This is a much more contentious issue, on which the evidence seems fairly clear. The scientific basis for believing that technical analysis can successfully identify market turning points is very limited. In practice, the most successful technical analysts are simply market strategists who make more good calls than bad ones. How and why they justify their conclusions is really neither here nor there. It is a marketing, not a methodological, point. For a pragmatic investor what counts is how often they are right.

In my view, the one huge advantage



THE JONATHAN DAVIS COLUMN

The US stock market is still in a strong secular uptrend, and fears of a global depression are proving to have been displaced

which technical analysis do enjoy over fundamental analysis is that their methods allow them to reverse track completely overnight, without feeling any embarrassment. In Robin Griffiths' phrase, the role of technical analysis is to listen to what the market is telling you to do, not to try and tell the market what it should do. If the market's message changes, so too should you - even if it means doing and saying the complete opposite of what you said only the other day.

Not surprisingly, given the remarkable mood swings we have witnessed in the world's stock markets this year, most chartists have been on a rollercoaster ride. Having been bearish in the early summer, and sharing in the doom and gloom that afflicted everyone at the time, most of them are now picking up and responding to the current bullishness.

Having hit a low in mid-October, it is now clear, says Griffiths, that the US stock market is still, as he always suspected, in a strong secular uptrend and that fears of a global depression are proving to have been misplaced. From around June onwards, despite the gathering gloom, I have to record that Griffiths consistently and impressively predicted in his circulars that the second half of October would be the time to buy again in both American and European stock markets.

That means the recent rally has plenty of scope to continue, in his view.



He expects the Dow Jones index to go on from its current level and top 10,000 before the next setback. Given that the market tends to hit new lows roughly every four years or so, having touched bottom this year, he is increasingly confident that the bull market will run, albeit with inevitable hiccups, all the way through until 2002.

He also now thinks that the Japanese market, after many false dawns, may finally be close to bottoming out. It is no longer safe to be out of that market if you are an international investment institution.

Two factors in particular will continue to drive the US market up, he thinks. In the short term, Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve, has demonstrated yet again with his timely interest rate cuts (probably not yet completed) that he

appears to have the measure of the markets, including the ability to manipulate investor expectations.

Longer term, the powerful demographic factors, which have driven millions of individual Americans to plough more and more of their pension fund money into stock market mutual funds, have yet to play themselves out. Having moved his base from HSBC's London office to New York two years ago, Griffiths has been able to observe at first hand the powerful shift in investor behaviour and sentiment. He says he finds it easier to explain why so many European investors have been slow to grasp the importance of the demographic factors which have driven the recent bull market to its fresh peaks.

Turning to specific sectors, Griffiths says he is bullish about the telecoms

and drugs sectors. European car manufacturers, many of which have fallen 50 per cent from their highs, are also worth buying. He also thinks that the oil companies, like commodities generally, are also now very close to the bottom of their cycles. A golden rule in charting, says Griffiths, is that falls of 50 per cent are invariably watershed, from which either large gains or complete despair result.

The world will not be the same after the summer's crisis of nerves, Griffiths thinks. From now on, instead of "dog eats dog", investors face a climate of "capitalism with a poorer scoop" - more interventionist government, restrictions on short selling, and so on. But the overall message from the charts is simple, however: the bull market is intact, and the summer crisis of confidence is over.



## Till pensions us do part

Teresa Hunter on divorce and dividing the retirement pot

**GETTING DIVORCED** is one of the most harrowing experiences people can face. Government officials, divorce lawyers and pensions experts met for high-level talks last week in a bid to hammer out a deal which could ameliorate the agonies of warring couples - if not emotionally, at least financially.

The outcome of these talks was apparent in the Queen's Speech, where the Government laid out its plans for a new Welfare Reform Bill, which will introduce provisions for pensions sharing by divorcing couples.

But until the law is clarified - at the earliest at some point next year - those caught up in a marriage breakdown are trapped in a no-man's land of uncertainty. So what should they do next?

Further delays would be a bitter blow to many women, and some men, who have already endured lengthy postponements of their divorce proceedings in the hope of achieving a fair share of their spouses' pensions.

In something of a volte-face, experts who have battled for nearly 30 years for the right to split a pension, are now reluctantly advising couples to wait no longer, but press ahead with their proceedings. With some disappointment, they are concluding that pension sharing may not be the panacea to all ills that was hoped for.

Pension sharing offers the huge advantage of a clean break at divorce. It allows spouses to take cash from a partner's pension to start their own personal pensions over which they have sole control. Pension fund trustees must comply with any sharing orders within four months. Robin Ellison, head of pensions at the law firm Eversheds, says: "A quick divorce with a clean break is always the most painless option."

But in nine out of 10 cases it's not worth stringing it out for the sake of a pension. The bitterness and bitterness go on growing. Costs build up, people

get bad tempered and it all becomes counter-productive. No one wins, you just go on losing."

The downside of "sharing" relates to the way the pension is valued, associated costs and the requirement of English courts to make orders based not on a fair share of marital assets, but on the needs of the disadvantaged partner.

Robert Owen, of the Association of Consulting Actuaries explains, "In Scotland assets of a marriage are divided between both partners, but under English law they are split according to need. A court will grant a wife a pension only according to her need. If she has a modest but adequate one in her own right, she may get nothing of her husband's retirement pot."

Where a court does examine the potential for sharing a pension, it will use a "transfer value" of the fund to determine its worth. This is similar to a "surrender value" and as such a much lower figure than the actual worth of the ongoing fund. Under these arrangements, wives will almost certainly be shortchanged.

Finally, couples currently must meet the costs of any sharing arrangements themselves, estimated at around £1,200 - a huge chunk of a small pension pot.

Sadly, the alternatives are equally unsatisfactory. Earning, which allows a spouse to claim a portion of an ex-spouse's pension when he retires rather than at the point of divorce, simply hasn't worked. The professionals believe that trading the retirement pot off against other assets will continue to be the most common form of sharing a pension. Mr Ellison says: "Few women will be terribly interested in a pension which starts many years ahead, if it means they no longer get to keep the house. The sad fact of the matter is that divorce normally entails financial hardship all round. People need cash. And they will always opt for cash today, rather than security in the future. That's human nature."

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# The insiders' guide to tax efficiency

Five people in the know reveal how you can reduce the bill.  
By Iain Morse

HANDING OVER money to the taxman is hardly the most pleasant of tasks. You would think most of us would do anything legitimate in order not to pay more tax to the Inland Revenue than we need to.

In fact, surveys regularly reveal that many of us pay more tax than necessary, mainly because of a combination of ignorance and laziness.

We asked five insiders in the world of finance (an accountant, an independent financial adviser, a fund manager, a stockbroker and a retired private investor) how they manage to reduce their own tax bills.

All five agree that there are plenty of ways to save tax if you can be bothered to use them. They warn, however, that tax planning is not just about saving tax but having a financial plan that fits in with your long-term objectives. There is no point in saving a couple of hundred pounds a year if your investments lose you money.



## HERE IS OUR PANEL'S ADVICE

**Nathan Parnaby, fund manager at Standard Life:** "Start by marrying an accountant, as I have - you get all your tax advice for free. More seriously, don't make any financial decisions and never invest only for a tax break. Make sure that whatever you do is part of a wider financial plan.

"My wife and I don't keep much in cash. We believe in the long-term benefits of equity investment. I save into PEPs every month, have done for years, and invest in UK trusts (Standard Life's, of course) as they give excellent long-term value. Avoid lump-sum investment unless markets have just fallen - right now is a good time.

"Build up your pension provision. I'm in my employer's scheme and supplement this with additional voluntary contributions (AVCs). Every bit of pension provision counts. And it gets generous tax reliefs."

**Bryan Johnstone, stockbroker at Bell, Lawrie, White:** "Only use tax breaks that add value to your investments. Now that husbands and wives are taxed separately, you can switch any investments to the spouse paying a lower marginal rate of income tax, or no tax at all. That's money saved at once, particularly on cash deposits.

"I also measure capital gains on my share portfolio. My wife and I switch investments to make full use of our respective annual capital gains tax allowances. Very often people don't.

"When it comes to pensions, I prefer 'self-invested personal pensions' (SIPPs). Not for everyone, these still offer a wider range of investment opportunities than 'off-the-peg' plans.

"I'll also be looking at venture capital trusts (VCTs). These can be risky, but allow you to roll over a capital gains tax liability."

**Janice Thomson, independent financial adviser and managing director at Chelsea Financial Services:** "I cover my mortgage in two ways: my husband and I both have PEPs, investing the full £500 per month. PEPs are exempt from capital gains tax, which is important if you cash in a lot of investments at once. Secondly, we have two endowments - still a very good option if kept to the full term, with proceeds maturing tax-free.

"Outside of PEPs, I invest in unit trusts with very little dividend income and change these to crystallise capital gains, taking up my £5,000 annual allowance. The CGT allowance is under-used for tax saving.

"Last of all, I invest for each of my three children in growth unit trusts and in friendly society children's bonds. Some pay excellent returns. Remember, this can be a way of defraying a possible inheritance liability."

**Kevin Offer, chartered accountant at tax consultants JF Chown:** "Over the last 20 years, many loopholes have been closed. So I would advise tax-payers to look at standard tax allowances. It's surprising how few use these to maximum advantage.

"This year I'm looking at PEPs and Tessas, both to be replaced by the Individual Savings Account (ISA). Existing PEPs will be left in force, while Tessas will be allowed to run their five-year term. ISAs will have lower contribution limits so one attraction of starting a Tessa is that at maturity the capital invested into it can then be transferred into an ISA on top of the account's annual contribution limits.

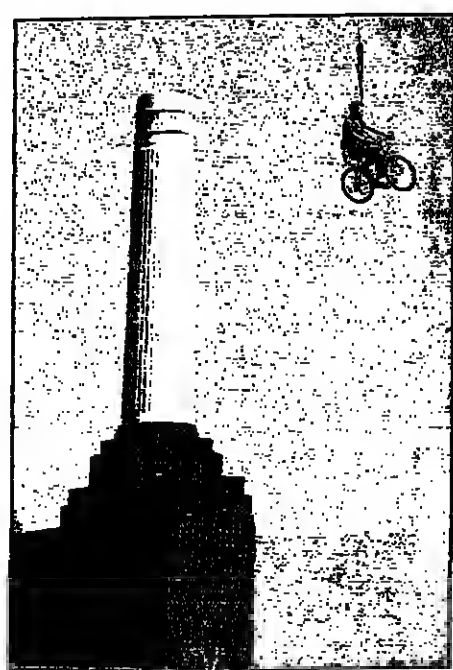
"Reliefs on venture capital trusts (VCTs) are good, too. There are four sets of relief, including roll-over of capital gains, 20 per cent income tax relief on the amount invested, tax-free dividends and capital growth."

**Edward Murray, private investor:** "I draw a pension, quite a good one, though it leaves me just in the lower tax bracket. My wife only has the state pension so I've switched as many of our investments into her name as possible, thereby avoiding having to pay any higher rate income tax.

"I've never liked PEPs - the charges are too high. Instead, I use my capital gains tax allowance every year to realise gains which become 'income'. In other words, I spend them. This, in my view, is the cheapest way of managing a portfolio.

"Finally, we've written our wills to take advantage of our respective nil-rate bands - the amount you can give away free of inheritance tax to anyone other than your wife (all transfers between spouses are tax-free). This means each of us will give up to £154,000 to our children, reducing any possible tax bill when the Grim Reaper calls."

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## Drivers face injury bill

A new Bill looks set to add £10 to motor premiums  
By Andrew Verity



Accidents mean more bad news for drivers PA

MOTOR INSURANCE premiums may have to rise by an extra £10 per motorist because of Government plans to make insurers pay the NHS to treat road accident victims, insurers are warning.

The Road Traffic Act (NHS) Charges Bill, to be introduced before the summer, is designed to make it easier for NHS Trusts to recoup from insurers the cost of treating victims. The bill was foreshadowed in the Queen's Speech on Tuesday. Insurers attacked the bill, claiming it will force motorists to pay twice for the NHS, once through national insurance and again through motor insurance premiums.

Andy Homer, chief executive of Axa Insurance, said: "The aim of this bill is to shift the medical expenses incurred from motor accidents from the NHS to insurers, but in the end it will be the motorist who picks up the tab - as insurance premiums will have to increase."

"Motorists under the new ruling will, in effect, be paying for hospital charges twice."

According to NHS estimates, 106,300 people required treatment for serious injuries as a result of road traffic accidents last year. A further 411,700 were less seriously hurt. The cost of treating them was about £150m, which was borne by the NHS.

The Association of British Insurers estimates that the

£150m translates into an approximate £10 per motorist.

The £10 rise will come on top of substantial rises in premiums over the past year - for separate reasons. Premiums have already jumped by 10 per cent over the past year.

The reason is that insurers, who have written unprofitable motor insurance for years under intense price competition, want to return their businesses to profitability.

Companies such as CGU, Royal & Sun Alliance and GRE are finding it difficult to boost premiums on commercial business, where companies will simply take their business elsewhere.

Motorists, however, are seen as relatively soft targets.

In January 1996, the average premium on a fully-comprehensive policy was £334.64. Now that has jumped to £431.67. The AA predicts that premiums will rise a further 10 per cent in the coming year - even without the extra cost of paying the NHS to treat accident victims.

Insurers claim another effect of premium increases will be to tempt more motorists to break the law by driving uninsured. Already, almost 10 per cent of the UK's 23 million drivers do not pay for insurance.

That, too, could rebound on premiums rates. About £10 of every motor insurance premium goes to paying the costs of the Motor Insurers' Bureau, set up in the 1980s to compensate victims of accidents involving uninsured drivers. If the number of uninsured drivers rises, so will that £10 payment.

Surprisingly, the power to claim medical treatment costs dates back to road traffic acts as early as the 1930s. NHS trusts are already empowered to demand money from motor insurers for medical costs up to £3,000. But the practicalities of claiming have been mired in bureaucracy. The bill aims to streamline the procedures for trusts to recoup the cost of treatment, taking £150m off the taxpayers' bill for the NHS.

For pedestrians at least, this could be good news. For motorists, however, it is but the latest slap in the face.

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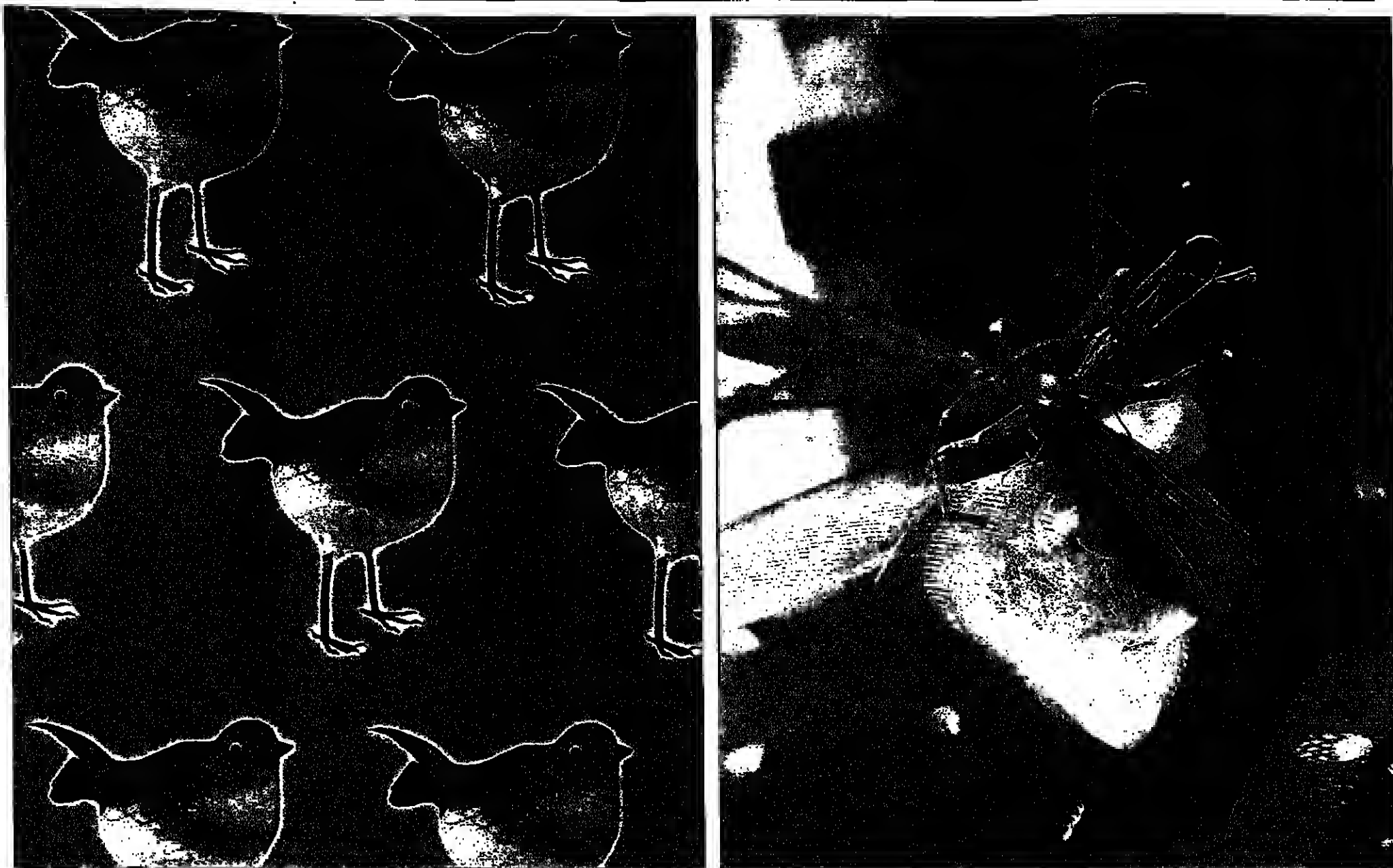
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When it comes to gift wrapping, looks are everything. Rhiannon Batten gets busy with the sticky tape



Covering up: you may have got the wrong presents, but at least you can get some fancy packaging like these papers from Paperchase, left, and Designers Guild

# Wrapping up Christmas

**N**ever mind the thought, these days it's the wrapping a gift comes in that counts. Even at many high-street stores, walk up to the counter clutching a purchase-to-be and the delicate wrapping that many shops will then dutifully provide makes it almost worth buying something for this alone. A simple bracelet at Oasis is extravagantly treated to sheets of tissue paper secured with a fashionable sliver of tape: a solitary French Connection lip gloss is hidden deep down in a sleek, bright white bag.

These services are far from unusual. More and more shops understand that the Nineties consumer is a sucker for a pretty package, whatever the occasion – and this is even more true at Christmas, when a stick of holly-patterned paper, a roll of Sellotape and a shiny stick-on bow just won't do any more.

For an original twist, and innumerable brownie points, stylist Beth Evans advises

making your own wrapping by covering your gift in plain, coloured paper – putting it in a padded box first if the shape is awkward – and then buying a stem of coloured plastic flowers, cutting off the heads and tying them on to a handful of ribbon to wind round the present for a kitsch but pretty result. Alternatively, thread buttons or chocolate coins on to twine and twist it around the gift; or, "to get a really spangly look", Evans suggests sprinkling glitter across glue-swiped paper. For even more of a sparkle, throw sequinned stars inside the paper so that they scatter out on to the recipient's lap.

For those with less-than-nimble fingers, Evans advises buying galvanised mini tins (from £3.50, After Noah) and filling them with shredded metallic paper. Or place your present in a "bubblewrap" (from £1, The Holding Company) and add a Christmas-tree decoration for a festive touch.

More try-at-home ideas come from Labenna Isbaque, author of a new book, *Paper Perfect* (£17.99, Batsford). Included

in her techniques for glamourising gifts is making your own wrapping paper by painting gold-leaf squares onto Chinese or Arabic-language newspapers and securing this with tangled gold ribbon.

Those who never saw the point of *Blue Peter* don't have to resort to the harlequin paper and shiny bow, though, because original and exotic wrapping papers are easily bought. Paperchase is the place to start if you want your wrapping paper to match your outfit. This year the design team has come up with a funky Christmas paper range that matches the season's sparkly clothes in a mass of glittery and metallic pinks and silvers.

Stars are the key motif: they appear boldly on black, silver or pink papers; in foil on various pastel ones; glittery on silver or gold; and silver or gold on pink, purple or aqua wrapping to name but a few of the mostly exclusive designs. Individual sheets of paper – including "kitsch" Christmas designs such as robins, Santas and cherubs – cost from 85p per sheet, rolls from £2; but the Paperchase collection also includes a pretty range of differently coloured cellophane rolls and leaf-shaped silver boxes for £2.

Other good places to seek out unusual papers include Bureau – which stocks around 30 papers and charges from 95p per sheet or from £1.99 per roll – and Designers Guild. The Designers Guild Christmas Collection is an innovative range of textured rather than traditional designs, in colours that sweep from deep magenta to brilliant lime, with names such as Maharaja and Magic Bird. Prices range from 40p for gift tags to £15.90 for a giant teddy gift box.

Those who struggle with the present itself, never mind having to wrap it, have two solutions. The first is The Present Company which not only sends your chosen recipient a neatly wrapped present but, once you've registered, even reminds you when you need to book its services and sends you a specially chosen card to sign and post. Prices range from around £10 to £200.

If this sounds too impersonal, try somewhere with a good in-house gift-wrapping service and choose something from its shelves. Czech & Speake will be wrapping all its toiletries in a specially designed silver paper; alternatively, the gift-wrapping service at Selfridges costs between £2.50 and £10, and the staff will happily wrap anything from a Camembert to a cooker (two Ming vases were once treated to the Selfridges gift-wrapping service) in 15 minutes.

Finally, if you've ever wondered what the secret of well-wrapped presents is, Sarah Quincey, Selfridges' gift-wrapping supervisor, advises a stash of that old Blue Peter favourite: double-sided sticky-tape.

For details contact: Beth Evans (0171-627 2321); Paperchase (0171-580 8196); Bureau (0171-379 7898); Designers Guild (0171-243 7300); The Present Company (0171-610 5400); Selfridges (0171-639 1234); After Noah (0171-359 4281); The Holding Company (0171-352 1600).

## IF I WIN THE LOTTERY TONIGHT...

STEPHEN WEBSTER,  
JEWELLER



**MONEY.** MY attitude to it has always been the same right back to my first salaried position, which was restocking the shelves at the Six Bells Pub in Northfleet when I was 14. I did then and I do now gauge my total financial standing by the amount of real money (plastic not included) in the pockets of the trousers I'm wearing at the time. I have never felt the need to go home at the end of the day with any cash, but once it's gone, I'm broke.

Therefore, my first sober move after winning the jackpot – the first unsobber one would be buying the Six Bells – would be to purchase some special combat trousers with expanding side pockets – you can request anything when you're rich.

Aware of the minor hiccup that outwardly I would appear to be suffering from chronic water retention in the thigh area, inwardly I would be secure in the knowledge that in my mind I would be feeling as good as it can get because I had vast pockets of money. The main disadvantage to this stupidity is that no matter how large my fantasy pockets are, I would still have a fair wedge in the bank.

Top of my list of beneficiaries come my parents, Tom and Jean, the most supporting, unselfish couple on the planet. Consequently, material wealth has passed them by and a cheque would be useless; they would keep returning it with a note saying, "We can't think of anything we need." So gifts it would have to be. Mum has been ill lately, so completion of her treatment would have to be administered by George Clooney and the ER team.

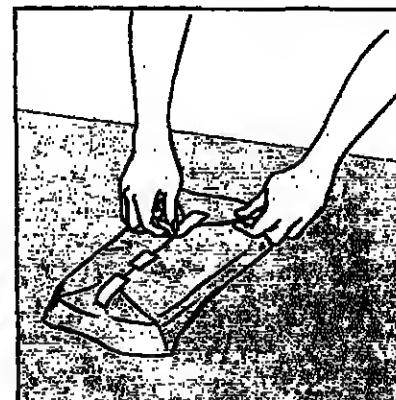
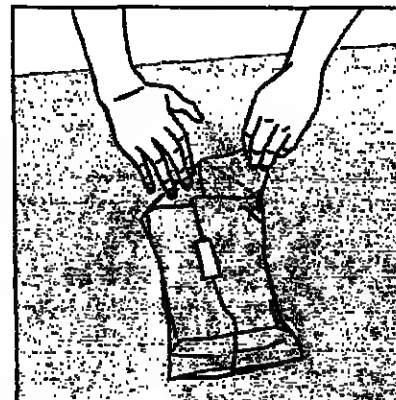
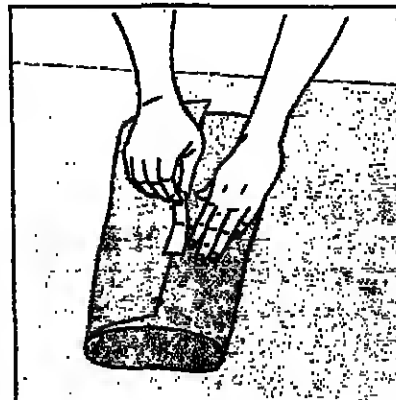
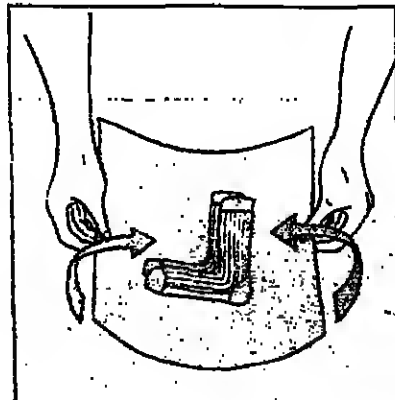
For Dad, a fully restored Mark 1 Capri, the dream car that eluded him. We could then take the wheels off his rusty Nissan Stanza and turn it into an exotic flowerbed of shrubs for Mum.

Closer to my pocket comes my partner, Assia. As hard working and kind as she is, she is still a bit of a princess, so perhaps we could buy a title in eastern Europe, followed by a walk-in wardrobe complete with aquarium-style bar and private patio. She could then borrow my special trousers – fully loaded of course – for a special one-off shopping spree.

Moving on, there is Amy, my seven-year-old daughter, who already seems to be aware that you can buy a small electric Mercedes 500SL Sports. On second thoughts, she'd also be happy with a private All Saints concert. After all, I wouldn't want to spoil her.

Finally, as a jeweller, I would like to treat myself to a pair of my cufflinks, and a couple of shirts to go with them. And that will mean a new suit (large pockets) ...

Stephen Webster is UK Jewellery Awards "Designer of the Year" (view it at Harrods or by appointment at 1a Duke Street, London, 0171-486 6575). Interview by Diana Gregory



## SHOP TALK

ESTABLISHED IN 1994 by Anita Jenkins, the co-buyer and own-label designer at the exclusive homewares shop Graham & Green, 3F began life as a womenswear label, selling covetous and sleek modern designs with a cosy edge to them.

In 1997 the company successfully launched 3F Home, a range of ageless and sexless clothing specifically designed to be worn individually, however the wearer chooses – whether to travel in, eat in, sleep in, go out or play in. A well-received collaboration with The Conran Shop began in the same year, supplying interiors items as well as clothing, and in October of this year the company set up a new mail-order service.

The 3F Home catalogue offers the same relaxed range, featuring linen pyjamas (£89 for adults or £49 for children), velvet-trimmed knitwear from £85, drawstring trousers from £49, kimono robes, £195, and a sophisticated home collection that includes bedlinen from £7, throws for £75, and toiletries from £4.50 each. Best of all, if your order tops £150, you receive a complimentary ribboned box of fortune cookies.

To request a catalogue, call 0171-387 9100, or access the website at: [www.3f.co.uk](http://www.3f.co.uk)



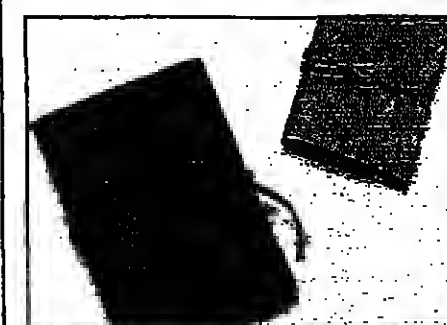
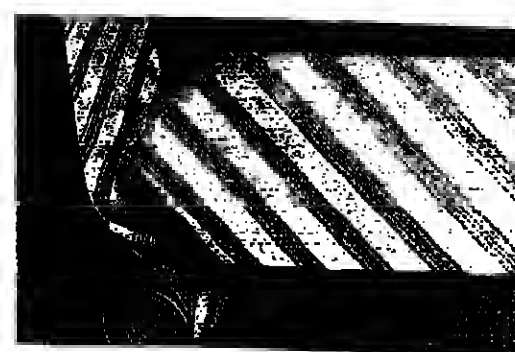
## STOCKING FILLER OF THE WEEK



**BOW DOWN** and surprise a loved one with some truly bella pasta. Almost too pretty to munch on, this striped farfalle pasta comes in all the season's colours – pink and black, turquoise and black, and black and white – and costs £5.49 per 500g bag, from Selfridges, London W1 (0171-629 1234).

## OUT WITH THE OLD IN WITH THE NEW

A FAVOURITE standby gift for many an uninspired gift-giver, the tie is arguably the classiest of classic gifts – if perhaps the least surprising. Snooty gift receivers will not be disappointed with a tie, however, if it comes with a neat Paul Smith label. Fit for a dedicated style king, the striped tie shown here costs £39. For stockists, call 0171-379 7133 ...



... or, if the prospect of buying a tie is just too horribly predictable to contemplate, get someone all tied up instead with a leather-bound tie-strap notebook from Papyrus. Available in either tan or chocolate, the notebooks come in three sizes, cost between £9.50 and £17.50 and are available by mail order or direct from Papyrus, 48 Fulham Road, London SW3 (0171-584 8822).



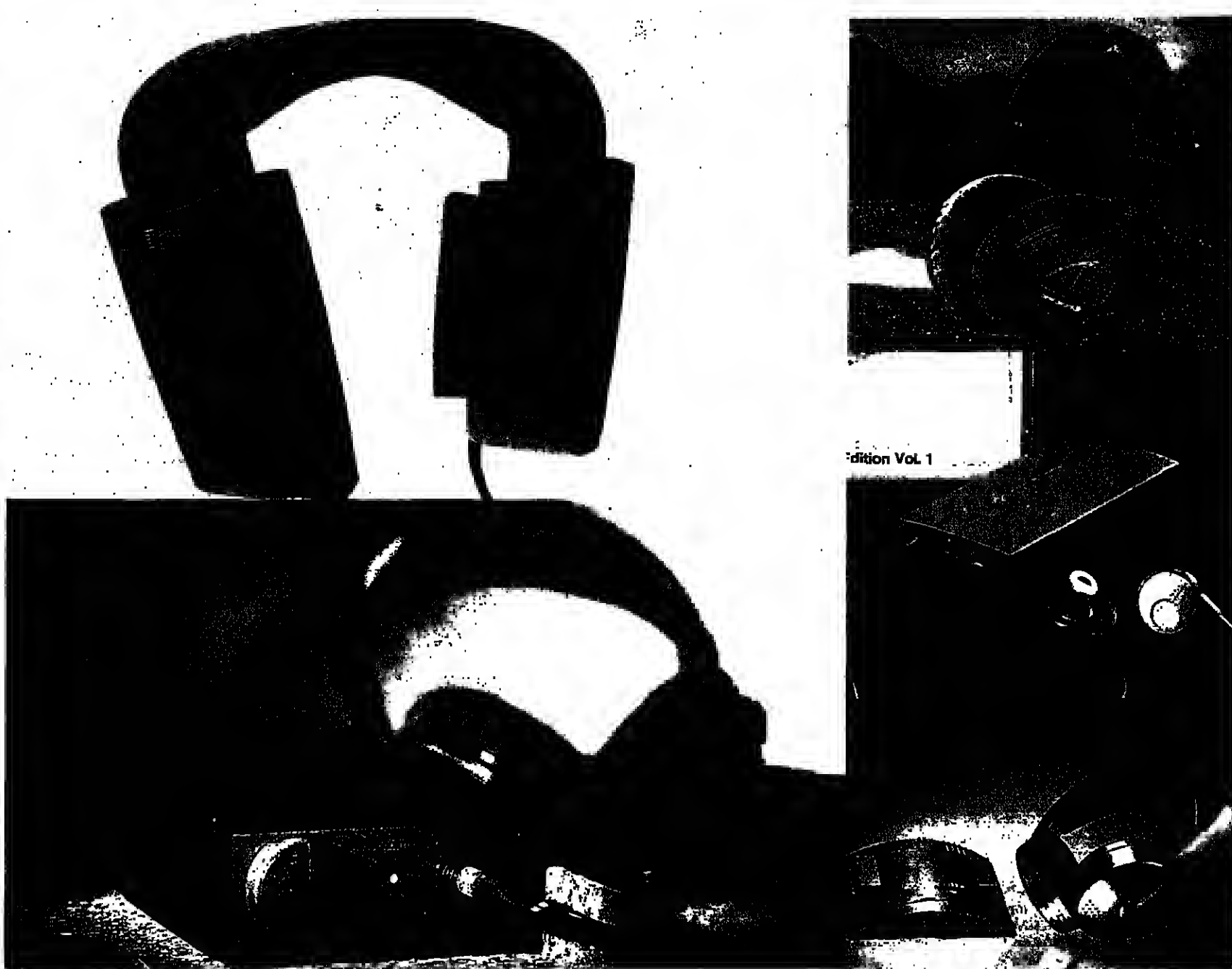
# I WANT...A FUNKY PAIR OF HEADPHONES

## The route to a secret world of sound

Not everybody appreciates the importance of quality headphones. Some people hold "cans" in such contempt that they would never consider owning a set, were it not for the proliferation of the personal stereo, which, of course, comes equipped with "free" ones. These people are unlikely to have ever experienced the train-spotting buzz of putting on a new CD and being delighted by the discovery that a seemingly two-dimensional song played on a cheap stereo unfurls into virtual stage play when headphones are worn. Take the intro to Timbaland's new album, for instance, wherein you find yourself strolling alongside - and having the same blushing perspective as - vocalist TK Kirkland as he observes that the woman walking ahead of him has a great future behind her.

Should the patter of tiny feet ever stomp all over your life, then the enjoyment of headphones is doubled. After the watershed, you can listen to whatever the hell you like, safe in the knowledge that your little angels won't be disturbed by you playing your old Beastie Boys 45s at ear-threatening volume. OK, so you may look like a prat in humungous state-of-the-art ear muffers, but only you, your partner and the cat ever need know about it.

**AUDIOPHILE HEAVEN**  
Name: Beyerdynamic DT 911  
Price: £190  
Stockists: 01444 258258  
Description: Big, but not overly bulky, German headphones (275g), with stitched headband and earphones padded with velvet-covered cushions ensuring comfort for the long-haul headphone wearer. Likewise, the sound is warm, full and impressively clear, even at low volume. Call it *vorsprung durch technik* if you must - the packaging refers to hyperventilate: "triple neodymium 'rare earth' magnets for high efficiency and superior transient response." *Ja?*  
Bluffer specs: SPL 98dB; operating principle 5Hz-35KHz; THD less than, or equal, to 0.2%.  
Suitable for: Anyone whose record collection is bigger than their head.  
Style rating: \*\*\*  
Any others worth considering? If money really is no object, then nothing competes with Sennheiser's Orpheus system (£9,652; stockists: 01494 551531). Comprising an A-valve amplifier base unit and electrostatic headset, this limited edition (300 only) model is handmade from walnut, stainless steel and glass. Slightly less expensive, the company's HD 505 Ovation (£149) bear comparison with the Beyerdynamic DT911s. In fact, they are marginally more comfortable, due to their light weight (225g), a thick, jointed headband and phones with extra-large, cloth-covered sponge doughnuts which circumnavigate the ear (they call it "circumaural"); and are more stylish (the mesh on the exterior of the headphone case is metal, rather than plastic



You may look like you're wearing humungous ear muffers but a decent pair of headphones will make all the difference to the sound of your CDs. Clockwise from top left: Jekkin Ergo 2; Beyerdynamic DT 911; Stax SR0011; Sennheiser RS400; Naim

in the case of Beyer). The lead is 3m long, comes equipped with 3.5/6.3mm jack plugs and is made of kevlar.

**EXECUTIVE TRAVEL**  
Name: Stax SR0011  
Price: £270  
Stockists: 01494 441736  
Description: At first glance the Japanese-made Stax SR0011 look like basic portables that have been deconstructed by an inquisitive infant. The metal headband is similar to those on the freebie ones given out on inter-continental flights, and the circular plastic earpieces have little black snouts sticking out of them with clear plastic rims that are reminiscent of something you'd be made to put into your shell-likes for an NHS hearing test. This probably explains why they fit so snugly. And the sound, when boosted by an accompanying granite-coloured driver unit (hence the expense) the size of a small mobile phone, is phenomenally bright and clear. Suitable for: those travelling in the posh seats on Virgin trains

(God knows, they'll need something that'll help to pass the time).  
Style rating: \*\*  
Any others worth considering? For those in the cheap seats (or in the loo, trying to avoid the ticket inspector), Alva's HP-V551 (£12.99; 0990 902 902) in-ear 'phones do an acceptable job, considering they are a 20th of the price and boast a gold-plated mini-plug and "air-fit technology", plus an annoyingly difficult-to-use cord-winding carrying case.

**MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE**  
Name: Sennheiser RS400 Cordless Radio Headphones  
Price: £79.95  
Stockists: 01494 551 532  
Description: Cordless headphones have a similar reputation to pre-digital cordless telephones: move more than six feet away from the source box and the signal becomes so distorted that it sounds like Squarepusher has done a drum'n'bass remix of your favourite Elaine Paige CD (if only). Add to that the fact that infra-red systems tend to cut out the

moment a solid object comes between you and the signal transmission unit, and the technology begins to seem somewhat limited in its use. The lightweight (160g with battery), closed-back, RS400 radio wave headphones aren't perfect either if you walk out into the street, they tend to suffer signal failure when you walk past lampposts, and cut out before you reach the corner shop, but they are very versatile and surprisingly good all-round performers. You can even pick up a signal through walls (the sound was astonishingly ungarbled, even in my neighbour's front room).  
Bluffer specs: Wireless transmission frequencies 863-864 MHz; frequency response 20Hz-19.5KHz; SPL 103 dB.  
Suitable for: Green-fingered Scriti Politi obsessives with short gardens.  
Style rating: \*\*\*  
Any others worth considering? If you want high-end audio quality, then search out the Sennheiser RS800 (£258.99). No longer in production, but still available to

special order; these infra-red headphones are unique in transmitting digital signals, which are decoded by the headsets.

**THE WILD ONES**  
Name: Jekkin Ergo 2  
Price: £139  
Stockists: 01756 793777  
Description: If you're young enough to remember the Cybermen in *Dr Who*, you will have a pretty good idea of what you'd look like wearing a pair of Ergophones. Reassuringly chunky (like those Seventies Pioneer SE-505s), these Swiss-made monsters are huge and slab-like. When you put them on it feels like your head is being gripped by a sponge-lined vice. The sound quality can't be argued with, but you won't want to be seen opening your front door to anyone in these. Even to the pizza delivery man.  
Bluffer specs: THD less than 0.3%; SPL 96dB; 330g.  
Suitable for: Crichton of Red Dwarf.  
Style rating: \*  
Any others worth considering?

No, these are in an electromagnetic field of their own.

**LITTLE BLACK BOX**  
Name: Naim  
Price: £205 (+£170 for an additional NA PSC power supply)  
Stockists: 01722 332266  
Description: Many top-end hi-fis don't have headphone sockets - the theory being that the boxes are fine-tuned for one specific function: speaker amplification. In these instances, you'll need an extra little black box to accommodate your 'phones, hence this mundane-looking but highly effective output and volume.  
Suitable for: Rich music buffs.  
Style rating: \*  
Any others worth considering? You can upgrade the power supply. The Hi-Cap is £700 (plus £22 for an SLIC interconnector).  
SHAUN PHILLIPS, DEPUTY EDITOR, ZM  
With thanks to Graham's Hi-Fi (0171-726 5500) for the use of their listening facilities and their congenial service

### SIX OF THE BEST

FLEECY ACCESSORIES



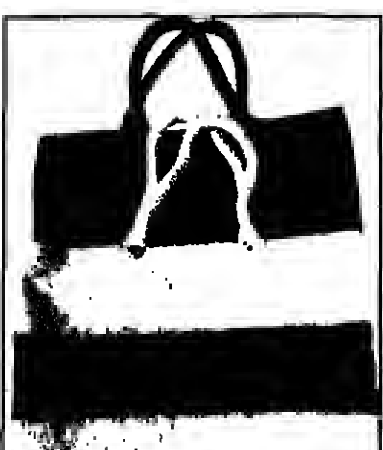
Sherpa mittens, £12. GAP (enquiries 0800 427789)



3-in-1 hat, scarf or face mask, £9. Regatta (0161-739 1313)



Hat, £14.50. Henri Lloyd (0161-799 1212 for stockists)



Felted wool bags, from £60. Amimono (0171-738 0190)



Furry satin-lined hot water bottle cover, £28.75. Graham & Green (0171-727 4584)



Mitford Polartec-covered sofa, from £1,485. Derwent Upholstery (enquiries 01773 804121)

### CHECK IT OUT

HIDDEN ART OPEN WEEKENDS

FOR PRESENT-HUNTERS who can't face another battle through the high-street crush in search of the same Christmas presents as everyone else, the artists and artisans of London's East End are opening their workshops for an alternative shopping experience.

Around 600 designer-makers are taking part in this year's three Hidden Art weekends, which are now established as one of the capital's regular pre-Christmas events. Ceramics, glass, furniture, jewellery, mirrors, mosaics, clocks, hats, lighting, paintings and fashion are on sale for a fraction of the prices they would command in the shops, and there are demonstrations and mullered wine to inspire you while you browse.

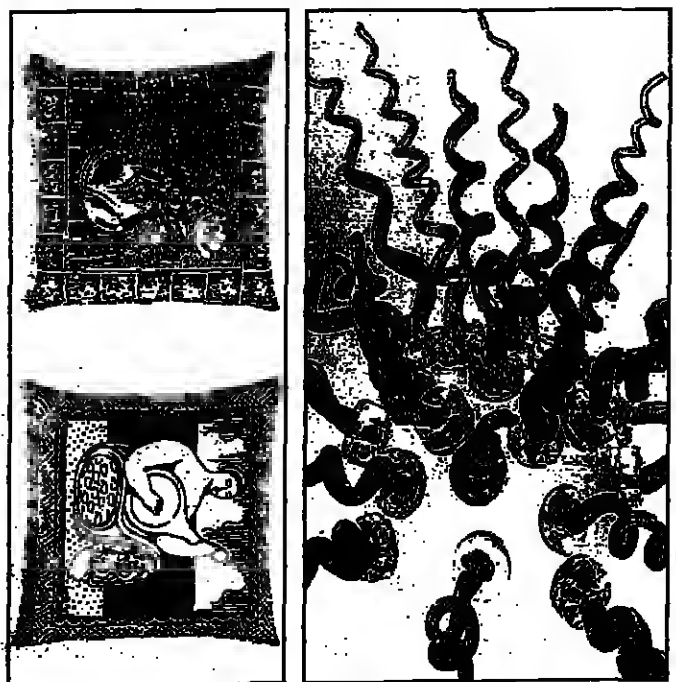
"You can buy anything from £1 to £11,000, from well-known designers to those who may turn out to be the new up-and-comings," says Dieneke Ferguson, the project's director. To help you find your masterpiece of the future, a specially produced Hidden Art map points out clusters of studios, such

as the watchmakers and jewellers in Clerkenwell, or the ceramists and furniture-makers in Hackney.

My own first stop was Columbia Glassworks, tucked between the street markets of Brick Lane and Columbia Road. The windows of this 19th-century mews workshop are filled with brightly coloured plates; the shelves are lined with delicate tumblers, vases and lamps.

Co-founder Nick Blackmore guides me through Sputnik lights, K2 table-lamps and the striking Milforis: more usually found shining away in Furves & Purves or Harrods. Along with the recognisable, there are some pieces that never reach the shops. "Hidden Art gives us the chance to experiment," says Blackmore, pointing to a table full of twisted glass bottles. "We can play around with brighter colours, unusual shapes, take more risks. The rest of the year we are judging the market."

Visitors can buy these one-off prototypes for one-off prices (£25 to £45 for a vase) and, as well as glass



Hidden gems: left, cushions from Cressida Bell and, right, the Medusa light from Columbia Glassworks

blowing demonstrations, there's also a £2.50 lucky dip - "Children love it, but adults cheat by feeling what's inside," says Blackmore.

A few doors down is London Timepiece, which restores 20th-century clocks (from £50 to £300) and displays school, railway and traditional wooden clocks. Moss Brothers Metal Designs displays a collection of wrought-iron furniture: round the corner is Columbia Road, with its artisan shops and Sunday flower market.

Ten minutes walk to the north and you reach 20 more venues around The Broadway, next to London Fields. Here normally empty premises jostle with the more permanent workshops, displaying the work of scores of people - hats by Alva Wilson in the Hat Gallery; ceramics by Karen Bunting, Dimitra Grivell, Sue Whimster and Penny Fowler; amongst others, at Broadway Ceramics; plus Christmas decorations, photographs, sculptures, mirrors and furniture.

Several studios in the vicinity

are also open for the occasion, including that of textile designer Cressida Bell, author of *The Decorative Painter* (Conran Octopus, £17.99) and granddaughter of the Bloomsbury's Vanessa Bell. In her top-floor studio, she makes hand-printed silk and velvet scarves, ties, cushions and lampshades. "I used to have a shop in Holborn, but people missed coming to the studio," she explains. "It's great for me, too, because I can see people's reaction to different lines before I put them into production."

This is only one possible route; others could take you via Hoxton Square, Clerkenwell or Brick Lane. There is a lot to choose from - plus the bonus of knowing you'll have a good tale to tell about where you got your presents from.

KAREN FALCONER

Most studios are open 28 & 29 Nov and 4, 5, 6, 12 & 13 Dec. For further details and a Hidden Art map, call 0171-729 3301, or contact the website: [www.hiddenart.co.uk](http://www.hiddenart.co.uk)



# Torque of the town

Subaru's Impreza is a real beast. Why not turn it into an absolute monster? By John Simister

Prodrive runs the Subaru works rally team, and its four-wheel drive Impreza turbos have been winning world championship rallies for years. Inevitably the kudos has rubbed off on Subaru's standard road version. Nowadays it's a cult car: nothing else under £20,000 is as fast or clings to the road so determinedly while being as laughably easy to drive, and nothing at all has an engine which sounds quite like the Impreza's off-beating flat-four. It's like a big-lunged, deep-throated Volkswagen Beetle without the clatter.

But wouldn't you like to get just a little closer to the rally experience, to drive a yet faster, leaner, meaner Scooby-doo? Then ask your dealer to send you a Prodrive to be made into an Impreza WR. On its return, your car will have a bodykit, an uprated suspension, a brakes and gearchange package, a re-modelled interior and an engine with more power. It won't be cheap, mind; £10,164 all in, although you can buy the packages separately.

Start the engine, hear it idle so oddly it sounds as though it's misfiring, and select first gear. The gear-knob has an aluminium finish, and its lever has shorter, more click-firm movements than before.

As usual, we have to wait a second for the turbo-boost to spin up to speed. When the turbo-boost arrives, though, you hear a strange noise and fireworks erupt. It's a flutter, a growl and a whoosh all at once, which sorts itself out and hardens into a meaty blare as the revs

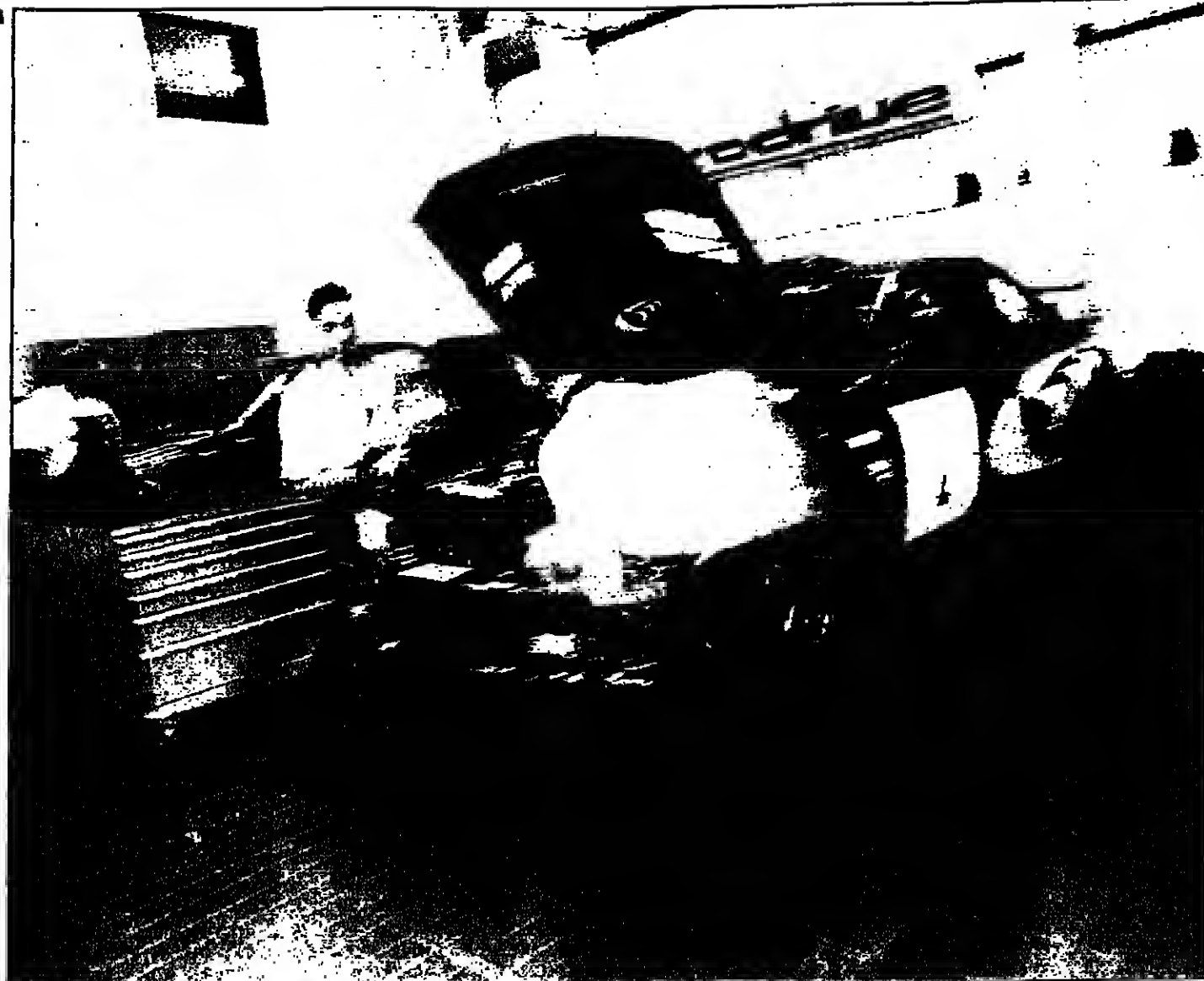
rocket. And it's ready and waiting in any gear, at any time.

The standard car is plenty quick enough for most tastes, what with 208bhp and a lively 6.4 second 0-60mph time. But there's a deal of extra violence on offer here, thanks to more boost, a freer-breathing air filter and the drainpipe-sized exhaust that makes that deep burble. The result is 240bhp, with a similar rise in pulling power to 240lb ft of torque (up from 214).

You'll need just five seconds to reach 60 now, but the mountainous torque, most of it available as soon as the boost has built up, is what makes the WR such a catapult overtaker. Usually, you don't change down a gear, just see a tiny gap, foot down and you're through. Yet it can amble right down to walking pace and accelerate again, clutch pedal untouched, without a single jerk, and it can cruise serenely as fast as you like.

For the next trick, find a bend, and drive through it about half as fast again as you think the laws of physics will allow. The WR slices round the corner, hyper-accurate steering telling you exactly what is happening where tyre meets road.

It's easy to frighten people coming the other way, because they don't think a car travelling so quickly can stay on the road, but the WR clamps itself to the ground and pours out its power to whichever wheels can use it best. If you overdo things, just ease off or touch the momentum-munching brakes. You won't unsettle the Subaru; it waits until you've sorted yourself out, then does exactly as it is hidden. All this and a supple ride,



Caution: the WR may frighten oncoming drivers, who can't believe its sticking power at speed

too. Never have I felt as relaxed at speed on wet roads.

Don't confuse the WR with that other souped-up Impreza turbo, the WRX. This is an "unofficial" import which costs about the same as the Prodrive WR, is more powerful (280bhp-plus), and has shorter-legged gearing and rock-firm suspension to provide maximum rally-car thrills within Japan's road conditions and light speed limits.

The Prodrive WR is designed to be driven in Europe without wearing you down. Both are extraordinarily capable, but after the novelty has worn off, I know which one I'd rather have.

**Subaru Impreza WR by Prodrive**  
Price: £30,165 (standard Impreza Turbo plus Prodrive conversion)  
Engine: 1,994cc, flat-four, 16 valves, turbo, 240bhp at 5,600rpm  
Transmission: five-speed gearbox, four-wheel drive  
Performance: 150mph, 0-60 in 5.0sec, 25-30mpg

## SPECIFICATIONS

**Rivals**  
Audi A4 2.8 quattro: £28,900. Slower than the WR, but more solid and better furnished. Feels heavier and more aloof, but shares the wet-road peace of mind of four-wheel drive.

but lacks the Subaru's bombastic personality and ultimate pace.

**Volvo S70 T5 SE: £27,155.** The second-maddest 70-series Volvo (250bhp S70R is much pricier) matches the WR for turbo-charged power, sounds great and is bigger - but lacks the WR's astounding cornering ability.

# Made in Britain, conceived overseas

WE'VE RECENTLY seen a new Jaguar, a new Rover, a new Land Rover Discovery, and a deal to save the Longbridge factory in Birmingham seems imminent.

But don't get too excited. While Britain remains a major manufacturer of cars, our future as an engineering nerve-centre for ground-breaking new models has never looked bleaker.

Increasingly, "our" new cars are being conceived and developed overseas. Let's start with Jaguar, probably Britain's best-loved car maker, and the only home-grown manufacturer with much to cheer about right now. Its new S-type has underpinnings which are as much Ford (USA) as Jaguar (UK) and its V6 engine is imported from a Ford factory in Cleveland, Ohio. In other words, it is the most non-British Jaguar in history.

The next new Jaguar model, code-named X400, is due in 2001, and it will compete with the BMW 3-series. It will be the smallest and cheapest Jaguar

ever. Its underpinnings will be shared with the new Ford Mondeo, which is largely engineered in Germany. And its V6 engine will be imported from Ford in America.

The Range Rover, probably the Rover Group's most respected model, is replaced in 2000. The new one uses the suspension, floorpan and transmission of the just-released BMW X5 four-wheel drive model. It also uses BMW engines. Technically, it will be more German than British.

The new Rover 75 is largely British, but it could well be the last Rover saloon primarily engineered in the UK. There is a strong chance that all upcoming Rovers will be engineered with much more foreign input, as BMW searches for technical partners to ease costs at Rover. The new Mini, due in late 2000, uses an engine developed by Chrysler in America and built in Brazil.

Rolls-Royce is now owned by VW, and the name passes to BMW in 2003,



GAVIN GREEN

While Britain remains a major manufacturer of cars, our future as an engineering nerve-centre for ground-breaking new models has never looked bleaker

after a complicated deal recently thrashed out at a German golf course between the bosses of BMW and VW. BMW has confirmed that the next new Rolls-Royce model, due in 2003, will be engineered by BMW in Germany, although it will be built in Britain. As with the current Rolls-Royce Silver Seraph, it will have a BMW engine.

VW will be left with Bentley. It is working on a new Bentley saloon, pictures of which have been splashed around the specialist motoring press. That car will use a Volkswagen engine, and will be largely the result of German brainpower.

New Land Rover models will invariably be developed more and more by BMW in Germany, partly because BMW is convinced that its engineers are cleverer than Rover's. (On recent evidence, it is hard to argue with that.)

A much-mooted new Austin-Healey sports car is likely to use the BMW Z3 roadster underpinnings and a BMW

engine. It is also likely to be built at a BMW factory in South Carolina, USA. It may be "Trad British" in style, but there won't be much else British about it.

Vauxhall, of course, now engineers all its new cars in Germany. Ford has moved most of its senior European engineers and managers to Germany, too, and Japanese-badged cars built in Britain (Nissan, Toyota and Honda) are all conceived by Japanese minds, with the odd technical input from those companies' engineering satellites in Germany or Belgium.

Meanwhile, UK car production continues to grow. New Labour puts itself on the back for overseeing "the return to health of a crucial industry", and our union leaders become more and more moderate in their desperate attempts to safeguard blue-collar jobs.

And while this is going on, all the top car-industry jobs, which require a good education and good qualifications, are being quietly transferred overseas.

## MY WORST CAR

ROGER BLACK'S OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS

Fast men in a slow mobile



IT WAS 1986 and Chris Akabusi and I went to California to do some winter training. The only problem was that we didn't have any money. We were staying a long way from anywhere and getting to the track, our accommodation, or meetings was a complicated business. We were so strapped for cash, even taxis and buses were out of the question. In short, we had to have a car.

We trawled around the rental-car sites until we eventually found one we could afford. What they gave us was truly hideous. It was a big brown Oldsmobile and it was going to be ours for a month.

If I remember rightly it was an Oldsmobile Cutlass, which was a huge four-door saloon with a V8 engine. So although the rental was a reasonable \$4 a day, it easily cost \$20 in petrol. One reason for that may have been that it actually leaked petrol. It must have been a major fire hazard from day one, but the rental company did manage to put that right before we went up in smoke.

The big problem though was overheating. Every few days the temperature gauge would hit max, there would be loads of steam and cursing from us as it came to an unscheduled stop. Then we had to find somewhere to get water from, although eventually we got wise and took our own supply.

On a couple of occasions it really dropped us in it because we'd be stuck in the middle of a desert waiting for the car to cool down when we should have been warming up for an athletics meeting 20 miles away. It never failed to get us to where we wanted to go, it would just take a lot longer than we planned.

Actually, we got rather attached to that Oldsmobile by the end. Although the colour was horrible it was quite comfortable, with really soft suspension and that big, lazy, thirsty V8 engine.

Ultimately it was cheap and did its job. The fact we were breaking down in California helped. If we'd had that much trouble getting to and from a windswept and rainy Crystal Palace meet we would have minded a lot more.

Olympic athlete Roger Black presents 'Fighting Fat, Fighting Fit' a video from BBC Worldwide at £10.99, which takes 10 volunteers through their paces to see how they shape up over a 10-week period. He was talking to James Ruppert

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15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62 AY	63 AY	64 AY	65 AY	66 AY	67 AY	68 AY	69 AY	70 AY	71 AY	72 AY	73 AY	74 AY	75 AY	76 AY	77 AY	78 AY	79 AY	80 AY	81 AY	82 AY	83 AY	84 AY	85 AY	86 AY	87 AY	88 AY	89 AY	90 AY	91 AY	92 AY	93 AY	94 AY	95 AY	96 AY	97 AY	98 AY	99 AY	00 AY	01 AY	02 AY	03 AY	04 AY	05 AY	06 AY	07 AY	08 AY	09 AY	10 AY	11 AY	12 AY	13 AY	14 AY	15 AY	16 AY	17 AY	18 AY	19 AY	20 AY	21 AY	22 AY	23 AY	24 AY	25 AY	26 AY	27 AY	28 AY	29 AY	30 AY	31 AY	32 AY	33 AY	34 AY	35 AY	36 AY	37 AY	38 AY	39 AY	40 AY	41 AY	42 AY	43 AY	44 AY	45 AY	46 AY	47 AY	48 AY	49 AY	50 AY	51 AY	52 AY	53 AY	54 AY	55 AY	56 AY	57 AY	58 AY	59 AY	60 AY	61 AY	62
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# History in the making

Listed buildings needn't always be a nightmare to restore. By Mary Wilson

Some purchasers might dream about buying a dilapidated listed house and bringing it back to its former glory, but the majority are deterred by the enormity of the task, the problems of dealing with English Heritage, listed building officers and planners.

"Any purchaser interested in listed property should proceed with caution," says Martin Higgins of Ekins Surveyors. "The Planning, Listed Building and Conservation Areas Act 1990 governs what you can and can't do. A breach is a criminal offence punishable by a fine of £20,000 and/or imprisonment."

That puts most people off, but occasionally properties come on the market with all the hard work done. Planning permission has been obtained, major structural work done - but there is still the interior.

Mr Higgins says: "When you buy a 'shell' property that is listed, you must be aware that you need to go

though the process of gaining approvals for all the work you intend to do to the interior.

"You will need to be careful about room divisions and about not losing architectural features such as fireplaces and decorative plasterwork."

In a Grade I property, you have to tread particularly carefully as every detail has to be acceptable to the listed building officers, right down to paint colour.

In Hampshire, John D Wood is selling The Mill, an 18th-century Grade II listed building, on the banks of the River Itchen at Shawford, near Winchester. The mill was partly converted into offices by the vendors and they are selling the remainder with planning for residential use.

"We had a lengthy debate as to whether our clients should do up the residential part and sell it finished, but we thought new owners would probably want to change it to their taste," says Philip Blanchard, of John D Wood.

The three-storey mill already has



Swannington Hall in Norfolk, built in the 16th century, is on the market for £458,000 with plenty of scope for renovation

a flagstone ground floor, with glass-topped coffee table, housing the original fireplace of the mill. This would make a wonderful dining hall with kitchen/breakfast room and study. On the next floor up there is space for three bedrooms, and the top floor, which is vaulted, could be a magnificent drawing room.

"The property is ready for people to model as they want," says Blanchard. "They would need to put in walls, a kitchen and bathrooms." The property, with about an acre of land, is on the market for £425,000.

Hassobury Mansion, in Farnham, near Bishops Cleeve, Hertfordshire, is being converted into

five houses. The 19th-century mansion is set in 200 acres of parkland, of which the five owners will have the use of 12 acres.

Although four houses are being sold finished, the central one with around 8,000 sq ft is currently as it was when the building was a school. With a magnificent hallway and space for eight bedrooms and four reception rooms, the developers would sell it now for around £500,000.

"Finished it would be worth around £705,000," says Tony Mullucks, of Mullucks Wells & Associates. "This is an opportunity for someone to put their own mark on a particularly fine property."

Swannington Hall, in Norfolk is being sold almost complete but without finishing touches. "The 16th-century house was restored a little by a previous owner and then bought by the current vendors, who have done more work," says Louis de Soisson, of FPD Savills. "There is a rudimentary kitchen and bathroom, the house has been given only a basic lick of paint and there are no outbuildings."

The vendors had applied for permission to build a garage and extravagant leisure complex against an old brick wall, but this had been turned down as being too grandiose. However, simpler additions would

probably be acceptable and the architect's drawings and designs for a planned formal garden are available to look at. The Grade II\* listed house, which has seven bedrooms and is set in 5.5 acres, is on the market for £458,000.

In central London, four buildings in Mansfield Street, which were used as the headquarters of the Building Employers Confederation, have been bought by a developer, who has split them back into individual homes.

All signs of commercial enterprise have been removed, sealed doors have been opened up and original fireplaces and ceilings have been un-

covered, but nothing more has been done to the interior.

Three are now available, and planning and listed permission has been obtained for a seven-bedroom, seven-reception room house at number 18, an eight-bedroom, five-reception room house at number 19 and a six-bedroom at number 20. Egerton is selling these for £4 million, £3 million and £2.75 million respectively.

Ekins Surveyors: 01322 626700; Mullucks Wells & Associates: 01279 755400; FPD Savills: 01603 223229; John D Wood: 01962 863131; Egerton: 0171 493 0676

## A mansion's saving grace



The mews development of the old walled garden of Burton House

THAT LOVELY listed building you see - restored and divided into elegant, easy-to-manage flats - might never have survived the developer's ball had it not been for two factors: large grounds and VAT exemption.

The grounds allow developers to build a small mini-estate of homes that hopefully blend in with the main house. And all repairs, renovations and conversion costs on listed buildings are exempt from 17.5 per cent VAT.

Even in these conservation-conscious times it is sometimes deemed more cost-effective to demolish an unlisted mansion and replace it with yet another scheme of soulless homes. So local authorities often offer the carrot of planning consent for a number of new homes in the spacious grounds surrounding a decaying unlisted house. But, make no mistake, permission would never be granted if there was no historic house to be preserved - listed or unlisted.

David Parry, of estate agents Cluttons Daniel Smith, says: "Developers wouldn't bother without the carrot of new build, because of the onerous VAT charges levied on conversions of unlisted buildings. Some intense lobbying is needed to rectify the ludicrous situation whereby solid but unlisted Victorian and Edwardian mansions are being demolished because the VAT levy could mean the difference between profit and loss."

Godfrey Winterson, of Hamptons International, advises developers on converting rural mansions and says: "The arguments in favour of preserving England's green and pleasant land are environmentally sound. But more should be done to actively encourage the conversion of many more redundant buildings around the country."

The finished product can prove spectacular. So much so that 38-year-

old Trevor Herbert, site manager for Grade II\* listed 18th-century manor, Marley House, set in 60 acres near Totnes, in Devon, bought a three-bedroom ground-floor apartment in the main building for £80,000.

He says: "It doesn't matter how traditional you try to make a new building look. It just won't have the mellow charm of the original although we are trying to replicate that in the new homes being built in the grounds. Because we have no VAT liabilities we have been able to spend that little bit more on restoration."

Jackson-Stops & Staff and Constables are selling the remaining Marley units at £175,000.

Burton House, in West Sussex, is a Grade I listed Palladian mansion set in the 80-acre Burton Park estate. It is being converted into 12 apartments and there is permission for 33 homes in the grounds. Lord Tebbit's 33-year-old City banker son, William, and his

wife, Vanessa 32, paid £235,000 for a three-bedroom mews home - one of 10 set in the original walled garden, 200 yards from Burton House. He says: "Nowhere else could we buy a small modern house and share all this private parkland. There is a great village atmosphere and I feel I have contributed towards preserving a slice of our historic building heritage."

In contrast, Rudolf and Maries Bak, both in their sixties, chose a grand ground-floor apartment.

Mrs Bak says: "We have the elegance of a grand country estate without the responsibility."

Hamptons International is selling the remaining houses and apartments at Burton Park from £195,000.

Jackson-Stops & Staff: 01392 214222; Constables: 01392 411917; Hamptons International: 01403 211766

DIANA WILDMAN

## New York on Thames

Forget country piles, affluent Brits prefer penthouses these days. By Robert Liebman



Manhattan transfer: Clive Sinclair in his King's Cross pad Neville Elder

ARISTOCRATS OF Britain, relax! Your daughters are safe, and so are your houses. Barrow boys and the thrusting middle classes are making independent romantic choices and buying their own luxury properties.

And luxury is increasingly being defined in Yankee, and specifically New York, terms. The movement that began with warehouse lofts a decade ago has, along with Britain's economy, moved into a new phase, and up a notch or three.

"High living has come to Britain - and the pun is intended," says Madsen Pirie, president of the Adam Smith Institute. "High life is literal in that no expenses are spared in their life styles, and people are living in penthouses."

In previous generations, people who made money would have tried to integrate with the landed classes. They would have bought old mansions in the middle of the country. They might have aspired to marry into the junior ranks of aristocracy. Nowadays, at the top end they want a penthouse with a riverside view in the middle of the city. Even in the middle market, buyers now routinely expect properties to be kitted out to American standards.

In percentage terms as well as sheer numbers, substantial wealth has reached more people, and more penthouses have been built. The latter are sprouting atop office conversions in Kensington and throughout Docklands, and in the water-side developments in cities such as Birmingham and Cardiff.

In the family-home middle market, developers including Crosby Laing and Bryant are using lofts to provide bonus

rooms and basement rooms large enough to accommodate snootier tables.

Developers boast of features - secure underground parking, closed-circuit TV, doormen, and iron gates - which are really the flip-side of the less savoury aspects of New York. As in America, heightened security means insulation and isolation from outsiders, friend and foe alike. Neighbourhoods give way to enclaves.

"Costly living space in big properties in prime locations with excellent views was not previously part of the British tradition of residential property. It is relatively new over here," says Dr Pirie. "Current demand for luxury property is not just British. It is foreign, and you can detect some elements of a specifically New York lifestyle in young people who made it economically and are prepared to spend it on such things as luxury housing."

One penthouse dweller lives in a converted warehouse in an area which has "a mixture of poor and wealthy, a buzz, and something is always happening". This admirably succinct description of New York comes courtesy of inventor Sir Clive Sinclair, whose canal-side penthouse is in Batterbridge

Basin, in North London. Almost literally in the shadow of King's Cross station, this is an area better known for drugs and prostitution than for designer clothes and pesto.

The building was designed by architects Harper Mackay, a firm which currently has a joint venture with New York architects David Harper notes that, in creating massive 4,000 square foot apartments, "our intention was to create the kind of magnificent spaciousness that stems from the opening up of the SoHo area of New York."

The building's developer is Colin Serlin who, along with Harry Handelsman of Manhattan Lofts, were pioneers in bringing New York's warehouse lifestyle to London. Mr Handelsman notes that his impulse to bring New York loft living to Britain had less to do with the ambience of mid-1980's easy money than with its aftermath: "Our concept was a direct consequence of the recession. No one would be interested in the ordinary. Some of the creativity started in the midst of the recession, not after it."

Colin Serlin, London Buildings 0171 278 4868; Manhattan Lofts 0171 6311888; Harper Mackay 0171 600 5151

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## HOT SPOT

PADDINGTON BASIN, WEST LONDON

## Bargains in the Basin

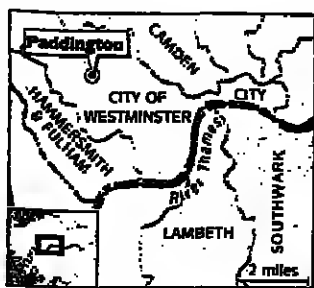
**L**ittle Venice has wonderful canal-side homes, cafés and restaurants and, less than a quarter of a mile away and even closer to central London, Paddington Basin doesn't. The former is internationally renowned, and the latter is unknown even to many local residents. Thousands of commuters daily pass within yards of a canal that remains derelict, unloved and ignored.

This ignorance is justified. Paddington Station, the A40 and St Mary's Hospital form, like bury bodyguards, a barrier between the long 25-acre stretch of water and the outside world. It is near impossible even to get a peek, and except for people connected to the Dudley Estate council flats or community school and centre within the basin area, there are no reasons at all to go there.

All change! Frogmore-Rialto plans to build 500 canal-side residential units, and Regalian will construct more than 200 one, two, and three-bedroom flats, many with balconies or roof terraces. These luxury developments will include offices, food and drink premises, and retail outlets. Paddington Basin itself will be dolled up.

The changes have already begun. Deon Steyn of estate agents Cluttons Daniel Smith says that, since the arrival of the Heathrow Express, "we have already seen a notable increase in expatriates, international businessmen and airport executives looking for a pied-à-terre and smallish flats". Eitan Fox, sales manager of Plaza Estates, reports a lot of interest from French buyers.

Always attractive to people



eager to get away to the country, the Paddington station area is now also luring those desirous of getting out of the country.

The area remains a melting-pot: "We are getting Irish investors from Dublin. We also have overseas buyers from Turkey, Italy, India and Pakistan, mainly investors or people looking for homes for their children studying at university in London," says Mr Fox.

The diverse population is served by a healthy mix of properties: period homes, new and newish flats and mews houses.

Prior to the Heathrow Express pulling in, "the residential area in and around Paddington and eastern Bayswater was greatly undervalued, despite its large stock of impressive Georgian housing, proximity to Hyde Park and Lancaster Gate, and good public transport," says Mr Steyn. In the nearby Hyde Park Estate, four- and five-storey period homes are available at prices which, while hefty, may also be considered bargain-basement compared to their equivalents in, say, Chelsea, which would cost an extra £500,000.

This principle holds true for Paddington Basin generally. "The area around St Mary's Hospital was ignored for many years," says Mr Fox, "so the prices are cheap." For the time being.

ROBERT LIEBMAN



Paddington Basin... all quiet on the waterfront

Mark Chilvers

## THE LOW-DOWN

**Transport:** the Heathrow Express takes 15 minutes and runs every 15 minutes, between 05.10 and 23.40 (a few minutes extra for Terminal 4). Paddington will have 27 airline check-in desks.

**Prices:** one-bedroom flats can sell for as little as £25,000 if they are small and tired, and as much as £200,000 if large and awake, say local agents. Service range from the low hundreds per year to more than £5,000. The least-expensive freehold house goes for about £300,000.

Mews: The large variety of

leasehold or freehold mews houses includes fairly modern as well as period properties. London Mews estate agents specialise in these properties, which start at about £400,000 and, in W2, rise to about £1m. One leasehold mews house in SW1 has a £4.5m price tag.

**Council Tax:** In super-low Westminster, Band A is £216, Band D is £325. The highest bands, where most of these properties fall, are only £542 (Band G) and £650 (Band H).

**Park and Ride:** Hyde Park, Oxford Street and Little Venice are minutes away by foot.

**The Full Monty:** By 2000, the largest convention hotel in Europe will be the refurbished Stakis London Metropole Hotel on Edgware Road. Area Underground and Paddington stations are getting facelifts, and St Mary's Hospital - where Penicillin discoverer Alexander Fleming's laboratory is now a museum - is getting a cash injection.

**Estate Agents:** Cluttons Daniel Smith, 0171-262 2226; London Mews Company 0171-402 3275; Plaza Estates, 0171-724 3100; Paddington Regeneration Partnership; 0171-313 1011.

## STEPPING STONES

ONE FAMILY'S PROPERTY STORY

CHRIS WRIGHT has bought three properties since 1975. He now lives with his parents in Yorkshire.

Chris and wife Jan's first purchase was a terraced house in Manchester for £5,650. The attractive exterior belied internal anomalies: "When previous owners split something on the line they laid another layer." Plus, the street became less quiet: "We offended the neighbours with parties full of people with not much on and we had no curtains."

In 1977 the couple moved to London after selling for £6,000, a move Chris sees as a bad mistake: "We were renting while prices rocketed." Jan's pregnancy the following year prompted a move out of London to a 400-year-old house on the Isle of Ely, bought for £17,500, where they kept livestock and had three children in four years. Chris commuted 70 "expensive and tiring" miles daily: "It was hard getting home and finding the kids had played up and there was no dinner."

Exhausted, Chris jumped at the chance of a "golden handshake" which was used to fund an African adventure. Renting out their house, they travelled and slept in a Land Rover with their children aged four, two and one: "We wanted to show that having kids doesn't have to stop you travelling."

The trip was "marvellous" until cut short by an accident in Cameroon. The family was saved by a "wonderful man with two wives" who patched up the van and found them a temporary home, a mud hut where they spent Christmas getting water from a hole in the ground. The van limped home but they arrived back with itchy feet: "We longed for the space of Africa and the nearest to that in Europe is Portugal."

In 1985 they sold for £51,000, packed their belongings in a caravan and bought an abandoned Portuguese farm for £13,500. The isolated valley held 25 acres of "eagles, butterflies and wonderful climate" but no water or electricity. Chris has happy memories of years "trying and failing to be self sufficient", even when the worst rains in 40 years forced them to



live in a shack with plastic sheeting roofing and an oil-drum stove.

They started up a school and eventually sold their smallholding for £42,000, when their children's need for secondary schools meant moving to a city where they rented. In 1988 their first son started university in the UK, so the family returned and are now living with Chris's parents in his childhood home.

They are considering buying a terraced house in Manchester for £30,000, completing a full circle of moves spanning several continents. Chris's advice? "Don't worry about the future - it's about doing things, not having things."

GINETTA VEDRICKAS

Those moves in brief...

1975 - bought Manchester terrace for £5,650; sold for £6,000 in 1977.  
1978 - bought 400-year-old house on Isle of Ely for £17,500; sold for £51,000.  
1985 - bought Portuguese farm for £13,500; sold for £42,000 in 1997.  
1998 - about to buy Manchester terrace for £30,000.

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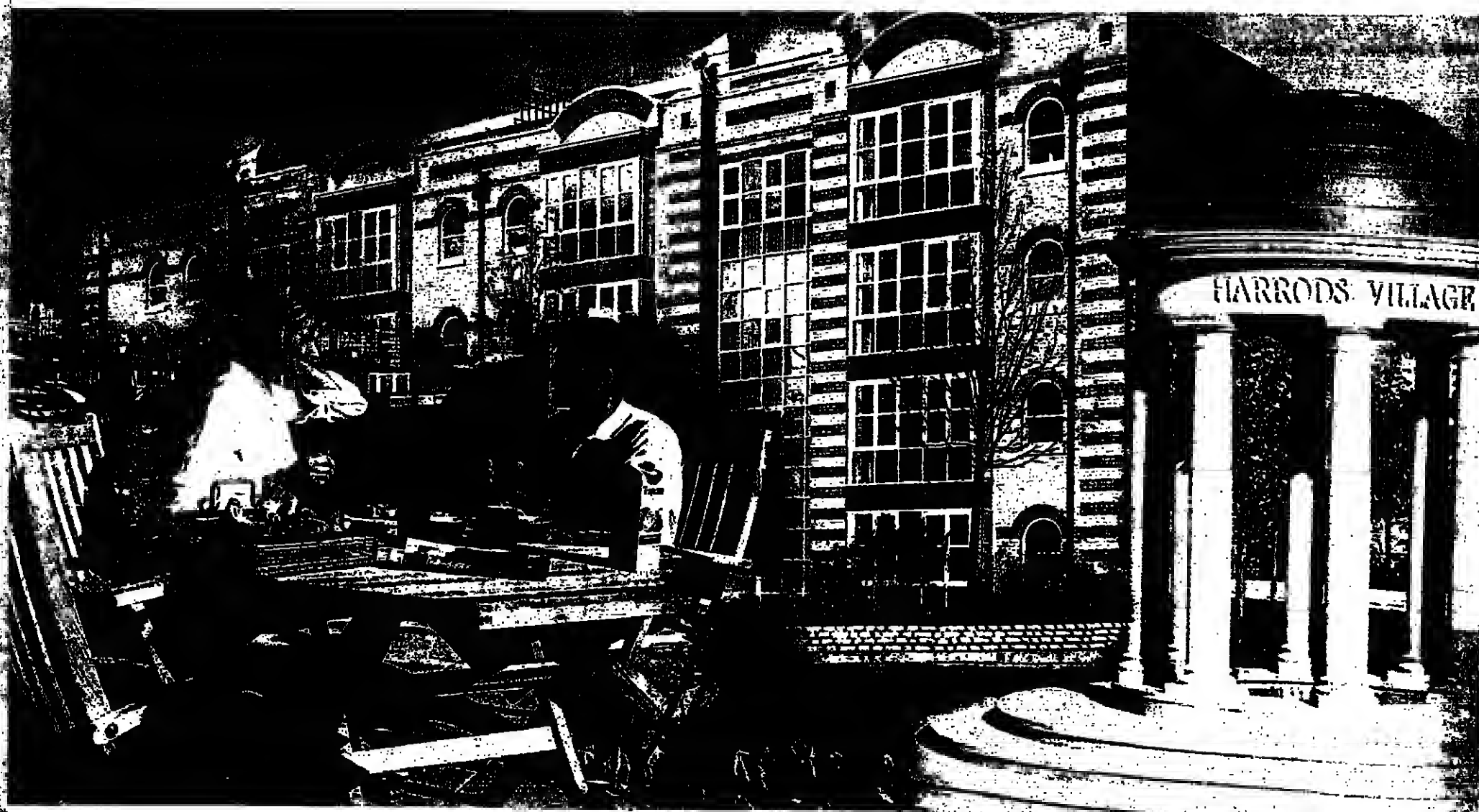
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